FOVR NEW PLAYES,

viz:

The *SEEGE* of *URBIN.*
SELINDRA.
LOVE and *FRIENDSHIP.*
} Tragy-Comedies.
PANDORA. A Comedy.

Written by

Sr WILLIAM KILLIGREW, Vice-Chamberlaine to Her *MAJESTY.*

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WIT (like the World) is ſo decrepid grown,
It wants ſome Crutch, or Hint to lean upon.
Onely you work alone, it may be ſaid,
Your Poëms are created, and not made.
You frame the ſtuffe too, we but ſhapes and features;
Our Poëms are our Children, yours, your Creatures.
Juſt as Gods Poem, Earth; ſo vaſt, ſo fair,
Suſpended in, not built upon the Ayre.
Poys'd by it's ſelf, (like Archimede's Dove,)
Your Fancy's made t' exiſt, as ours to move.
We vex the Subject that we write upon,
Whil'ſt all you Write is Emanation.
Thus you retrive Old Time; for juſt as then
The Golden Age, was but the Iron Men;
So to Poſterity it may be told
Our Age is Iron, but our Wits are Gold.
For tell me why, the Golden Age may'n't hence
Be ſtil'd from Wit, as then from Innocence?
He that will chuſe your Fancy, let him dread
To wiſh for all your Wit, without your Head.
What ſan's the Ship, the Cock-boat would o're-turn,
And what in you's but bright, would elſe-where burn.
For Marcyas to be Pan were pretty fair,
Too much for Pan t' uſurp Apollo's Chair.

T. P.

SCholers, your Studies, and your Books lay by,
Unleſſe you could with Art and Induſtry
Somthing produce, beyond what here is ſhown,
By one to whom your Learning is unknown;
Nature in him th' Effect of Art ſupplies
With ſtories full of ſuch varieties,

And proper Language, for all Humours fit,
So wonderful for judgment, and for wit;
That onely he, so aptly could Relate,
What his high Fancy could alone Create.

R. T.

On PANDORA.

For me to praise your Play, were to dispraise;
So weak a Bays, can no great Trophy raise;
Yet my Respect commands me fix a Name,
To you no Glory; Yet may prove my Shame.
Prose, though indifferent, yet passes still,
Verse, if not Excellent! most men count ill:
Foyls set off Jewels, such my Lines must be,
Then to be short, is no ill pollicy.
I think, there is Rich Sence, and Language fit,
I think, there's many turns of spritely Wit,
I'me sure, you reach what was your highest end,
To shew her power, on whom you now depend,
Whose virtue hath, so blest an influence,
To make him Spirituall; that more loud sence;
You like Clearcus *were; some thought too gay,*
Now chang'd; witnesse this Recantation Play.

Lodowick Carlisle.

In Honoratiſſimi Domini

GVLIELMI KILLIGRÆI,

& Regiæ Catharinæ Majeſtatis Vi-Camerarii Praclarum, & Inculpatiſſimum Drama Selindra Pratonium.

QUòd prudens tua, quòd modeſta Muſa
Vitavit petulantiora Scenæ,
Nec Lenocinium joci procacis
(Quod falſò ingenium ſtudent vocari)
Dum riſum movet exuit Pudorem;
Inculpata tua at ſonant Theatra
Quod virgo proba, quod ſtolata mater
Quod purus poſitâ ſeveritate
Jàm poſt pulpita perlegat Sacerdos;
Quòd jurat tibi nullus Hiſtrionum, aut
Læſo numine quæritur venuſtas,
Nec conſtat populo tuum Poema
Impenſis animæ ſuæ ut crumenæ;
Quòd (ſermone humili urbium relicto
Vernis ſordidulis & inſtitori)
Venam Nobilis Aulicumque ſpiras
Dignum Cæſaris aure cum requirens
Summas Imperii levaſe curas;
Vult ut deſipiat duabus horis;
Has dotes reputo tuas ſecundas:
Sed, quòd cum veniunt ad implicata,
Cum Scena hæreat, & quòd impeditæ
Deſperant animi exitum Fabellæ,
Quâ vates veteres Jovem vocabant
Ad partes, poterit throno ut crepante
Narrare ambigui dolos Theatri,
Atque (ut vincula Gordiana quondam
Pellæus juvenis) moleſta tollunt
Infuſo gladio. Undique plagâ,
Tu per neſcio quam modò citatam

Ex

Ex notâ tibi plebe Paſſionum
(Ut quodam noviter reflante vento)
Convertes aliò novíſque tota
Compages operis rotis movetur;
Neglectis ſuperiſque & inferiſque
Per curam facilem domeſticamque
Affectum proprio è ſinu petitum
Salvas attonitos & hæſitantes.
Hanc Artem tibi, *Killigrei*, ſolus
Tu poſces, dubii hanc Strophen Theatri.

T. L.

The Latine Verſes Tranſlated.

THat thy wiſe, and modeſt Muſe,
Flies the Stages Looſer uſe;
Not Baudry Wit, does falſely Name,
And to move Laughter, puts off Shame.
That thy Theatres Loud Noyſe,
May be Virgins Chaſt Applauſe;
And the ſtol'd Matron, grave Divine,
Their Lectures done, may tend to thine!
That no Actor's made profane,
To debaſe God, to raiſe thy ſtrain;
And People forc'd that hear thy Play,
Their Money, and their Souls to pay.
That thou leav'ſt Affected Phraſe,
To the Shops to uſe, and Praiſe;
And breath'ſt a Noble Courtly vain,
Such as may Cæſar entertain,
When he weari'd would lay down,
The Burdens that attend a Crown,
Diſband his Sonls ſeverer Powers,
In Mirth and Eaſe diſſolve two Houres!
Theſe are thy Inferious Arts,
Theſe I call thy ſecond Parts!

But

But when thou carriest on the Plot,
And all are lost i'th' subtle Knot,
When the Scene sticks to ev'ry thought,
And can to no Event be brought,
When thus of Old, the Scene betray'd,
Poets, call'd Gods unto their Aid;
Who by Power might do the thing,
Art could to no Issue bring.
As the Pellæan Prince that broke,
With a Rude and Down-right stroke.
The Perplext and Fatall Noose,
Which his skill could not Unloose!
Thou do'st a Nobler Art professe,
And the Coyl'd Serpent can'st no lesse
Stretch out from every twisted Fold,
In which he lay invove and rould.
Induce a Night, and then a Day,
Wrap up all in Clouds, and then display
Th' easie, and the even Designe,
A Plot, without a God, Divine!
Let others bold pretending Penns,
Write Acts of Gods, that know not Mens.
In this to Thee, all must resigne
Th' surprize o'th' Scene is wholly Thine!

Of *Pandora's* not being Approved upon the Stage as a TRAGEDY.

SIr, *You should rather teach our Age the way*
Of judging well, then thus have chang'd your Play;
You had oblig'd us by imploying Wit,
Not to reforme Pandora, *but the* Pit:
For as the Nightingale, *without the Throng*
Of other Birds, alone attends her Song,
While the loud Daw, *his throat displaying, drawes*
The whole Assembly of his fellow Daws;

So

So muſt the VVriter, whoſe productions ſhould
Take with the vulgar, be of vulgar Mould;
VVhile Nobler Fancies make a flight too high,
For Common view, and leſſen as they fly.

Edmund Waller.

To Envy.

THou Snake that lurk'ſt under the Poets Bayes,
Envy, confeſſe thy Malice to theſe Playes,
Art thou not vext to ſee the Plots well lay'd,
The Language pure, and every Sentence weigh'd?
New Humours? Paſſion wrought up to that height,
Men weep, and yet their grief begets Delight?
All this by Nature done, which ſhowes, the Arts
Infuſe themſelves, where they find VVit and Parts.
Out of theſe Premiſes we may infer,
Here will be no work for the Cenſurer;
The wiſer Critick will do better firſt;
And for the Fooliſh, let him do his worſt.

R. Stapylton.

THE

SEEGE OF URBIN.

A

Tragy-Comedy.

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THE

SIEGE

OF

URBINO.

A

To the Author of the *Siege* of VRBIN.

Sir,

I Have perus'd your Playes, *and in them find,*
Abundant Riches to adorne the mind;
Beyond the pleaſure of the Eares, and Eyes,
which are delighted moſt with Levities.

Selindra's *Characters ſo great! and good,*
Maintained throughout; if fully underſtood!
Shewes, none did ever better Plot contrive,
Or repreſent a Dead ſhew more alive!
Pandora *tells, how vertuous Women may*
Make vitious men, caſt all their ills away;
Such wanton Wit, in Ralliery, ſo writ!
Virtue her ſelfe, may heare, and practiſe it.
I judge, that by Ormalde's, *you deſigne,*
To teach how Friendſhip's, more then Love, divine!
Yet have ſuch Characters of both expreſt,
You leave no Argument, to chuſe the beſt.
This Siege of Urbin, *more then all does ſhow;*
That you, true Images of virtue know,
And to improve the world, your skill impart,
That we may learne to imitate your Art.
'Tis want of wit, and judgment in this Age,
If we diſcerne not what adornes the Stage!
When paſſions high, and to the life expreſt!
Do not raiſe flames in every worthy breſt;
When Florio *with ſuch ſubtile Art, beguiles*
Our ſoules concerne, to mingle teares with ſmiles;
What more can Playes *afford? or we deſire?*
When to our Recreations we retire!
We wiſh for lines, our reaſon may Command,
Not ſuch as breaks our braines, to underſtand.
You have a noble Pen, and fancy ſuch!!
To be more Eloquent, would be too much!

S. T.

On the *SIEGE* of *URBIN*.

To the AUTHOR.

SIr, ſince I had the happineſſe to read
The Siege *of* Urbin; *I beare, others plead*
That All may ſee't, and plead with ſuch ſucceſſe;
That now you'l wave the Stage, and grace the Preſſe.
'Twill much oblige the Nation, for they'l finde
Your Play *ſtampt with the Figure of your Minde;*
The Poëm's Noble, nothing Vulgar in't;
You coyne not Bullion *at the Common Mint;*
As wee doe, whoſe low ſoules no Art can raiſe:
Nay ev'n when Lov's infus'd into our Playes,
Slow as a Drug, that in the body lies,
Our Phanſy works; yours, like a Spirit, flyes,
Nor does your excellence alone conſiſt
In Love's ſoft Parleys: you do Souldiers liſt,
And carry on deſignes of Warre and State,
Form'd in a Campe and Court which you create.
And though new Poëts, like new Starres, appeare:
Yet ſtill you riſe above their higheſt Sphere.
'Tis true, they write great Characters; but then,
How often ſpeak their Great like meaner men;
You make a Prince do all things like a Prince,
That's Argument ſufficient to evince
The Dictates that from deepeſt Reaſon flow,
Which learned Poets dreame but of, you know,
If then, He, that has greateſt latitude
Of Knowledge merit moſt; I may conclude
The Laurell's yours, juſtly tranſplanted now,
From off the Schollar's, to the Courtier's brow.

R. Stapylton.

To his moſt Honoured Friend

THE AUTHOR.

Sir, *when I read your* Play *methought I ſaw*
The perſons Enter and go off, you draw
All Parts ſo ſpeaking, ſo to Life, that I
Felt my Eares coſen'd by my well pleas'd Eye,
And thought I heard the Actors, which did there
At once preſent a Play *and* Theater.
All paſſages contrived by ſuch juſt Lawes
As crown the beſt of Poëts with Applauſe,
And challenge to your Witt the freſheſt Bayes
Which can be gather'd from clapt Hands, and Prayſe.
The Whole Intrique a Labyrinth, which you
Through all the windings furniſh with a Clue,
By which the wondring Traveller is Ledde
Through wayes paſt finding out but by your Thred.
The Plot *and* Scenes *wrapt up in ſuch diſguiſe*
As when a fine Cloud darkens the bright Skies.
Yet ſo, as this ſhade turnes at length to Light,
And a faire Day-break iſſues forth of Night.
The Lovers parts, which tread our Moderne Stage,
Are the Reproach, and Dulneſſe of our Age.
Where a young Gallant fighting for his Whore
With a curi'd Rivall, at a Tavern Doore,
The Drawers call'd to reconcile the fray,
With Pariſh Conſtable, do make the play.
Your Fancy doth in higher Regions move,
And teach great Princes princes wayes of Love.
Kindling in nobleſt Breſts the nobleſt fire,
Which to fruition by great Deeds aſpire.
Thus your Lorenzo *rais'd a generous Flame*
In his great Miſtreſs by a Warlike Fame,
And made his wounds, and Dangers firſt obliege
His Silviana *reſcued from a* Siege.
And thus your Florio *did all Hearts ſurprize,*
Firſt by her Valiant Sword, then conquering Eyes

In whose conceal'd Sex you both sexes place,
Mars *in her Courage,* Venus *in her Face.*
Nor is't a wonder, if thus beautified
Some wisht her for their Bridegroome, some their Bride.
Such Marriages are onely framed by you,
who know to be Loves priest, and Poët too.

M. C.

On the *SIEGE* of *URBIN.*

To the AUTHOR.

MIracle of Nature, by no Arts taught;
Borne beyond Learning; with such fancy fraught!
That all thy Poems *do the world surprise,*
To finde such Treasure, under such disguise.
Such parts, with so great modesty conceal'd,
Doubles their valew, when they are reveal'd.
Thy Characters of Love, and Friendship show,
Thy heart's the Fountaine, whence those Virtues flow.
We Fictions write, the Poets *chiefest part!*
Thou paint'st thy selfe, and thy own patterne Art.

E. F.

The AUTHOR *to the* Reader.

Reader,

INsteed of juſtifying my idle howers thus ſpent; or begging your applauſe, for what you may not like; I deſire you to excuſe my confidence, for Printing ſo high Complements, from my kind Friends; who have here Poëtiz'd in praiſe of what I fear you will not find! Yet if no Stones be flung at me, but by thoſe that would be really diſpleas'd, to be ſo prays'd: I have hopes to eſcape, 'till ſome other kind of Marterdome be found for

Your moſt humble Servant

W. K.

The Actors Names of the *Siege* of *Urbin*.

The Duke of *Urbin*.
Camillo.
Alphonſo.
Corbino.
Tigillo.
Boroſco.
Longino.
Fernando.
Fernando.
Luco.
Florio.
Pedro.
Maluezzo.
five Strangers.
Silviana, the *Dukes* Siſter.
Roſsina.
Mariana.
Phiſora.
Floremlla.
four Ladies of quality.
Clara, *Marianas* Maid.
Pages.
Officers.
Souldiers.
Surgion.
Lodovico, Duke of *Ferrara*.
His Generall.
Officers.
Souldiers.

PROLOGUE

PROLOGUE.

LAdies, *Our Author does by me declare,*
Your Characters are ſtill his chiefeſt care;
That what he does preſent to Publique view,
Hee'd have as Excellent, as he thinks you;
If then his great reſpect, does make him raiſe
A Figure rarely practic'd in our dayes?
To ſet a Luſtre on your ſex, that may
Your reſerv'd Virtues to the World diſplay!
He hopes his Age, his fancy may excuſe,
If it flye low for a Romantick Muſe!
But if the Ladies! Florio's *part approve!*
He feares no men, who dare pretend to love;
And then, if all who love, do like his play!
No matter, what the reſt o'th World do ſay.

THE FIRST SCENE IN CELESTINAS BED-CHAMBER in PISA.

When the Curtaine is drawn up, CELESTINA *is seen sitting by a Table, in a rich Night-gown, a Scarfe over her head, holding a Dagger in her Handkercher, she puts up her Scarfe and speaks.*

Celestina.

WHat noyse was that? or did I dreame? it seem'd my Fathers voyce, to hasten me to Church! The dismall thought of that sad sound, frights my Soule, with apprehesion of approaching misery! ——a thousand Images of strange terrors, do in various shapes appeare, and bring all the sad stories I ever heard, of forced Marriage, afresh into my memory! —if I consent to marry him, or do at all comply! the guilt of our ensuing evills will be mine! —My heart shrinks

for fear, at theſe Ideas of ſuch ills to come! that I will try to think my ſelf into the other World. —

{*She pulls her Scarfe over her Face and ſits a while ſilent.*}

—There is no other way, no remedy but this Dagger! and now the laſt houre for my reſolve! I ſhame to tremble thus, yet cannot chuſe! —I know one ſtroke, will free me from an Age of miſery! to which compar'd, the paines of death will ſeem delightfull! —I onely fear to go, I know not where! and childiſhly do dread, I know not what! theſe be the doubts, create this ſhaking fit; which makes me fear this unſteady hand, may miſſe my heart, if I ſtrike now! —and yet I muſt! for I ſhall be another Man's to morrow! and then to kill my ſelfe, will invade his Right! —it muſt be now; I am now Miſtris of my ſelf, and if I only harm my ſelfe! where is the crime? Who ha's the wrong? —Why then, ſhould ſelfe ſlaughter be a ſinne? When I am dead, my Father may relent, and teach other Parents more humanity; and ſo free many innocents, from like ſlavery! —if then ſo great a happineſſe, unto my ſelfe accrue? and ſo much good to others may inſue! why do I doubt to Dye? —a few thoughts more, and I am ready.

{*She pulls down her Scarfe again; and ſits ſilent.*}

{Melina *knocks aloud at the Doore, and cryes out*}

Melina. Help Madam, help! for Heavens ſake helpe! or I am loſt!

{Celeſtina *frighted from her thoughts, runnes in haſte to open the Doore, and leavet the Dagger on the Table.*}

[*Enter* Melina.]

Celeſtina. What frights thee thus, what danger threatned thee?
Melina. Oh Madam! the Villane fled, as you approached! —

[Melina *takes up the Dagger.*]

—Ha! What uſe have you for this? —was it for this? that I was now lock'd out.

[*aſide*] *Celeſtina.* She has deceiv'd me by a trick, and I muſt now diſſemble.

{Celeſtina *ſits again, and pulls her Scarfe over her Face.*}

Melina.

Melina. Madam, tis ominous, to celebrate your Wedding Eve in ſighes! —when the Sun ſets in a darke Clowd, we ſay the Morning will be foule.

Celeſtina. True *Melina*, but if the Sunne do ſet in a red Skye! the ſame Augurs ſay, the Morning will prove faire.

Melina. Some bright red Evenings, make us judge ſo! but a bloody colour'd Skye! often foreſhewes ſome diſmall accident at hand.

Celeſtina. No more; thou haſt for an hower or too, repriev'd me from the grave; —but this Handkercher will do the work, as well as that Dagger *Melina!* now I am reſolv'd to dye!

Melina. And I, as fully bent, to accompany your Ghoſt, unto the other World: dye when you will!

Celeſtina. Thou haſt no Argument for death!

Melina. Yes Madam, I cannot part with you, my ſence of your many favours, does work the ſame effect in me, your troubles do bring you.

Celeſtina. To lay thy blood on my head *Melina*, will be cruelty, not love! and ſo create a ſinne upon my Soule., I thought not of!

Melina. 'Tis in you to prevent that evill, by preſerving your ſelf, and me, who will not live without you; have we not ſuck'd the ſame Milk, and ever ſince been bred together!

Celeſtina. Did ever ſervant love a Miſtris thus!

Melina. Did ever Miſtris love a ſervant! as you have me! more like a neer relation, then your made!

Celeſtina. High gratitude! thy returnes, are beyond my obligations. —But would'ſt thou have me live? and marry that Monſter I abhorre.

Mel. No, I would have you put the Marriage off, by a fained ſickneſſe, for a while! and try ſome leſſe dangerous remedy; then I'le aſſiſt.

Celeſt. I have twice done ſo, and by it more inſenc'd my angry Father, who now has vowed, dead or alive, he will to morrow carry me to Church.

Mel. What if he do?

Celeſt. At the Alter then, il'e ſacrifice my life; if not now.

Mel. Is there no way but Death?

Celeſt. Yes, I have a way to help my ſelf, if thou will here ingage thy Faith, not to reveale, but to aſſiſt in my deſigne! my hard hearted Father ſhall not in ſuch haſt, hurry me to Church; —my thoughts are honeſt, and my actions ſhall be honourable: —ſay *Melina*, ſhall I truſt thee? or muſt I die?

Mel: I will ingage; ſo you will vow to me, not to fall by your own hand!

Cele: I doe, I do: —haiſt now my deareſt friend, fetch preſently my Bothers two new Sutes, he made long ſince for this ſolemnity! they will fit us well: —We muſt be men *Melina!* and immediatly be gone. [*She imbraces* Melina.]

Melina. Men Madam!

Celeſt: I men, in ſhew!

Mel: And whither then?

Celeſtina. Nay, if you raiſe doubts allready! my firſt reſolve, returnes.

Melina. Will you not admit me to conſult in the affaire; you now think fit to truſt me with!

Celeſt. Yes, yes, but we have no time to counſell now! —you have heard, how *Ferraras* hot-headed Duke, prepares an Army for a Warre with *Urbin?* and hopes by force to get the Princeſs *Silviana* for his Wife; againſt her Brothers, and her own conſent.

Mel. I have heard ſuch a diſcourſe!

Celeſt. That diſcourſe is true *Melina*; —and we muſt now haſte to URBIN in our diſguiſe; there as *Silvianas Voluntier*, I'le fight; and try what my Romantick deſtiny will be? —a forraine enemy may give the death I ſeek; which my own hands tremble at!

Mel: But Madam!

Celeſt: *No butts* Melina, *you muſt now obay,*
Make haſte to ſhift our habits, and away.

Exeunt:

THE SECOND SCENE.

Enter Fernando, Luco, *and* Maluezzo.

Fern. WE have eſcap'd their out guards ſtrangely; they will be round about the Town this night *Luco*;

Luco. Will you ſtay the ſiege Sir?

Fern: I had not elſe come hither;

Maluezzo. Have you an Argument? and a concerne, worthy of ſuch hazzard Sir.

Fern: I come (led by my Fate) to ſeek an Argument, that may prove worthy of greater hazzard, then I ſhall meet with here; men who put to Sea on great deſignes, muſt not ſhrink at every Cloud, in apprehenſion that a ſtorme is neer; but if I find no buſineſſe worthy my danger, I can retreat at pleaſure.

Maluezzo. You will be ingag'd in honour, and muſt not ſtirre.

Fernan: If ſo, I ſhall abide it cheerfully; *Maluezzo*, goé you back immediatly, while the way is open, and ſee all done at home, as I directed.

Maluezzo. I ſhall be carefull Sir. *Exit* Maluezzo.

Fernan: *Luco*, take you a private lodging for me, before it doe grow darke, and in this place, or on the next Rampier, you ſhall finde me. *Exeunt* ſeverally.

Enter

Enter Florio, *and* Pedro.

Florio. Happy, and bleſt occaſion! for my croſſe fate the beſt! here I may fall without the crime of my own hands, acting in my long wiſh'd for Death! here unknown without pitty or reproach, I may Sacrifice my loath'd life to appeaſe my inraged Father; whoſe unnaturall impoſitions have deſtroy'd me. Methinks *Melina* our diſguiſe, becomes us excellently well, and this Town beſiedg'd, will keep us undiſcover'd while we ſtay;—what ſayes my fellow Souldier? canſt thou fight?

Pedro. If my Argument to put on Breeches, were the ſame with yours Madam! I ſhould like this habit, and your deſigne, much better then I doe; you flye the man you hate, and I leave him I love, to waite on you.

Florio. I ſee thy Complement in its beſt dreſs, (Fidelity;) but 'tis now two late to ſigh, or to repent; we are ingag'd paſt retreating and muſt on.

Pedro. I wonder Maddam you do not ſhake to think what hazzards you muſt runne? this looks like leaping into the Sea, to avoid Shipwrack; the cure more deſperate, then the evill you fly from.

Florio. Not more deſperate *Melina!* I cannot feare, nor fancy an evill, beyond the imbraces of that rich rotten Carcas, my unkind Father would match me to; as if guilding a ſad heart, would make it happy! 'Tis eaſy to conſent to dye, when we conſider how much better 'tis to be in Heaven, then here *Melina.*

Pedro. True Madam, if we be ſure, this were the way thither! but how ſhall we anſwer at the Reſurrection? for our Vira-goſhips? for our own, and others blood, thus ſhed! if our Needles ſhould prick our Fingers! and thoſe ſmall wounds feſter to Gangreens! that were to dye in our own callings; but this way to fall, is a kind of ſelf murther, and beyond my Faith to merrit Heaven, by doing miſchiefe to our ſelves and others, who have no way offended us.

Florio. I have no thought of miſchiefe in my heart towards any, nor is my Nature leſſe ſmooth then thine, but my ſtarres have ordain'd me a Rugged Fate, that I cannot ſubdue.

Pedro. Allow all this, the meanes you ſtill propoſe, are hopeleſſe, as the end you aime at; — How will drawn Swords look in our weak hands? how ſoon will feeble ſtrokes diſcover our faint hearts? and lay us open to reproach.

Florio. Thou art miſtaken *Melina*, 'tis courage, and not ſtrength, that is ſo neceſſary here; when Mutlitudes fall on, none can obſerve, whoſe Sword does the Execution; — but thou ſhalt ſtay at home, while my diſpaire, leads me, where danger ſtrikes the greateſt terror; thou know'ſt part of my younger dayes, I led with my baniſh'd Father, in wilde Mountaines, there train'd for this work at hand! but my buſineſſe is now to dye, as thine to live, 'tis not thy Valour, I ingag'd to this adventer, but thy fidelity; who after my deceaſe, muſt witneſſe to the World, the truth of my ſad ſtory, leaſt our ſex be ſcandaliz'd; — you ſhall not fight *Melina.*

Pedro. If I ſurvive? will a relation from me, your fellow wanderer, have credit with the World? I fear your flight from home, and ſuch a Romantick death, may prove eternall ſcandall to your Name: Innoſence, is not enough to juſtify ſo bold an Act!

Florio. Conceale me then; —I carry here an innoſence, beyond the reach of Cenſure; and though I flye that moving Sepulcher at home, I have a courage, that dares meet againe my old acquaintance, the Ravening Wolfe, and hungry Bear, rather then be ſo buried while I live!

Melina. Is all this danger, to avoid the man that you diſlike? no inclination for another, you would have?

Florio. Had I been ſo weak! as to like any! I had not found ſtrength, for this bold adventure; —prethee ſweet *Melina*, do not betray me by thy feares, I did believe thee bold, and a fit Confident, or I had neer imparted my deſigne.

Pedro. I muſt confeſſe, I did not fear to go at midnight in the darke, through our long entries, to meet my Lover; thoſe joyes, were ever above the thought of ſhadowes, but theſe dangers are of a higher Nature Madam, our lives, and Credits both at ſtake.

Florio. Fye *Melina*, doſt thou own courage, in actions void of Modeſty? and ſhrink when honour bids the hazzard! —thou makeſt me tremble now indeed, leſt ſome guilt of thine, ſhould pull a croſſe Fate on us.

Pedro. Remove thoſe thoughts of me, and all your feares together, for I am Arm'd with ſuch a vertuous confidence, as will ſhrink at no danger, you dare look on; but will vie Perills with you, when occaſions call me to it.

Florio. Bravely reſolv'd; thus then let us in private, practice how to wave our Swords! leſt we ſhow ignorance, when we have uſe of them; —Why ſhould not Womens hearts agree with ſuch a ſtrength, as our Arms have to mannage this Sword? 'tis only cuſtome, and a tender Education, makes us leſſe bold, and active, then the braveſt men; —the *Amazons* we read, have done great things, and my ſpirit prompts me, to an honourable death, before a wretched life, which makes me thus endeavour, to fall worthy a Noble Character, for after times to pitty, —or to praiſe, and wonder at!

She drawes with the Scabbard on.

Pedro. I am now fully confirm'd Madam, and hope to ſee you fight like the brave Maid of *Orleance*, who drove the Engliſh from thoſe parts of *France*, when almoſt all was Conquer'd, by that Warlike Nation! —

—So that in after Ages, your Renowne,
May out-ſhine hers, that ſav'd the Gallique Crowne!

Florio. If France *do that bould Virgins valler own!*
Why ſhould not we, now make that wonder none?

Enter: towards them: —

{—Fernando *muffled in a gray Cloake, behind him five Banditee, who ſeizeonhis Cloake; he drawes and fights, till* Florio *and* Pedro *reſcue him, and beate off the Theeves: he returnes, ſtarts as he imbraces* Florio.}

Fernando.

Fernando: To what Angels Face, and Heroes Arme, do I owe my Life? or has great *Mars* put *Venus* figure on? — my amazement is beyond the ſence of my deliverance; — what are you Sir?

Florio: A ſtranger, here but now ariv'd.

Fern. Are not you hurt?

Florio: I feel none Sir; pray who were thoſe aſſaulted you?

Fern: *Banditee*, who in ſuch times of Warre, ſtand in corners to take Clokes!

Perd. If this be all the danger, our drawn Swords will bring us: I ſhall neer be out. *To Florio aſide.*

Enter Luco.

Luco: Are theſe Enemies Sir?

Fern: They are my good Angells *Luco*, from Heaven ſent to guard me; — have you taken lodgings?

Luco: I have.

Fern: But I muſt firſt attend you to your houſe Sir, leſt theſe Villains return upon you: *To Florio.*

Florio: We yet have none, but were inquiring where to lodge, when you came by us.

Luco: The houſe that I now came from has Roome for all.

Fern: Pray let us lodg together, that I may finde ſome way to ſerve you, who have ingaged me ſo highly.

Florio: We ſhall gladly be obliged, as you deſire, and will wate on you.

Fern: By your daring courage, I judge you come to ſerve the Duke, againſt this inſulting Enemy, as I doe.

Florio: We ſeek imployment;

Fern: Have you an addreſſe to any in this Court?

Florio: We have none, but come to ſerve as Volanteers:

Fern: My purpoſe is the ſame, wee may do well to make our firſt viſits preſently to Court, and ſhew our intents to ſerve the *Duke*, if you approve it; let us ſee our Lodgings, and then goe.

Florio: I ſhall be wholly guided by you Sir.

Fern: Shew the houſe *Luco*. —

— Methinks that face has in it ſomething more!
Then in my Life I ever ſaw before. *Aſide.*

Exeunt.

Enter Duke *with* Camillo, *Lords and Officers.*

Duke: Has the Enemy taken ſpade in hand *Camillo*?

Cam: Yes Sir, and is allready breaking ground:

Duke: Wee'l entertaine 'um at break of day, with a ſharp Sally, to give them an aſſay of what courages they are to meet with, let our Troopes be ready by day break.

Camillo: All ſhall be ready Sir; but methinks the night were fitter for our Sally.

Duke: I like not Sallying in the Darke, 'tis ſubject to great miſtakes,

ſtakes, and ſuch accidents, as often makes the beſt deſignes uncertaine; No *Camillo*, the Sunne ſhall ſee, and ſhew the vigour we charge with, 'twill raiſe our Hearts to higher actions, then a dull ſhade is worthy of!

Our glitring Swords, and our inraged Eyes,
Will ſhew how much we do their Warre diſpiſe!
And 'mongſt their Souldiers ſuch amazement fling,
They ſhall not flye, the Ruine that we bring.

Enter the Princeſs *to them, with* Roſſina, *and* Phylora *at one doore,* *At the other Enter an Officer with the foure Strangers,* Fernando, Florio, Luco, *and* Pedro *a little after.*

Duke: Take courage *Silviana*, this Warre will not prove ſo terrible, as your feares ſuggeſt!

Princeſs. My apprehenſion Sir, is not more, then does become my Sex; when Nations are at ſtake, and my intereſt muſt be decided by the hazzards of a Warre; —is it not time to ſigh? and pray, I and to tremble at the thought of ſuch an evill! though my innoſence, and your valour, may be Crown'd with Victory, it muſt be purchas'd by the blood of Loyall Subjects.

Duke: Let them who force the Warre, ſhake at the event! and anſwer for the evills.

Officer: Theſe Gentlemen new come to Town, deſire the Honour to kiſs your Highneſſe hand.

They ſalute the Duke.

Duke: You have choſen an ill time, to viſit URBIN Gentlemen; when the Alarums, and hazzards of a beſiedged Town, allowes no houres for entertainment, or for reſt.

Fern: To hazzard, wee come hither Sir; —honour'd Trophies gain'd in ſo juſt a Warre! are glorious invitation to virtuous minds, and fill our hearts with ſure Predictions of a good ſucceſſe.

Duke: You Propheſie like a friend, and I have Faith for what you ſay, —do theſe youths belong to you?

Fern: No Sir, I met them but an hour ſince, where they ſav'd my life, by reſcuing me from five or ſix *Banditee*, —they come to ſerve you in this Warre.

Duke: Your looks invite me to inquire your Countrey, and qualities, that I may finde a fit imployment for ſuch worthy perſons, who ſet honour at ſo high a rate.

Fern: My name is *Fernando*, and his *Florio*, my ambition Sir, is not above a Volunteere, I underſtand not to Command; —but *Florio* I confeſs looks like ſomewhat more then he is pleas'd to own.

Duke: My fancy does concurre with yours, —and I ſhall ſtudy to welcome both, as well as this diſturb'd time permits me; this occaſion makes us wink at ſuch *Banditee* for the preſent, who are bold on all attempts, and in this Warre may be of uſe; but I ſhould not have judg'd this faire youth fit to mannage Arms!

Fern: Your Higneſſe will have other thoughts, when you ſee *Florio* in the field! the Enemy will find him man enough!

Duke: What part of *Italy* is ſo happy? as to have bred ſuch early vertue:

Florio:

Florio: I am of *Piſa* Sir; my buſineſſe is to ſee the World, and improve my knowledge by my Travels.

Fern: Of PISA *Florio*! know you any of note there?

Florio: All Sir.

Fern: Pray Sir, let us two fight in the ſame Troope, that we may emulate each others actions, in your ſervice.

Duke: The conteſt will not be equall, –your looks will ſtrike more terror in an Enemy, then Gentle *Florios* Sword can doe; I will prevaile with this young Souldier, (if I can)! to ſecure the Ladies, while we Sally, his courage will abate their feares, who apprehend more danger then is cauſe for.

Florio: Sir, I ſhall curſe my ſoft faint looks, if they belye my heart, that covets to get honour by my Sword, as much as he, that can frown moſt!–I will either ſally this night with *Fernando*, or quit the Town before I ſleep. *Speaks in Anger.*

Duke: This ſtorme which I have rais'd is more bewitching lovely, then thy calme gentle looks were.–

–If you have yours, and I have my deſire;
Let me again imbrace what I admire!

The Duke *imbraces* Florio.

Pedro. I paſſe for no body all this while! but if my good Sword hold! I'le doe; I know not what! [*aſide.*]

Roſſina: The Dukes in love Madam, and talks like one of us, to this *Adonis*.

Princeſs. They look great, as if they would do ſervice, worthy my brothers higheſt complements.

Enter to them Camillo *the Generall.*

Camillo. We are all ready for the Sally Sir; I wiſh your Highneſſe would reſerve your ſelf for the next occaſion, we ſhall have work enough of this kind; the Enemie is ſtrong.

Duke. I will not be diverted, but my ſelfe will lead you on; –here *Camillo*, –let theſe ſtrangers charge in your Troop, next to your ſelf; they appeare to be of quality, and no doubt have courage to merrit what honours we can give 'um.

Camillo: They ſhall be my care Sir.

Duke: Call for my Armes, 'tis time that we make ready.——

–Retire, leſt your feares Silviana *may*
Our beſt diſpleaſe, and doubting men diſmay.

Exit Duke *and Traine.*

Princeſs. I have a heavineſſe about my heart *Roſſina*, which I cannot remove!

Roſſina. Your Highneſſe too much apprehenſion of the *Dukes* danger, looks like doubting thoſe powers, which protect Princes in all juſt cauſes.

Princeſs. I cannot contradict you, nor can I be leſſe concern'd, becauſe this Warre is on my account, though I be guiltleſſe, the prou'd Prince of *Ferrara* demands our Principallity in Dowre, by which he ſhewes to have but ſmall eſteem of me; the Dukedome muſt be intayled

tayled on me, and my Brother tyed from a ſecond Marriage? thus his ambition, not his love, makes Warre, for the inlarging his Dominions!

Roßina: Pray Madam be pleas'd to retire into the Caſtle, the Duke is now on ſallying:

As they are going off they meet Mariana, *and* Phylora, *commingin haſte.*

Prin: Whither ſo faſt *Mariana?* why ſo frighted my *Phylora?*

Filora. We came from the Tower next to the Port, Madam.

Princeß. And from thence, what ſaw you? to beget this Terror!

Philora. We ſaw the Duke all in Armour, riding before his Troops, with ſo much terror, and ſuch a duſt! that we durſt ſtay no longer, but ranne trembling down, to be neer your Highneſſe in this danger.

Prin: So then our own Troops, and their duſt, have conquer'd you, ſtout Souldiers! I thought by your amazed looks, the Enemy had been entering of our Ports. —Let me have notice when my Brother does returne. *Exeunt.*

An alarum ſounded a farre off, ſome Skirmiſhes, then the Duke *of* URBIN *worſted, two Lords ſlaine by him, and himſelf in danger, Retreats? and is reſcued by the Strangers;* Exeunt.

Florio *and* Pedro *muſt not fight on the Stage through the whole play.*

And then Reenter the Duke *with the four Strangers followed by* Camillo, *and Officers with* Carbino, *and* Boroſco *two old Lords.*

Duke: Are *Petruchio*, and *Moroſino* both Dead?

Camillo: Both ſlaine Sir.

Duke: They ſhall have ſolemne Funerals: who did deſerve more honour, then I can give their Memories; —I ſaw 'em fall, and hopeing to relieve 'em, had loſt my ſelf, if brave *Fernando*, with young *Florio*, had not come timely in to ſave me: —I owe my life to you Gentlemen, and muſt declare, this great ſucceſſe is wholly due unto your Valours; 'twas you that Rallyed us when routed; twas you that forc'd the enemy to his firſt retreat, and you have brought us off with honour, when all was deſperate!

Fern: You over value our endeavours Sir; 'twas our good fate to come in timely, but your owne valours wonne the day.

Duke: This humility looks greater then your actions; —*Fernando*, I intreat you take Command of all our Horſe, in place of ſlaine *Petruchio*, —and have the ſame ſuit to *Florio*, that he will command my Guards in place of *Moroſino* fall'n.

Fern: Your Highneſſe has great Commanders here more worthy of this Honour, —I have ſuch ingagements on me, that I can accept of no imployment, longer then this Seedge laſts.

Florio: You over load me Sir, with a charge too great for my years to undertake.

Duke. Your Officers will eaſe you of all the painfull part; though I yet know you not: —

--My purpoſe is, to ſhew how much I prize
That vertue, which appeares through your diſguiſe.

Enter

[*Enter to them the* Princeſs *and Ladies,*
She runs to the Duke.]

Prin: My prayers are heard, and you are ſafe return'd!

She runs to meet the Duke.

Duke. I owe my life *Silviana*, and you your thanks to theſe Gallant men, —*Fernando* has ſhew'd us how to command, and how to fight, and taught all the offices of a great Souldier.

Fern: Your complements are ſuch Sir; as I dare not Anſwer, becauſe I muſt not own them:

Duke. Here I preſent you *Silviana*, with this Ages wonder! ſuch Youth, ſuch Beauty, and ſuch a Courage! —as ſends Thunder from his Arme, with ſuch lightning from thoſe bright Eyes as did amaze the Enemy in fight; and will in Peace with ſmiles ſubdue as many.

The Duke *takes* Florio *by the Hand.*

Princeſs. If your diſcourſe were not of Warre, I ſhould believe you did deſcribe a Miſtriſſe rather then a man.

Duke. You have ſaid truer then you think *Silviana*; for I ſhall court *Florio*, as Miſtriſs of all the Joyes that I can fancy, and love him! like ſome devine ſubſtance, I have no name for!

Florio. You make me bluſh ſo much Sir, that I muſt hide my ſelfe.

He is going.

Duke. Stay *Florio*, and I will talke no more thus; but by my favours judge hereafter, at what rate I value ſuch a Miracle of Nature, in ſhew more fit for *Venus*, then the rough diſcipline of *Mars*; *Florio* ſhall be my boſome friend, my ſureſt guide to Vertue, and Renown!

Florio. I am wearied Sir, and beg your permiſſion to retire a while.

Duke. Take your own time *Florio.* *Exit* Florio.

Prin: Brother, is this Rallery? or do you deſigne to ſet up your young favourite, for the Court Idoll? if ſo brave a man, will allow ſuch flattery? we will all adore him too: —But ſuppoſe ſome Lady ſhould gaine an intereſt in *Florio's* heart? how will you beare ſuch a partner in his friendſhip?

Duke. What you but jeſt of, is my reall wiſh, that fair *Roſſina*, or ſome other Lady could lay ſuch fetters on him, as might keep him ever here; —And if my favour can invite any to this Victory on *Florio*, I will make his Fortune ſuitable to Hers, who ere ſhe be!

Roſſina. I do ſubmit to try my Fortune, but how muſt I proceed? I ſhall never learne to Wooe Sir.

Prin: You ſhall have our aſſiſtance *Roſſina.*

Roſſina. If you can perſwade him to love, leave the reſt to me.

Duke. If *Roſſina* be ſerious! ſhe ſhall want no aſſiſtance; —but *Fernando* can do more then all, if he will joyne! —we may hope ſucceſs!

Fern: I ſhall be willing to Endeavour as you deſire, and doubt not but *Florio* will imbrace ſuch advancement, as you deſigne him; —I wiſh it hartily, leaſt the Dukes dotage preferre him to his Siſter, who I fear may look on *Florio*, with ſome concerne, before I gaine an intereſt: —*Silvianas* Eyes have ſtruck me through, Fame was ſhort in her Relation.

[*aſide.*] *While he ſpeaks this the* Duke *whiſpers with* Silviana.

Duke. If it be not *Roſſinas* good Fate to get his Love? I invite you Ladies all, to try the Magick of your ſeverall Beauties, to ingage him

him ſo by love, that he may live here with us.

Princeſs. What all at once? the poore man will be ſmother'd with Ladies hearts; —you'l fright him from all our Sex Sir; pray let *Roſina* try her ſingle Fortune firſt.

Duke. Let us retyre and order this affaire
Within, though it ſeem ſlight, 'tis worth our care. *Exeunt* Duke.

Exeunt Duke *and* Princeſs: *Remaines* Camillo, Boroſco, *and* Corbino,

Camillo. The *Duke* is growne ſo fond of *Florio*, he regards none of us.

Corbino. 'Tis too true, I wiſh we did know how to help our ſelves!

Boroſco. Methinks it were an eaſy work, to raiſe ſuch jealouſies between *Florio* and *Fernando*, as might make them deſtroy each other, and ſave us the labour. —I have put fancies in bold *Fernando*'s Head, to make him Envy *Florios* intereſt in the *Duke*, and caſt out words, as if his ayme were *Silviana*, and as if the *Duke* comply'd.

Corbino. I ſhall take my time to ſecond what you ſay; but let us conſult farther, you *Camillo*, have the greateſt looſe of the *Dukes* favour, and if I obſerve you right, have envy, and power enough, to execute your Revenge: we muſt not great things attempt without good advice. ——

—Though our deſigne want neither ſkill, nor Wit;
Being ill, it will aske power to mannage it.

Camillo: I ſhall contribute what I can, to cruſh theſe ſtrangers, ere they grow too ſtrong for us to grapple with; but let us firſt adviſe the *Duke*, if our counſells do not prevale? —

—Such Vipers muſt be ſmother'd in the Neſt,
Leaſt they in time do blaſt our Intereſt. —

—See, the *Duke* returnes; *Corbino*, ſpeak you firſt, and we will ſecond what you ſay.

Enter Duke, *and Servants.*

Corbino. Sir, wee have had a ſerious debate concerning the ſtrangers, and your favours to them; which they have bravely merrited! but yet Sir, ſome of your beſt Subjects have apprehenſion, that your Vallew may grow leſſe for them, and they become remiſſe thereon.

Boroſco. He ſpeaks my ſenſe Sir; I would not live to ſee you looſe your peoples hearts, by ſuch neglect of them!

Duke. What is your opinion *Camillo?* do I over vallew the benefits receiv'd? from theſe new men!

Camillo. I do believe you do Sir; and have begot a cenſure by it, I could wiſh were off againe.

Duke. Of what kind *Camillo.*

Camil. Of too much contempt of our own Nation, with a kind of Adoration! for the Strangers; as if they alone defended URBIN!

and

and by their Swords only! you expected Victorie! This Sir in duty, wee offer to your ſerious thoughts; who have Commands, our ſelves too high, to envie any honours, you can place on them.

Duke. I did look on their merrits I confeſſe, above my recompence! and by my favours, hoped to raiſe their noble hearts to higher actions in this Warre: But I ſhall be more cautious, then to diſcontent my Loyall Subiects, who grudge ſuch benefit, as I beſtow on gallant men, that ſaved my Life!

Camillo. Has what I ſaid, offended Sir?

Duke. No, no, 'tis your love of me, and care of my proſperity!

Exeunt.

SECOND ACT.

Enter: ——

[Fernando, Florio, *with* Luco *and* Pedro.]

Fern: NOble *Florio*, wee have had no time ſince we firſt met, to congratulate our good Fortunes here.

Florio. It multiplies my happineſſe, that you approve the *Dukes* kindneſſe to me Sir.

Fern: 'Tis ſomewhat extravagant I confeſſe; —ſuch violent affections ſeldome laſt, *Florio*.

Florio. I could wiſh his favour ſomewhat leſſe, leſt it raiſe great mens envy on me.

Fern: 'Tis well weigh'd, for I obſerve *Camillo*, with other Lords, look diſpleas'd at our advancement, pray obſerve them better, leaſt I miſtake.

Florio. I ſee it too, and have endeavour'd what I can, to gaine their loves.

Fern: That is wiſely done, but you may ſecure your intereſt here, by marrying into ſome great Family; by whoſe power, and Allyes, you will be look'd on as a Native, or at leaſt be able to conteſt with any, that ſhall deſigne againſt you.

Florio. What you mention, was proffer'd me laſt night, with old *Corbino*'s wealthy Daughter *Mariana*, and an houre after, I was advis'd to treat with *Camillo*, for his faire Neece *Roßina*.

Fern: Which do you incline moſt too?

Florio. They are Beauties both, and ſeem equally indow'd with Vertues, fit for their great Births; but I am preingaged, and can comply with neither.

Fern: So young, and ſo conſtant! is a wonder! (I ſee *Boroſco* gueſſes right, *Silviana* is his deſigne!) I here the *Duke* intends to wooe you for *Roßina*, and I hope you wiſely will conſider, what wealth, and honours will be propos'd with her; and not in a Romantick gal- [*aſide.*]

lantry, preferre ſome ſlight promiſe made in your own Country, before ſo great advancement.

Florio. I ſhall never entertaine a thought, that may change my fix'd heart, from its firſt Center, to gaine this Dukedome by it.

[*aſide.*] *Fern:* I do not like this (*'tis the Princeſs!*) may I know if your heart inhabit here? is any Lady of this Court, ſo happy? to gaine an intereſt in *Florio.*

Florio. No Lady here Sir; I aſſure you, but by my obſervations, I find you are not free from a growing paſſion, (allow me but ſo much) and I ſhall ſoon gueſſe, that *Silviana* can be only worthy of *Fernandos*

[*He ſtarts.*] heart: —Why do you ſtart? —why ſo amaz'd Sir? can you doubt to truſt a perſon? you profeſſe to value, as you have done me.

Fernando. Remove but one doubt, and I am thine for ever; — does not your own deſire that way, raiſe your jealouſie of me? and make you enquire, what you fear to finde.

Florio. By all that's good, —I have no wiſh for *Silviana*, but will ſerve *Fernando* with all my intereſt; pray Sir believe and try me.

Fern. I do believe, and will truſt thee with my heart; I love the *Princeſs*, and would gladly make ſome tryall towards my deſigne to gaine her; which is the true cauſe of my ingaging in this Warre: — and now *Florio*, I aſſure you my quality is ſuch, as ſhe may own my love, for I am —

Florio. Hold Sir, I will know no argument but *Fernandos* worth, to ingage me to ſerve him.

Fern: You are my good Angell hither ſent:
To guard and guide me in my Baniſhment.

[*They imbrace.*]

Enter: — *An Officer to* Fernando.

Officer. My Lord, the Councell of Warre ſtay till you come to u'm.

Fern. I follow, —*Florio* I have much to ſay when we meet next.]

[*Exit* Fernando.

Enter. — Duke *and Lords to* Florio.

Duke. Why *Florio*, do you abſent your ſelf ſo much? is *Fernando* a better friend then I? who dote more on thee, then Lovers on their Miſtris Eyes, when their kind hearts comply.

Florio. Though *Fernando* be a Noble Friend he has but a ſecond place in my heart, —your favours are above the reach of any other perſon in the World!

Duke. Now you flatter me, —I can allow you to entertaine a boſome Friend, of the other Sex before me, but no man *Florio*, muſt be my Rivall, this jealouſie ſpeaks my eſteem, that willingly would have thee ever in my ſight, as the beſt object to fix my heart on, that I may Emulate thy Vertues.

Florio. May my ingratitude be highly puniſhed, when I do value man or Woman, more then I do you Sir. [*Embraces* Florio.]

Duke.

Duke. I have lov'd, or have believ'd ſo! and yet this Friendſhip makes me doubt it now; unleſſe Friendſhip be a mightier power then Love! But we find no ſhrines ſet up, nor any Altars burning Inſence to this unknown Deity: The Antients ſure were ignorant of this moſt excellent Divine Humanity! (call'd Friendſhip,) ſomething is here about my Heart, I never found before; and of great vallew ſure! My Siſter elſe, would not have jealous feares to looſe it; The excellent *Fernando*, has his diſlikes too! and many of my greateſt Subjects cannot hide their Envy at my ſmiles on *Florio!* — There muſt be ſomething more then I diſcerne in this new kind of paſſion, which I have no name for! but an impulſive Friendſhip, which I cannot, nay I dare not wiſh were leſſe; *Florios* perſon is clad in ſo rich Virtues, as delights my Eyes, and captivates my heart, beyond all the beautious Women I have ſeen! ſo that while *Florios* virtues lead me on, I cannot doubt my fate, nor ſlack my admiration! [*aſide.*]

[*Enter to them, the* Princeſs, *and Ladies.*]

Duke. You look diſpleas'd *Silviana*, and ſomething pale of late!

Princeſs. I want your wonted kindneſſe Sir; how can my looks be cheerfull? when *Florio* like a ſullen Cloud, does interpoſe between the Sunne, that us'd to ſhine on me?

Duke. You chide me kindly *Silviana*; and in returne, I wiſh *Florio* were a Prince, that I might part with him to you, and by ſo rich a gift, expreſſe my vallue of you both.

Princeſs. My wiſh reaches onely to enjoy your converſation as before; I have no deſigne to rob you of your Soules delight in *Florio*, but do not like that he alone, ſhould have you to himſelfe, while I, and all the World do ſeem neglected! by which you ſuffer more then you diſcerne.

Duke. Suffer *Silviana*! is it a Crime to vallue Virtue? or to be gratefull to the man has ſav'd my life! my favours duely weighed, do not yet reach his merrit.

Princeſs. I undervalue not his worth Sir; but grudge he ſhould ingroſſe you to himſelfe.

Duke. Your judgment, by this jealouſie, is Eclips'd; elſe you would with me diſcerne the inviting Arguments for ſuch a friendſhip, as I deſire to fix here! 'tis Friendſhip *Silviana*, a word ſo often us'd, and ſo little underſtood! that we looſe the higheſt happineſſe this World affords, not knowing how to improve ſo Divine a Vertue! 'tis unity of Soules, the Saints enjoy above, and take delight to ſee us practiſe here on Earth! 'tis *Florios* Vertue I admire, his rich heart I ſeek, a Treaſure of more worth, then all the glittering honours, I can ever heap on him.

Florio. What anſwer can I make to this? but bluſhes; let my bluſhes Sir, ſpeak for the heart you prize ſo much, too much!

Duke. Come *Silviana*, if you will ſmile on him for my ſake, he ſhall not rob you of my converſe, pray let him kiſſe your hand.

Enter.

[Fernando *in diſcontent, the* Princeſs *goes to* Florio, *and he kiſſes her hand.*]

Princeſs. I will Sir; for I have a full eſteeme of his great Vertue; — *Florio* merrits much, but not all your heart Sir; I claime a Sifters part; —*Florio* if I can ſerve you here? you may imploy me to my Brother boldly.

Florio. Madam, I am many times ſurpriz'd by the *Dukes* favours, ſo much too high for me to own, that I do wiſh 'um leſſe.

Princeſs. That is beyond my deſire Sir. I would not leſſen his favour to you, but would participate my Brothers love.

[*aſide.*] *Fernando.* This is worſe ſtill! the *Duke* ſets him on to court his Sifter! but *Florio* is, I hope, too Noble to wrong me, that truſt him; —and yet the Princeſs is a high Temptation, I muſt prevent the evill I foreſee, or I am loſt! —The Enemies approaches do come on a pace Sir, wee muſt divert them with more frequent Sallyes, or they will lodge under our Walls, within few dayes.

{*To the* Duke}

Duke. I intend this night, my ſelf to Sally, and with all my power, to fall on their laſt work.

Fern: That will be too much Sir; I dare undertake with a ſmall party, to deſtroy all they have yet done.

Princeſs. Pray brother leave this Sally to your Officers, and not on all occaſions hazzard your own perſon; —may you not relie on *Fernando* for his Conduct?

Duke. It ſhall now be ſo, but you would never have me fight *Silviana.*

Fern: Madam, you honour me ſo much, that I tremble at what I undertook; —I can encounter all the hazzards of a Warre, with leſſe concerne; leſt by an ill ſucceſſe, I leſſen your opinion of my conduct: —but yet thus Arm'd with your commands! it were a crime to doubt! —Great Sir; I begge the ſole command this night.

Duke. You ſhall *Fernando*, and I will reſt ſecure, when ſo great skill, and courage meet with ſuch a Noble ſoule, 'tis to be truſted, as my ſelf were preſent.

[*The* Duke *preſents him.*] *Fern:* I begg the honour Sir to kiſs the Princes hand, for this great favour done me.

Duke. My thanks to *Silviana* for this value of my friend.

Princeſs. Fernando has allready ſhew'd he needs no additions Sir.

Fernan. I can have no addition, beyond your Highneſſe good opinion.—

[*Exeunt* Duke, Princeſs, *and Traine.*]

—My hearts ingaged by Silvianas *Eyes,*
To waſte it ſelfe in dayly Sacrifice;
With ſmother'd ſighes my doubtfull ſtate bemoane,
Untill the Prieſt, and Alter make us one.

Exit

Enter

Enter:
Camillo *with* Longino *and the diſcontented Lords.*

Camillo. Theſe Muſhrums are grown ſteeple high allready!— to perſwade the Duke againſt them, were to advance them higher.

Longino. I differ in opinion from you all, theſe ſtrangers come to fight for us; and you envy thoſe civilities, the *Duke* affords them.

Camillo: Is it ſo neceſſary; to have a favourite *Longino?* and he a ſtranger too!

Longino. You talke as if we were Princeſs, and our Maſter at our diſpoſe, he muſt heare, ſee, and like only what agrees, with our fancies, or our appetites does pleaſe, and ſo would make the *Duke*, the onely ſlave in his Dominions! not allow him the freedome of a friend, which is the higheſt humane conſolation; unhappy men! whoſe malice, and ill nature, participate the curſe of Hell, while you remaine on Earth; never diſcerning, or at leaſt not reliſhing thoſe Angelicall delights, which vertuous hearts enjoy, by loving, and obliging one another in great Courts; and ſeldome happy thoſe Princes, who permit detractors neer them.

Camillo. You are too ſevere *Longino*, wee have no Traiterous thoughts, but ſet a true value on our Prince his favour, which wee feare to looſe.

Longino. I fear you have Malitious hearts, and then, I am not fit for your converſe, that grumble at what you ought to thank Heaven for: —take heed that your ingratitudes, do not make our Lambe, put on his Lions skinne; and fright you into better manners. *Ex:* Lon:

Corbino. We muſt not be ſo free before *Longino*, he has a graine or two of ſimple honeſty, too much for us! —now he is gone, wee may proceede: —my Letter will deſtroy *Fernando*, if you approve it, and he gone, yong *Florio* will want skill, to order his affaires againſt us all I ſay let us down with *Fernando* firſt.

Boroſco. Let us ſee this Letter you ſo much confide in.

[The Forged LETTER as from the Enemy.]

FErnando, *wee wonder you ſo long delay, what you ſo boldly undertook, we know you have credit any night you pleaſe, to ſet open the South Port, next our new worke, and let us in! your reward is ready for you.*

Yours
L.L.

Camillo. This no doubt will raiſe a jealouſie, but from whom muſt this be ſent? by whom brought hither? and how found?

Corbino. I'le ſay the Trumpet which came this morning to fetch a paſſe for a Herauld, about the interview, did looſe it, I found it, read it, and my ſelfe will ſhew it to the *Duke*; who can diſprove this? —

Camillo.

Camillo. Though I like not this ſhallow plott thus lay'd,
I will your Councells with a better ayd. *Exeunt.*

Enterance,
{Florio *ſitting, and* Pedro *ſtanding*}
{ *by, as in* Florios *lodging.* }

Florio. I am intangl'd *Melina*, in ſuch ſnares, as I ſhall neer get out of.

Pedro. Pray Madam ſpeak that I may underſtand; —your ſnares, and intanglements, be Riddles to me; —love is love, and may be call'd ſo.

Florio. Love *Melina*! is there ſuch affinity between love, and hate? as thou canſt not diſtinguiſh them, in me!

Pedro. I allow you to hate the old foole you fled from; but methinks the *Dukes* favours, with his ſo great merrit, might produce affection from the ſame Root, that affords you hate to one who has no merrit.

Florio. Thy Argument may juſtifie a gratitude, fit for a Veſtall Virgin to profeſs; but love (as I have heard) is of another nature, full of fine fancies, and ſuch gay delights, as will neer comply with my deſigne to Dye.

Pedro. True Madam, but if you were ſo happy, as to finde an object fit to change your hate, to love; it would convert your thoughts from Death, and be a good Argument to live.

Florio. Where canſt thou fancy ſuch an object *Melina*? fit to reſtore my thoughts to Joy, or life!

Pedro. The *Dukes* love, deſerves a Multiply'd returne of kindneſſe from you.

Florio. Canſt thou believe his friendſhip to me as a man? can have any value for a woman wanderer? though no degree of love, have habitation in my heart, my Judgment, and Religion, might perſwade me to own ſo great a bleſſing; if the Gods ſhould ſend ſo ſtrange deliverance! ſo wonderful a change of Fate! for my unworthyneſſe.

Pedro. I like well theſe Judicious thought, and will hope your Mal. lady may in time finde a cure, good natures flow with gratitude, and both together, fill the World with love; it is, or it will be Love Madam, though you yet diſcerne it not.

Florio. The Gods defend our Sex, from ſuch a preſident in me! a Woman to love firſt! would be a Prodigie.

Pedro. All this I allow, ſo you will love the *Duke*, if he love you firſt.

Florio. If thou doſt think it poſſible, that I can be in danger of ſuch a ſlavery as love? for heavens ſake ſhew me a quick remedy; For all the ſtories I have read, preſent that paſſion, worſe then hate; and in all Ages, has produc'd examples, to deterre our Sex from Love; though I am yet ſafe, the *Duke* is ſomewhat more then other men; — Give me an Antidote *Melina*, that I may be ſtrong againſt the *Duk's* aſſault, if he make any! leſt I find here a double invitation to the grave.

Pedro.

Pedro. You ſhall be provided Madam.

Florio. He has a ſoule ſo full of Gallantry, ſo rich in Vertue, and ſo great renowne! I tremble at my ſecond thoughts of thy diſcourſe; and would not for the World ingage my freedome, on the hazzard of ſo high conteſt! if thou haſt a remedy againſt Love? ſhew it now, that I may doubly Arme, againſt ſo great an Enemie!

Pedro. I have a ſure one Madam, that which cured me, and does cure all the World! 'tis the onely approv'd remedy.

Florio. And ſhall I have it? if I ſtand in need!

Pedro. Yes, if you pleaſe to Love him, that Loves you; and this is a remedy that ſeldome failes to cure by fruition.

Florio. Thou art wanton merry, and talk'ſt thou careſt not what, to make me ſo; can having what we wiſh moſt, leſſen its value?

Pedro. 'Tis but too plaine, by having our wiſh, we come to know, that our deſires in love, had rais'd our fancy above what we can ever finde; This knowledge doth ſo check the wing of fancy, and deſire, (that love) as a thing once paſt his height, muſt naturally decline; and fade; ſuch is the generall frailty of all Creatures, to have the like certaine period of decay; This makes ſome of our Sages, ſtudied in the point, now teach, that vertuous tranſparent friendſhip, is a greater, and more durable felicity then love; but I believe you Madam have your wiſh allready, to the firſt part of this opinion, you are belov'd, where you love; and will in time judge of the whole argument, by your own experience.

Florio. If Love be not Friendſhip too! 'twere a ſad Fate to Love, but I am ſo farre from having what you wiſh me, this way. *Melina*, that my diſpaire, is my unhappineſſe; —— can the *Duke* love me a Woman? as now a man, when he ſhall finde his favourite *Florio*, ſuch a counterfite! will it not beget ſuſpitions of my credit? and all thoſe glorious actions I have done, become my ſcandall? —Then if his doutage ſhould paſſe by all theſe juſt exceptions! may he not think my quality unfit to be his Wife? —— Theſe thoughts fill my fancy with ſuch doubts *Melina!* that when I conſider my condition, it makes me deſperate.

Pedro. And gives me hopes of better dayes, Madam! when the *Duke* ſhall know you a Lady of the ſame blood with Princes; and ſhall inquire the true cauſe of your diſguiſe, he will be more in love then now; —— pray let me informe him, and try your deſtiny.

Florio. No *Melina*, no, I do conjure thee by thy firſt vow, and now by all my intereſt, not to diſcover me; for if I outlive this Siege, I will returne, and take a holy habit on me, leſt my ſex ſuffer by my folly, and the World, think I came co ſeeke a man, rather then avoide one.

Pedro. Pray Madam. —

Florio. Hold, I will here no Argument againſt my reſolve; obey me, or you will deſtroy me; Love, thus I blow thee off! Death is my buſineſſe here.

Pedro. *Though I do not approve what you think fit,*
I know I muſt to your command ſubmit.

Enter

[*Enter: the* Duke *to them.*]

Duke. Florio, I obſerve you love to be retyr'd of late, and I who ſeek your company, can ſeldome have it.

Florio. My heart has no joy like pleaſing you Sir; and my retirements are moſt imploy'd, in ſtudying how to ſhew my gratitude, that you may not repent the Honours you heap ſo faſt on me.

[*Embraces* Florio.]

Duke. That's kindly ſaid: —I heare *Florio* that *Camillo* proffers to ſettle a great Fortune on his Neece the Faire *Roſina*, if you can love her, which I do wiſh, that I may not fear to looſe, what I ſee ſo much delight in!

Florio. 'Tis an honour I cannot accept Sir, becauſe my heart is preingaged unto another, ſo fix'd! that nothing leſſe then Death, can ere diſſolve it!

Duke. 'Tis a cleare anſwer; but to me ſo harſh, I dare not inquire further; —and yet I muſt, or by my doubts ſhall ſuffer more! —Does the Perſon you love ſo much, live here? or may ſhe be brought to dwell with us.

Florio. The laſt of theſe is not impoſſible, and yet there is great difficulties to effect it; ——pray Sir leave me to my own endeavours, and I may bring what you deſire to paſſe, for your favours have ſo farre ingag'd me, that my Soule labours to contrive, how I may live ever in your ſight; believe me Sir, I know no Joyes on Earth, beyond your favours to me.

[*aſide.*]

Duke. Thou doſt revive me *Florio*, —he (looks ſo greet! that I could wiſh his fancy were fix'd on *Silviana*;) —may I yet know your quality? I have ſome reaſon to inquire, what may concerne your happineſſe, and mine.

Florio. Your Highneſſe does forget your promiſe, not to preſſe, what does concerne me not to reveale.

Duke. You chide me handſomely, —I onely had a ſuddaine thought, where to finde a fit match for my dear Siſter *Silviana*.

Florio. I can fit her Sir, with ſuch a man, as all the Ladies of the Court will envy! ——'tis *Fernando*, whoſe quality I know is greater then appeares.

Duke. Thou haſt daſh'd all my hopes at once, I did wiſh you *Florio*, would have thought my Siſter worthy of your ſelfe.

Florio. And much too worthy Sir, I ſweare by all my hopes, my heart is preingag'd where onely Death can ſeperate.

{*Enter to them: The* Princeſs *and Ladies.*}

Duke. You come *Silviana* aptly, to decide a difference between me and *Florio*, I was inviteing him to offer up his heart to you, —but he preferres your happyneſſe ſo much above his own, that he recommends *Fernando* before himſelf.

Florio. I Madam, and do aſſure your Highneſſe, that *Fernandos* Birth does equall his great actions, and will be worthy your beſt thoughts.

Duke.

Duke. Why thus conceald then?

Florio. He is reſolv'd by ſervices to lay ſome obligations on you Sir; before he do reveale himſelfe, as alſo to let the Princeſs ſee, what for her ſake he ventures, ere he ſpeak of Love.

{*Enter to them*: Corbino, Boroſco, who gave the *Duke* an open Letter.}

Corbino. I found this letter at the Port Sir; as it dropt from the Enemies trumpet.

Duke. To *Fernando*! give it him!

Corbino. Pray read it firſt.

Duke. Why ſhould I read his letter? 'tis not handſome.

Boroſco. Such Ceremony in a beſiedg'd Towne, may prove Prejuditiall, pray Sir read it.

Duke. Who open'd it?

Corbino. I did Sir; when I ſaw an Enemy looſe it; 'twas my duty to ſee the inſide.

[Duke *reads it.*]

Duke: This is the Enemies deſigne, and was loſt on purpoſe to be found, to make us jealous of ſo brave a man, that he may beat them no more; —Burne it, and ſay nothing, *Fernando* has given teſtimony of his Truth, beyond the reach of ſcandall.

Florio. Does any dare to queſtion *Fernandos* truth Sir?

Corbino. Pray Sir, let *Florio* give his judgment on the letter! then burne it. [Florio *reads and ſmiles.*]

Florio. This is eaſy to diſcipher, this comes not from the Campe, I ſuſpect a neerer plot! *Fernando* and my ſelfe, are much envyed for your favour Sir.

Boroſco. Does your Lordſhip reflect on me, for ſuch a guilt?

Florio. If I did, you ſhould ſoon know it.

Corbino. Pray Sir; let not fine words deceive you, but conſider well all circumſtances, and then judge if *Fernando* may not probably be ſent hither by the Enemy, wee know not who he is, nor whence he comes! have no caution for his Faith; why may not he at the next Sally doe? what that Letter does invite! 'tis my duty Sir to adviſe you to ſend him out of the Towne, before the evill be too great to remedy. [*Aſide to the* Duke.

Duke. Your Zeale unto your Country *Corbino*, makes you too bold, to charge a ſeeming guilt, upon a Perſon of his Worth; grounded onely from a letter let fall'n on purpoſe to abuſe us; ſuppoſe they ſhould Write the like to you! —I ſhall think how to finde this miſchiefe out, and if within our own Walls, ſo baſe an Act be prov'd! it ſhall be ſeverely puniſh'd.

Enter Fernando *to them.*

Duke. Fernando, you ſhall this night ſally, with what force you pleaſe.

Florio. Not 'till he has clear'd himſelf Sir, — read this *Fernando.*

[*He reads it.*]

Fernando. This is a ſlight trick Sir; the Enemy that Writ this; is within our Walls; my name is not *Fernando.*

Corbino. If a diſguis'd perſon! there is more cauſe of jealouſy, then I ſaw before.

Florio. Then raiſe a double Jealouſy, for my Name is not *Florio*; —— when ſtrangers would be conceal'd, we change our Names, - not to be hid from you wee dwell with; but from thoſe at home, who may purſue! —*Fernando* and I are a like guilty Sir.

Duke. I am not apt for Jealouſies, nor can I ſee ſo foule a guilt in *Fernandos* face! —Sir, though Prudence might juſtify your reſtraint, I am above feare this way, - be ſtill free, and command in chiefe; this night the Sally ſhall be wholly as you order it.

[*Offers to goe out.*]

Fernando. This confidence would make a Traitor honeſt; but Sir, to ſecure your great Lords fear of me, I will retire, till I can Write an anſwer to the Enemy, ſuch as will ſoone aſſure my Innoſence; ——but yet on ſecond thoughts; I have a better way! - you will truſt me Sir you ſay!

Duke. I doe.

Fernando. Then will I this night by my Sally, give them ſuch an anſwer, as that letter does deſerve: and if the guilt be within your own Walls! I ſhall make them bluſh at my returne, for aſperſing of my innoſence.

Florio. I will be Hoſtage Sir till his returne, and ſuffer Death if *Fernando* do prove falſe.

Duke. Fernando *cannot by this Sally, more*
Confirme me, then I am aſſur'd before.

Exeunt.

THIRD ACT.

A cry within, the Courts on Fire; Then Enter ſome of the Guard.

1 *Guard.* Where is this Fire?

2. *Guard.* 'Tis in Lord *Corbinos* Lodgings.

3 *Guard.* Knock, knock lowder.

Enter Servants, and Mariana *at the Window.*

Mariana. Fire, fire, come up and help, 'tis in my Fathers cloſet, the Fire breaks out there.

[*A noiſe within.*]

Enter:

Enter: — *Duke, Princeſs, Roſsina, Florio,* and Traine under the Window.

Duke. From whence is the Miſchiefe?
Boroſco. 'Tis in *Corbinos* lodging Sir; I have ſent after him.

Mariana *above with men and maids, throwing goods out of the Window.*

Mariana. The great danger is now over Sir;
Duke. Pull down the next wall, that it paſſe no further.
Mariana. My Lord *Boroſco*, pray ſet ſome to guard our goods.

She throwes down Baggs of Money, he heapes them up.

Boroſco. Have not our Enemies at home done this? to divert us in the time of ſally, what newes from *Fernando?*
Duke. He is but now ſallyed, hark the Alarum is begun.
Boroſco. And the Court on Fire at the ſame time! 'twere good to double all the guards, there may be more danger in this Fire, then yet appeares.
Duke. The guards are ſtrong enough, ſend more hands to quench the Fire.

[*Enter* Florio.]

Florio. They have maſter'd the great flame Sir, but not yet quench'd the Fire.

Mariana *throwes down Baggs and Boxes one Box opens and out falls Papers.*

Duke. Looke to his Papers, put them in againe, —What's here? a direction to *Fernando!* ſee *Florio!* [*The* Duke *takes up a Paper.*
Florio. 'Tis a foul coppy of the forg'd Letter from the Enemy, 'tis the ſame hand Sir; now you ſee our jealouſies are juſt.
Duke. I ſhame to ſee ſo great a villany.

While they compare the Hand Enter Corbino *in haſte.*

Corbino. My Cloſet burnt! and all my goods diſtroy'd! Oh unhappy man!
Duke. It had been well thou had'ſt thy ſelf been burnt in it, look here vile wretch! what this fire has brought to our hands! —thou may'ſt well tremble at ſuch a crime, for I will make thee an example, to terrify this Nation from like villany! —you of the Guard, devide all this Treaſure among your ſelves, for your paines, in quenching of the Fire; —and *Florio*, ſee this wretch a cloſe Priſoner; that *Fernando* may behold what puniſhment, ſuch treachery ſhall find from me.

Corbino. Pardon great Sir, losse of your wonted favour, begot this envy in me, I beg your mercy Sir,

Duke: Such mercy as so base a crime deserves, expect: —while *Fernando* sheds his Blood for us, you stamp a brand of Treason on so cleare a merit! —

—So great a mischiefe, with so base intent;
No villaine but Corbino *could invent,*

—away with him.

[*Enter* Officer.]

Duke. What newes from the Port?

Officer. Fernando has slighted their last work Sir; and beaten them out of their new Trenches, he pursu'd so farre, that their whole Camp is now in Armes, while your Troopes retire in safety. *Fernando* is by this time alighted at the Court.

Duke. Fernando has made good his undertaking, let us meet him with our discovery, to welcome his returne; —what will you do *Silviana.*

Princess. I shall attend, that you may see I can
To vertue bow, though not adore the man!

Exeunt.

Enter: —
Clara, Marianas *Mayde, at one Doore,*
and Pedro *at the other.*

Clara. Pedro, where is the (*Duke* gone? where the *Princess?* and where be all our goods? —I saw you under the window, when I threw down my red Cabinet; pray where be they all?

Pedro. The *Duke,* and *Princess,* are gone to meet *Fernando,* but before he went, the *Duke* gave the Plunder of all the Traytor *Corbinos* goods, unto his Guards, who quenched the Fire.

Clara. If my Lord be twenty Traytors! I am none, all my goods were thrown down with his, (but that Red Cabinet, *Pedro!*) doest thou know which of the Guard took that?

Pedro. You are concern'd as if your Portion lay within that little compasse! —were all your Jewels there *Clara?*

Clara. The greatest Treasure I have, is there, Letters *Pedro,* Letters of Love, from a Gentleman, that—

Pedro. That, what? that has, or would do something, you are asham'd to own! is't not so or so?

Clara. Neither *Pedro,* there is nothing in any Letters, I shall blush at.

Pedro. That may be too! —but say; are you so farre gone? as to admit of no other Suitor?

Clara. Leave this fooling *Pedro,* he seeks me an honourable way.

Pedro. Which of the honourable wayes? sweet *Clara!*

Clara. Marriage.

Pedro. Then I am safe, and may be merry without danger.

Clara: Now you have talk'd me out of my conserne for my Cabinet, pray informe me who *Florio* is! and how it happens! that he has no affection, for any of our Ladies!

Pedro.

Pedro. If you will direct me to a *Conjurer!* I ſhall inquire, what *Florio* does impart to none; —Come *Clara*, let us not trouble our heads, with what your Lady, or my Lord thinks! but let us be merry when we meet. [*He takes her Hand.*]

Clara. Keep your diſtance good *Pedro*, and then be as merry as you pleaſe! my credit is not in the Cabinet, as you ſuppoſe! nor yet am I at your diſpoſe.

Pedro. Why ſo coy bright Beauty? my approach is civell.

Clara. I can neither by your looks, nor language diſcerne that!

Pedro. If you were not ingaged unto the letter man! I ſhould have ſhew'n my eſteem of your perfections, in a more ſerious way *Clara*, I can now have no deſigne, but mirth, ſince you declare for a pretender, whoſe lines you lay up as Reliques!

Clara. You did miſtake me *Pedro*, I only ſaid, that a Gentleman did ſeek, but I told you not, that he had found my heart, which is yet as free as yours.

Pedro. I am catch'd! and muſt come quickly off: —dear *Clara*, I would adviſe you, not to caſt off a Gentleman, who truly loves you on vaine hopes of others liking! [*aſide.*]

Clara. You are doubly deceiv'd now *Pedro*; I have no deſigne on your ſweet Face, your Lord, and you, will be both ſecure in URBIN, from being raviſh'd by our Ladies, or their Servants! if you can direct! who has my loſt Cabinet; I'le thank ye, if not! Adiew good *Pedro*.

Pedro. I am glad I am thus freed. *Exeunt* ſeverally.

Enter Duke, *and Traine; who meet from the other Doore* Fernando *and Officers: a Crye without of Joy, from the People.*

Duke. Fernando, we bring you joyfull hearts, inſtead of ſuch Triumphall ornaments, as your high Actions merrit.

Fernando. You honour me too much Sir, but if the *Princeſs* own my indevours! I may hope the ſcandall of that letter, ſticks not on me.

Duke. Wee have found the foul coppy of that forg'd Letter, in *Corbinos* Cloſet, and the Author of it, ſhall ere night, ſuffer as he deſerves!

Fernando. Pray Sir forgive him, as I do, his deſigne has done you good, I had not venter'd full ſo farre, but to wipe off that ſcandall; — and now Sir, for *Marianas* ſake, I beg that you will pardon her old Father.

Duke. She ſhall have all his Lands immediatly, but I muſt deterre others from the like horrid actions; —if I had believ'd him! and impriſon'd you; what a miſchiefe might that Barbarous beaſt have ledde me to! Princes who pardon ſuch crimes, will neer be free from the like Vipers, who devoure the good Names of the innocent, 'tis our work to cheriſh truth, and vertue, and to baniſh ſuch Monſters as *Corbino*, from the converſe of men: he is condemn'd to the Dungeon while

while he lives! 'tis fit that you retire *Fernando.*

[*Exeunt* Duke *and Traine.*]

[Florio *and* Fernando *ſtay.*]

Florio. Now they are gone, I will congratulate your victory, with ſome good hopes, that *Silviana* may comply.

Fern. Florio is my good Angell ſtill; yet I muſt pitty Thee.

Unhappie Youth, expos'd into a crow'd
Of Beauties, where thou freely art allow'd
To looke, and chuſe! invited to enjoy
A full variety! in hope to cloye.
Or fix thy fancies, which by Nature grow,
Beyond the power of ſatisfying ſo!

Flo. *If Youth, of Beauty muſt be ſtill afraid?*
Why were thoſe Glorious Objects ever made?
Beauty to Age, is like a painted Fire,
Warmes not; though it create a faint deſire,
That mocks the appetite of Old mens Eyes,
With Youthfull wiſhes, but neer ſatisfies;
Cauſe Age repines, much oftner then recants
Paſt follyes; ſtill lamenting what it wants!

Fern. *If brighteſt Beauties cannot youth reclaime!*
Nor raiſe an Old mans fancy to a flame;
By ſuch experience taught, we may conclude,
Our Paſſions, doe our Judgments ſtill delude;
Which leads us on to Idolize a Face,
Without inquiring the intrincique grace!
Florio *take heed, when Lovers ſoare too high,*
They ſeldome finde a lucky Deſtiny.

Flo. *My fortune, and my fate in love, will neere*
Be worth my care, nor worthy of your feare;
I will within impart what I have done,
And ſhew, how Silviana *may be wonne;*

[Florio *imbraces him.*]

Exeunt.

Enter: ——
Camillo *and* Boroſco *with three Officers.*

Camillo. Corbino is got off at *Fernandos* interceſſion, and wee are ſafe.

Boroſco. Safe indeed, and freed from all imployment in the State, theſe ſtrangers are now fix'd, unleſſe you *Camillo* help us to remove u'm!

Camillo. I have away to do it, if you Gentlemen will joyne, to free your ſelves, from this forraigne yoake.

[*All.*] Wee'l live, and dye with great *Camillo.*

Camillo. Thus then fellow Souldiers, at the next generall ſally, we will ingage our two young Leaders, into the midſt of the Enemies, and then retreat ſo ſuddenly, they ſhall be cut in pieces, ere they ſee their danger.

Boroſco. Good, very good; but when will this Sally be?

Camillo.

Camillo. Suddenly I hope, for ſince *Fernandos* returne, my ſcouts bring newes, that the Enemies whole forces are drawn up, to countenance their men, while they repaire the works *Fernando* ſlighted; ſo that when he has ſlept a little, I will ſet *Florio* on Fire, to ſeek their own deſtruction; by begging the command my ſelf, that he and *Fernando* may take reſt, which will inflame them to goe with us, as private men.

Boroſco. Looſe no time then, for while ſuch miſchiefe cooles,
VVe may be 'taine in our own traps, like fooles.

Exeunt.

{ *Enter the* Princeſs *with* Roſſina, Philora, *and* Floremella. }

Princeſs. How faires *Roſsina?* does *Florio* yet approach?

Roſsina. He has no time yet Madam, and I am not in haſte.

Princeſs. He loves but little, that cannot finde a time to ſhew it.

Philora: The love of ſuch young men, is like ſtubble ſet on Fire; which gives ſo ſhort a heate, it warm's not.

Princeſs. What is your opinion of *Fernando's* gravity?

Philora. He lookes of late, ſo much concern'd, with his great Offices, that ſuch inconſiderable things as wee, are not worth his thought, and is preingag'd to, I believe.

Floremella. 'Twere well if any of us, could get one of theſe conſtant Lovers, to change our breed! —our young Gallants, doe throw their Hearts at Ladies heads ſo faſt; we cannot take them up, before we finde them tumbling at an others feet.

Princeſs. A very good ſtate Argument *Floremella.* —
—If come to voting! thou ſhalt have my voice
For both, or either of them, at thy choice.

[*Enter* Florio *to them.*]

Florio. Pray Madam, let theſe Ladies ſtand a little off, that I may impart an affaire of conſequence.

Princeſs. Roſsina pray go not away, you are out of hearing now.

Florio. 'Tis time Madam to let you know, that *Fernando* loves, and is of quality fit for you to own: —his reſpects ſo great, he preſumes not yet to begge the honour of one viſit, nor will own his quality, untill this warre be over, that his actions, may parallel his greatneſſe; and yet for your ſake Madam, is become a volunteere.

Princeſs. I am oblig'd my Lord to you, that think me worthy of the man, you honour moſt! but I ſhall admit no courtſhips, from the greateſt Prince in a diſguiſe; nor is it fit for me to gueſſe at, what he deſignes to hide.

Florio. My buſineſſe now, is onely to invite your Highneſſe, to looke on *Fernandos* actions favourably, and when his merrit has rais'd ſuch a value of him, in your heart, as you could wiſh he were a Prince! I here ingage my honour, you ſhall finde him ſuch.

Princeſs. I have no wiſhes of that Nature *Florio*, nor do I fancy ſuch a *Romance*; but who ere he be! that wares ſuch vertue in ſo bright a caſe! he merrits my civillity. *Exeunt.*

THE

THE SCENE CHANGES.

{*Enter at one ſide* Duke, Camillo, *and Officers,*
{ *at the other ſide Enter* Florio *a little after.*

Duke. What you have urg'd *Camillo*, I approve; and you ſhall ſally with what power you pleaſe, ſince we have men enough, our frequent skirmiſhes, will weary their new Souldiers.

Florio. Another ſally Sir ſo ſoone!

Duke. Camillo undertakes it with his Brigade alone; you, and *Fernando* ſhall both reſt.

Florio. Pray Sir lay no commands on us to ſtay at home, when great *Camillo* ſallyes; I know *Fernando*, will be more troubled then my ſelfe, our buſineſſe here is to gaine experience, and we muſt looſe no opportunity to learne.

Camillo. Will Lord *Florio* allow us Natives, no time to ſhew our conduct? and our courage, to ſerve our Prince? without his aſſiſtance; as if he coveted, the ſole glory of the Warre.

Florio. You do miſtake me my Lord, my buſineſſe is to learne; I have no thought to Eclips your glorious actions, which I deſire to immetate; and with your permiſſion, do begg the *Dukes* leave, that *Fernando*, and my ſelfe, may fight as Volunteeres, only to obſerve how you command!

Duke. By no meanes *Florio.*

Florio. I muſt not be deny'd Sir; for I allready ſuffer by my not ſallying laſt, your people ſay, I have got honours, and offices enough, to keep me from farther hazzards: and this will be *Fernandos* fate too; if he goe not with *Camillo!* Sir, wee are reſolv'd to be in every ſally, which if you deny! our credits will call us to aske your paſſe, that ſo we may returne to our Countries, with our honours ſafe.

Duke. If I cannot intreat! nor yet command your ſtay; I do unwillingly conſent; —*Camillo*, they are in your care.

Florio. Wee will both waite on your Lordſhip.

[*Exeunt* Duke *and* Florio.]

Camillo. Was not this well deſign'd *Boroſco*? I knew how to inflame young *Florio* ſo, as to preſſe on, to both their ruines: —we muſt charge home at firſt, they once ingaged, we will retreat, and leave them to a ſure deſtruction.

Boroſco. His fancy of Volunteeres, gives oppertunity to place them both in our firſt Ranks, without jealouſie.

Camillo. And by them, I will place a ſcore of my boldeſt men, with direction, that they ſuffer not the ſtrangers to advance a foot before them, for the honour of our Nation: —You *Boroſco*, ſhall ſtand with the Reſerve, juſt without the Port, and my Order is, not to move till I ſend for you; which ſhall be too late to reſcue our fine Gallants: I have given Orders out allready for a preſent ſally; —wee muſt make haſte; —

Before

Before it do grow dark, that no miſtake
Our thus well order'd plot, may uſeleſs make;
A miſchiefe well deſign'd, we count halfe done,
Before the active part, be yet begun. *Exeunt.*

{*Enter from one ſide* Duke *and Lords:*
Enter on the other ſide Boroſco.}

Duke. Is *Camillo* yet gone out?

Boroſco. They are, and my Troopes are drawing forth!

Duke. Though I hope *Camillo* will have no need of your Reſerve; yet be vigilant *Boroſco*: be vigilant as you will anſwer it with your life! I have by much intreaty, prevail'd with *Florio* to ſtay with me.

Boroſco. I ſhall obſerve my orders, I have the Generalls direction Sir.

Duke. And mine! go now, leſt you be ſtay'd for! —*Longino,* draw all my horſe guards from the market place, immediatly unto the Port, but go not out, till I give you Orders; I will be ready too.— *Exit* Boroſ:

—*Accidents in Warre, do too often ſhow,*
That no experience, can all harmes foreknow.

Tigillo. This is the ſtrongeſt ſally Sir you ever made, and yet you apprehend it moſt!

Duke. I do indeed, take more care now, then formerly, becauſe I now know the value of thoſe I venture; beſides a ſlight miſhap to us beſeig'd, may fright our friends abroad, from ſending in their promiſed aydes: —I have intelligence *Tigillo,* of ſome Treacherous deſigne upon the ſtrangers lives; *Camillo* envies them, but if any Plot to their prejudice appeare, *Camillos* life ſhall anſwer it. *Exeunt.*

[*Enter* Longino *with an Officer.*]

Longino. Never was ſally thus trebly order'd! —we may thanke *Florio* for all this providence, and to ſay truth, he does deſerve it; from the *Duke,* and us; though I feare *Camillo* loves him not! —hark, they are at it now, —this is my Poſt.

Officer. All is not well, the diſcontented Lords, had private, and late meetings.

Longino. The *Duke* has Spyes on them.

{*Enter the* Duke *and* Florio *with his Traine:*
Tigillo *meets him from the other Doore.*}

Tigillo. Camillo does retreat Sir; on the firſt charge retreates! and hath left a ſmall party ingag'd in fight!

Duke. Longino.

Longino. Sir.

Duke. Leade my guards out, and bid *Boroſco* advance with ſpeed, or he ſhall Dye for his delay!

Longino. I ſhall Sir. *Exit Longino.*

Duke. This looks like a deſigne as full of miſchiefe! as *Camillos* heart of envy; it makes me tremble, to think what danger, brave *Fernando* may be in.

[*Enter an Officer.*]

Officer. *Camillo* retreates Sir; in great haſte, without a ſtroke retreates: nor will *Boroſco* ſtirre, *Longino* cannot make him move; *Fernando* is ingag'd paſt hope of reſcue.

Florio. *Fernando* is betray'd Sir: we muſt be quick, or he is loſt!

Duke. If *Camillo* ſtill retreat! the deſigne is plaine; and time for me to hazzard now? *Camillo* dyes for this baſe Act, —This is the plot, this the treachery! death, and confuſion fall on *Camillo*. —my Horſe, my Horſe. *Exeunt.*

THE SCENE CHANGES.

{*Enter the* Duke, Florio, *and Traine:* Camillo *and his men meet them at the Port.*}

Duke. Where is *Fernando?*

Camillo: Loſt by his own raſhneſſe.

Duke. Or by your baſe retreat, without a ſtroake, deſtroy'd! there's a reward for Treachery, or Cowardize, which you pleaſe! faces about! [*Kills him.*] —*Tigillo*, I command thee on thy life, to kill *Boroſco* at the head of all his Troops, and lead his men after me: there miſchiefe is too evident! *Exeunt* Duke *and Traine.*

[Manet *two Lords and by* Camillo.]

Camillo. I have my due, that did ill execute, what I ſo well deſign'd! our Retreate was too ſuddaine; not to ingage at all, made our deſigne too plaine! — [*Dyes.*]

1 *Lord.* This confeſſion will pleaſe the *Duke.*

2 *Lord.* The noyſe growes low'd my Lord, from the Tower, we may ſee what is doing in the Camp.

{*A Charge afarre off, not low'd then a Retreat: Then Enter* Duke, Florio, Longino, Tigillo *and Officers.*}

Duke. We came too late, to reſcue brave *Fernando!*

Tigillo. *Boroſco* is dead Sir; as you commanded.

Duke. I will reward thy courage, and thy faith *Tigillo.* —a thouſand curſes follow thoſe Traitors to their graves, death cannot expiate their villanies; —But we muſt now conſider how to redeeme our Gallant friend!

Florio. By a quick Sally, give them no time to breath; but with all your ſtrength, fall on their head Quarters; and fetch him off by a ſtrong hand: —give me the conduct Sir; and if I faile, Ile fall in the attempt.

Duke.

Duke. This ſuits with *Florios* gallantry, and friendſhip to *Fernando*, but if your ſucceſſe, prove ſhort of your deſigne? he, and wee may ſo be loſt: —I rather think to ranſome him for Gold.

[*Enter a Souldier taken with* Fernando.]

Souldier. Fernando Sir is well, and by the Enemy well us'd, he has a ſmall guard, and a great Tent, in the head Quarter, I got the word, and ſo eſcap'd. *Exit* Duke *and Traine.*

Duke. Let us conſult within.

Florio. Stay Souldier, have you the word?

Souldier. I have Sir; 'tis *Ferrara.*

Florio. Dare you be my guide this night, to fetch *Fernando* off? if I with a few more, do hazzard to his Tent? which you ſeem to know!

Souldier. Yes Sir, I dare dye in ſuch good company!

Florio. No more, take that purſe, and attend me at my Lodging; I'le ſuddainly be there. *Exeunt* ſeverally.

{*The* SCENE *changes to a Camp, and in a great Tent —appeares the* Duke *of* Ferrara *with* Fernando *and Officers.*}

Ferrara. Be not dejected Sir; ſuch accidents in Warre, are frequent; and the braveſt men moſt ſubject to your misfortune.

Fernando. To be your priſoner Sir, is not my trouble, but to be betraid! ſo baſely forſaken by *Camillo* and the reſt, without a ſtroake! lookes like a Trechery, you underſtand not! —it muſt be ſo; *Florio* was too eaſily perſwaded to abide at home! —there, there was the deſigne, for my captivity! that in my abſence, he may be the man! —what is my ranſome Sir; name the ſumme, and I'le procure it; —and returne like a conſuming flame amongſt 'um.

Ferrara. No ſumme, no Ranſome, for if I underſtand you right! the young favourite *Florio* has betray'd you, he jealous that your ſervices, might out-ſhine his pretences to the Princeſs *Silviana*, and make voyd the *Dukes* ſolicitations on his behalfe; (for thus my Camp diſcourſes) to my amaze and wonder! that the fond *Duke* ſhould reject me; and chuſe ſo unknown a man, as *Florio*! but if his deſigne be, to raiſe a private Gentleman unto his Dukedome? —'tis great injuſtice to chuſe *Florio*, before you; —(I hope this angry man, will doe my buſineſſe!) [*aſide.*]

Fernando. The *Dukes* doatage is ſo great on *Florio*, that he knowes no joy like his advancement! —But *Florios* falſhood, calls my revenge to cut off all his hopes that way, for if *Silviana* do conſent, to Crown his aſpiring thoughts! this hand, ſhall at the Alter, ſtabbe him to the heart.

Ferrara. You are free Sir; and this moment may depart; all Ceremony lay'd aſide, I take my leave; looſe no time Sir in ſuch affaires,

delayes are dangerous! *Franciſco*, — command the Captain of the watch, to attend *Fernando* to the Citty gate. I wiſh you happineſſe.

Fernando. I accept your favour to depart, but am not yet reſolv'd to what place.

Ferrara. By all meanes returne to URBIN Sir; now you are free! —Let not *Florio* boaſt, ſo ſtrange a Victory! *Exit* Ferrara.

{Fernando *ſits ſadly by a Table a while ſilent.*}

Fernando. I underſtand all your kindneſſe *Duke*, but did not think, I had appear'd ſo tame! ſo meane! to remove *Florio*, for his pretence; *Camillos* treachery, was from a juſt envy, becauſe he loſt that favour, which I gain'd; —I can excuſe him, and *Boroſco*, on the ſame account, but *Florio* to comply! and the ungratefull *Duke*! —they merit my revenge.—

—*If guilty both*! *it is decreed*;
The Duke, *and* Florio *both ſhall bleed.*

{*While* Fernando *ſet ſilent Enter* Florio *alone, the reſt ſtand at Doore* Fernando *ſtarts up and drawes.*}

Fernando. Treaſon, treaſon.

[Florio *drawes and ſides with* Fernando.]

Florio. Guard thee *Fernando*, Ile dye by thee: but where is the Enemy? I ſee no danger!

Fernando. Thou art my danger, what miſchiefe brings thee hither in diſguiſe!

Fer: *ſteps from* Florio.

Florio. Miſchiefe *Fernando*! have you no better welcome for a friend.

Fern: For ſuch a Friend! that dar'd to ſleep at home, when I was loſt.

Florio. Oh barbarous! you know the *Dukes* commands, and importunities were ſuch! as I could not refuſe to ſtay; and you conſented too; yea I have bluſh'd ever ſince, and come now by a greater hazzard, to wipe off that ſhame, which I could not prevent.

Fernando. You rather come with this excuſe, to invite me to a ſecond truſt, by which you, and the reſt, may ſome more certaine way deſtroy me; but to ſuch faithleſſe friends, I ſhall returne no more.

Florio. Does this hazzard, and my try'd friendſhip, merit ſuch language? the *Duke* too, is well repay'd, for his ſevere juſtice on *Camillo*, who himſelf, with his own hand ſlew, for his baſe Treachery to you: —and on his command, *Boroſco* fell, by young *Tigillos* Sword: —what expiation do you ſeeke? what ſatisfaction for *Camillos* crime, can you demand? if all this be argument for ſo unworthy a diſtruſt? how can innocence be juſtifyed? —Pray Sir take more time to judge of this, and now truſt your ſelfe with me: I have the word, and can ſecurely paſſe, I have a bold party too, who ſtand ready at the Port, to favour our Retreate.

Fernando.

Fernando. I need them not, I have my freedome, and have taken leave, can paſſe whither and when I pleaſe, but my Judgment on all this, I cannot ſuddenly ſumme up, and therefore will not goe.

Florio. What teſtimony can you wiſh? what aſſurance have? beyond this voluntary hazzard of my life, to lead you to the Princeſs *Silviana*; from whom, you may inquire my friendſhip, and my Faith! if this be an abuſe! you have then a cauſe to ſhow your courage, and may call me to account! but if all this convince you not! leave me here a Priſoner, in your place; and ſo revenge thoſe wrongs you onely dreame of.

Fernando. No, to betray, is worſe then to be betray'd! I ſcorne to act a treachery that I ſo much condemne in others; —I am now reſolv'd to goe, and to ſuſpend all further thoughts of jealouſy or diſcontent: ——and if my paſſion for the Princeſs, hath miſ-led me into unworthy thoughts of you, or of the *Duke*; I ſhall gladly do any pennance you'l inflict.

Florio. Your own ſence, for your miſtake, will prove a ſharper pennance, then we can wiſh.

Fernando. Though I have Arguments for my diſtruſt,
Yet Florio, *and the* Duke *may both be juſt!*

The End of the third Act.

THE FOURTH ACT.

Enter the Duke, *leaning on* Florio's *ſhoulder, follow'd by* Fernando, Longino, Tigillo, *Lords, and Officers.*

Duke. TO what ſtrange hight *Florio*! will thy daring heart aſpire? at what point of honour reſt! that I may rejoyce thy dangers paſt, without new feares for more enſuing hazards comming on.

Florio. The Gods directed what I did, and friendſhip could expect no leſſe, *Fernando* would have done much more for me Sir.

Duke. I do believ't, but yet methinks, your large ſoule might afford ſome roome for me, ſo much a friend! as to be conſider'd in my concerne for all the dangers you are in.

Florio. Such a preſumptuous thought in me, had been a crime, when great *Fernando*'s life and fortune was at ſtake, againſt a compliment!

Duke. I yield, *Florio* muſt ever conquer. Be Generall *Fernando*, and you *Longino*, Command the Horſe; —*Tigillo* take preſently the Citty Keyes from young *Camillo*, and be you Governor of URBIN; he ſhall know, that obedience to his Prince, is above his duty to a Father;

ther; —if any can make cleare prooſe of more conſpirators? they ſhall have all their lands, and goods for their reward; —now *Fernando*! did I apprehend with cauſe? were not my private cautions of *Camillo*, worthy your beſt Providence?

Fernando. I could not gueſs at *Camillos* miſchiefe I confeſs; ſo great a mallice! from a gallant man, I never met before; but when Envy, and Revenge (Ambitions twin children) doe wedd their Parents cauſe, no reaſon can ſo naturall a rage withhold, nor any limits ſuch unbridled fury bound! when the high hopes, that all their fancies aym'd at, were cut off, by thoſe honours heap'd on us. This makes me reflect with ſome compaſſion, on your ſeverity to perſons of their worth, who had no crimes, but what grew from too much vallew of your favour Sir; I wiſh that our ſucceſſes had been leſſe, or your rewards not full ſo much! Though narrow hearted Princes often bluſh at merits beyond their wills to recompence, yet ſome great ſoules like yours, too often overvallew, and reward ſuch ſervices as ours, when a kind mention, with a ſmile, would amply ſatisfie: pardon Sir my ſorrow for the loſſe of thoſe two great men, who fell on my account, that ſhortly muſt reſigne all the envyed Offices I hold; and thereby ſhew how ſmall an Argument their haſty Envy took for ſuch a ruine as they deſign'd on me; which in few dayes might have been diverted; for this Seige ended, I muſt be gone Sir, as I have frequently to you, and them, declared in publike; and now to leave ſo many mourners, where I have deſerved ſo well! will very much eclips my memory when I am gone.

Duke. I have no argument but their crime, to juſtify their puniſhment; though your clemency might have ſpared them; a leſſe ſeverity would not become me.

1 *Lord. Camillo* at his death, confeſs'd his guilt; and exclaim'd againſt his own too haſty a retreat.

Duke. We know too much of their conſpiracy. *Exeunt.*

Enter the Princeſs *with* Philora, *and* Ladies *in her Chamber.*

Princeſs. I wonder why my brother ſtayes thus long, from ſeeing me.

Philora. He has had but little time to order his affaires; *Camillo*, and *Boroſco* being both dead, their commands are of great conſequence.

[*Ent:* Tigil:] *Princeſs.* I have not heard of the like villany! —what newes *Tigillo*? how does my brother?

Tigillo. Well Madam, but much troubled for *Camillos* wickedneſſe, againſt thoſe he ſo much loves; he ſent me to excuſe his viſit to your Highneſſe, untill he have diſpatch'd ſome great affaires, that do require his preſence.

Princeſs. Are the two ſtrangers well?

Tigillo. Not both Madam, *Fernando* has ſome hurts: but nothing dangerous.

Princeſs. Is not my brother much pleas'd to have his *Florio* ſafe return'd?

Tigillo.

Tigillo. He is indeed, ſomewhat fonder then I could wiſh, but can your Highneſſe fancy a fitter ſubject? for ſo high a concerne; who ere beheld a Nobler object? for a Prince's favour?

Princeſs. I do not know ſo fit a man, to make his favourite as *Florio*; but to dote ſo much on him, as to conſider none of us! takes from my Brothers Judgment, and leſſens our love to him, I am glad to ſee him pleas'd, but to ſee him loſt in admiration of a man! is not well; — *Roſſina* come,—

—Let us retyre, untill the Duke *appeares,*
To raiſe our hopes, or ſatisfy our feares. *Exeunt.*

{ *As they are going off* / *Enter a Servant.* }

Servant. Madam, there is an Officer without, who deſires acceſſe to your Highneſſe, he has a Paper in his hand, he ſayes of great concerne! and muſt himſelfe deliver it. *Exit* ſervant.

Silviana. Admit him, *—Tigillo*, pray ſtay in the next Roome.

Exit Tigillo.

[*The Ladies ſtand off.*]

[*Enter Officer.*]

Officer. Madam, I come from the Enemy, ſent by the *Duke* of *Ferrara*, to mingle with your Troopes, which ſallyed laſt; —amongſt whom, I got into the Towne, thus in private, to excuſe to you alone, the miſchiefes by this Warre, brought on your People.

{ *He offers her a Letter,* / *ſhe refuſes it.* }

Silviana. No, 'tis beyond excuſe Sir: but why this to me in private? if from *Ferrara* ſent! why not in publique to the *Duke*.

Officer. 'Tis not his purpoſe Madam, to humble himſelfe unto your Brother, though *Ferrara* do deſire thus to lay himſelf at *Silvianas* feet (to ſhew what love can doe!) his courage is too high, to ſtoope before the greateſt Prince on Earth. [*Heekneels.*] [*He riſes.*]

Silviana. Tell your high hearted Maſter then, my brothers intereſt and mine, are ſo mingled, that neither his force, nor ſubtleſt Art, can ere devide us; tell him I deſpiſe his Love, who with an Iron rodd does wooe; - his former Menaces became him better, then this flattery; Ile heare no more. [*Offers to goe out.*]

Officer: Then give Judgment Madam ere you go, on the guilty perſon you deſpiſe; for if my love cannot prevaile! to excuſe what I have done; Let me by your doome fall; *—Ferrara* is at your mercy.

[*Diſcovers himſelfe.*]

Silviana. Sir; Your excuſe is bolder then your Crime, thus to ſurprize me in diſguiſe, is as offenſive as your Warre; and works the ſame effect in me, who ſee through all your deſignes, but can diſcerne no love! —'tis our Dukedome you expect, and ſo much labour for, not me.

Ferrara.

Ferrara. This Warre, and my diſguiſe, are both the effects of Love Madam, and at worſt, can be look'd on but as tryalls, whether by your brothers, or your own averſion, I have been rejected! —I ledde my Army hither, to remove his conſtraint on you, (as I ſuppoſe) and now freely offer up my ſelfe a ſacrifice, to your diſlike, if by that I fall neglected! ſuch is the power of Love, it makes the greateſt dangers, moſt delightfull!

Silviana: Such Romances take not me, your firſt approaches, and all your Treaties were accompanied with ſuch unreaſonable demands, and ſuch Rude threats, as ſhew'd you were a man of Blood; — no Characters of gentle love appear'd; - I remember alſo the Succeſſion was your maine Article: that muſt be ſetled, or you would not have me! by which you bound my Brother from a ſecond Marriage, and would take me, as an appendix to the Crowne! and through all this! I muſt now diſcerne your unviſible love! - no Sir, though the Principallity muſt be my beauties foyle, to raiſe eſteem in you: I can ſet a value on my ſelfe, above the Dukedome you ayme at.

Ferrara. Madam:

Though I come hither, lifted high, on the delightfull wings of hope; diſpaire muſt now be my Reſerve, for my Retreate: yet thus by your ſcornes, arm'd for your Revenge; I ſhall rather ſmile, then ſhrinke at your Brothers malice: after this repulſe from you! and ſhall glory here to fall, Lov's Martyr, at your feet.

Silviana. You ſhall be ſafe from all harmes here Sir, —I will ſecure your ſafe returne, though I anſwer not your hope, you ſhall not ſuffer by this raſh viſit; —*Tigillo*, pray ſee this Officer ſafe convey'd to his Campe.

Enter Tigil:

Ferrara. No Madam, now I have put off that clowd, which did ſecure my paſſage hither, (by which my undertaking is perform'd,) to put it on againe, may looke like feare! as if I valued ſafety, at a higher rate then Honour? I will therefore with an open face, —

—Now I have kneel'd at Silvianas *feet,*
Paſs on, through all the dangers I can meet.

Silviana. My endeavours, and my wiſhes, do concurre for your ſecurity, but if you ſuffer ought, by your own raſh choice: I ſhall take care that you have no pretence, to lay a blemiſh on my innocence: —*Tigillo* waite on the *Duke* as I direct: —I will anſwer it to my Brother. *Exit* Princeſs *and Ladies.*

Tigillo. I ſhall not doubt to do, what you command Madam.

Ferrara: I am ſad to think *Tigillo*, on thoſe evills, which *Silviana* compells me in honour, now to Act.—

—For ſince no ſubmiſſion, can make her relent,
We are oblig'd to fight, though we repent. *Exeunt.*

{*Enter* Florio *as in his Chamber ſitting ſadly*, Pedro *by.*}

Pedro. Madam, What want you? will you think your ſelfe into the other World?

Florio.

Florio. I wiſh I were ſo happy! no *Melina*, I am doom'd to more diſaſters here.

Pedro. Pray impart the trouble of your minde, that I may argue on your griefes, a little to divert you.

Florio. Thou wilt raiſe my diſtemper higher, by thy diſcourſe! but yet I'le try; —I was thinking *Melina*, how much better it had been to have ſtay'd at home, and ſufferd all my Fathers anger; —ſtill ſaying no to his unjuſt commands; I might ſo have ſhew'd a much more becomming courage, by ſuch ſufferings, then thus by flying them; —for had he forc'd me to the Church! (ſo often threatned!) he could not there compell me to comply; —I might at worſt, have dyed on that account, with honour! —as now with infamy!

Pedro. If you purſue theſe thoughts! they will diſtract you; 'tis childiſh to look back, when you muſt purſue, the Fortune your firſt thoughts have led you to! —does not the *Dukes* love, grow higher and higher ſtill? —why then do you create evills in your fancy? beyond what can happen!

Florio. Oh *Melina*! had I not better dye? then ever own my ſelfe a Woman! when the *Duke* ſhall finde the favourite he dotes on, to be a transform'd wanderer! how will he hate himſelfe, and me, for placing ſuch a ſcorne on his great Name for ever: —I love, and honour him ſo much! I dare not ſeek the happineſſe I wiſh, but muſt undiſcover'd dye; —to ſave my reputation, and his Fame.

Pedro. Theſe are waking dreames Madam.

Florio. And then, if *Fernando*, ſhould diſcover me! how will his honour be concern'd? what vengeance will his juſt anger finde out for me? —there is but one way *Melina*, beſides Death.

Pedro. May I be truſted with it? you have made me Sadder then I look'd for.

Florio. The Siege ended, Ile returne, and take a *Cloyſter*; where I will waſh away my ſhame, in Penetentiall Teares; —and if I dye before; I do conjure thee *Melina*, to conceale my ſex; I have adventur'd what I can, to get an honourable death, and 'twill not be; which makes me apprehend, ſome ſadder Fortune does attend me.

Pedro. Madam: I have thus farre againſt my judgment, and my intereſt, been wholly govern'd by you; but now I ſee you will deſtroy your ſelfe, I am reſolv'd to let *Fernando*, or the *Duke* know your condition, to prevent a greater evill.

Florio. How *Melina*! wilt thou betray my truſt? and prove a Traytor at the laſt! thou dar'ſt not do ſo great a villany!

Pedro. Rather then ſee you ruin'd, I will do any thing! —what crymes? what guilt frights you into this diſpaire? I will no longer be acceſſary to your deſtruction, now I can bring you off with honour.

She offers to goe off, Florio *riſes and ſteps between* Melina *and the Dore, and drawes.*

Florio. Stay *Melina*, —ſo, now 'tis my fault, if you diſcover me, by all my hopes I'le kill thee inſtantly, unleſſe thou doſt now ſweare, not to reveale me; ſpeak quickly: —for when thou art dead, I will by my own hand dye by thee.

[*offers at her.*] *Pedro.* Hold, and I will, —by this I ſwear, as you deſire.—
—*But that I do a greater miſchiefe feare,*
Your threatned death, ſhould not have made me ſweare.

{*Enter the* Duke *who drawes and offers at* Pedro. Florio *ſteps in.*}

Duke. Falſe villaine, to lift thy hand againſt thy Lord!

[Florio *ſteps between.*] *Florio.* I did aſſault him Sir, in my unjuſt fury.

Duke. *Florio* has no unjuſt fury, *Pedro* muſt be faulty!

[*Embraces.*] *Florio.* By truths ſelfe I ſweare he is not: the fault was only mine, and *Pedro* has made me ſee my error: —look Sir, we are one againe.

Duke. I do believe it now, —But what then has caus'd this great diſtemper in you *Florio*? —am not I yet worthy to be truſted with your concernes?

Florio. How can I expreſſe more value of your favours? then I have Sir, I wiſh not to live an houre beyond them, by all that's good, I do ſpeak Truth.

Duke. I know not how to urge a truſt, you are reſolv'd againſt: but I plainly ſee, you have a troubled heart, —ſay *Pedro*, what is that afflicts your Lord? is it within my reach?

Pedro. Had you come a minute ſooner Sir? you might have known, but now I have ſworn.

Florio. *Pedro* no more:—Great Sir, I do confeſſe I have a grief, which I do ſhame to own, leaſt you ſhould deſpiſe, what you now ſeem pleas'd with: for my heart knowes no griefe, but doubts to hold your favour!

Duke. You can have no intereſt, that I will not make mine: Speak *Florio*, is it *Silviana*?

Florio. No Sir, but what ere it be, I will in time orecome it, and appeare before you with a cheerfull face againe: I beg you will no more inquire it, for I am well already, your kindneſs cures all the evills, ever can belong to me.

Duke. And do I appeare ſo ſlight a man? that you can feare my favours cannot laſt! which ſtill increaſe! you wrong me much, by ſo unjuſt a jealouſie.

Florio. No Sir, 'tis my own unworthineſſe, that frights me; leſt I in time, appeare uncapable of theſe honours you allow me: I finde the ſtock of credit I have gain'd, begins to fayle ſo faſt! that my diſtracti. ons make me giddy, on the thought of a ſeniſter Fate.

Duke. No more of this it troubles me. —I am now going to my Siſter, whom I have not ſeen ſince my laſt ſally: ſhall I have your company? [*The* Duke *imbraces him.*]

Florio. I attend you Sir.

THE SCENE CHANGES.

[*They go off, and Reenter at the Princes Chamber with her.*]

Duke. I have had ſo much to do *Silviana*, I could not get free before: and am now come to beg your aſſiſtance, in an affaire of mine.

Prin. Of what nature Sir: your looks ſhew trouble in your minde.

Duke. My trouble is for *Florio*, who has ſome hidden diſcontent, that will I feare take him from us! —and I have hopes, that you may finde, what he will not reveale to me.

Princeſs.

Princeſs. Do you take me for a wiſe Woman brother? ſuch as deale by Magick; how is it poſſible? that I ſhould know *Florios* heart? if hee'l conſeale it!

Duke. I onely wiſh you would inquire; —he may ſay more to you, then me.

Princeſs. I obey you Sir: —pray my Lord be pleas'd to ſatisfy the *Duke*, by telling me, what thoſe troubles are, he ſo much apprehends; and if the cure do lye within my reach, you ſhall command my beſt endeavours to ſerve you.

Florio. I dare not dally with ſuch Excellence; —one great trouble is, leſt *Fernando*, (my deere friend,) ſhould periſh, by your neglects Madam.

Princeſs. You ſee brother, he has no concerne of his own worth naming; he dotes on *Fernando*, more then you on him.

Florio. I never can expreſſe more gratitude unto the *Duke*, and you Madam, then by recommending *Fernando* to your thoughts, what can be fancyed in a man? more then we all ſee in him?

Princeſs. Birth to equall mine!

Florio. Does that onely hinder?

Princeſs. I cannot yet reſolve you.

Florio. I beg Sir, that you will obtaine me the Prince's leave, to bring *Fernando* to kiſs her hand.

Duke. I ſhall not deny your ſuite *Florio*, as you do mine; —Siſter, pray admit his viſit, when I appoint the time.

Princeſs. You have my conſent my Lord, when the *Duke* approves it.

Flo. *Madam, I prize this favour you allow,*
More then wreath'd Lawrels, on Fernando's *brow.*

{Florio *kiſſes her hand and leades her off not ſeeing* Fernando *Enter.*

{*Enter* Fernando *who ſeeing this returnes in anger.*}

Fernando. This is a dagger at my heart, *Florio* is falſe, and I too tame! Fernando *going back.*

Duke. *Fernando* ſtay.

Fernando. I beg your pardon Sir, for interrupting of your privacies.

Duke. We have done, and were now parting: —What newes from the Enemy?

Fernando. Our out guards have taine a Priſoner, who ſayes, on ſome intelligence from *Ferrara*, they are reſolv'd to ſtorme us, as their laſt hope, and do prepare for it with ſpeed.

Duke. We will be ready for 'um; —
Our VValls are ſtrong, and men ſo brave within! *Exeunt.*
To ſtartle at their ſtorming, were a ſinne. *Omnes.*

[*Enter* Florio *and* Pedro.]

Florio. I have got leave to bring *Fernando* to the Princeſs, on a private viſit; but where to finde him, I know not! ——'tis ſome happineſſe to do a friend that courteſy, which none can do for me.

Pedro. Yes, I could do more for you, if you'l permit me? 'tis ſtrange that ſo much wit and courage, ſhould produce ſuch folly, and ſuch feares! —I finde my judgment, is worth twenty ſuch as yours, and I muſt be bound by oath, to make no uſe of it.

Florio. Pray leave diſcourſing, and finde out *Fernando*; I would ſpeak with him; —make haſt, my heart growes light to think what joyes I bring *Fernando*. *Exit* Pedro.

[*Enter* Fernando *to him.*]

Florio. Oh Sir; I have ſent to ſeek you!

Fernando. And too ſoon have found me, thou great diſſembler!

Florio. What meanes *Fernando*, by this injurious language to his friend?

Fernando. I have no Eares to let in thy bewitching charmes a ſecond time!

Florio. Was ever Injury like this? what have I done, to looſe your favour?

Fernando. Thou Courteſt the Princeſs, againſt thy faith given, and my truſt; I have no words for ſuch a Treachery as thine! thoſe flattering Eyes, and thy falſe Tongue, ſhall nere deceive me more.

Florio. Can *Fernandos* great Soule, admit ſo meane a thought? of ſuch a Faith as mine to ſerve him!

Fernando. I have no time to talke, —Death is due for ſuch a Treachery as thine, were this place fit to throw my fury on Thee!

Florio. You leſſen your own worth Sir, by raiſing groundleſſe jealouſies on me; did not my love, and innocence forbid! I would by ſilence ſeem to own the guilt you fancy, and with open Armes, now meet the Death you threaten; and I ſo often wiſh for! —But I am more your ſervant then you diſcerne, and dare not comply, to bring ſo great an evill, as ſhedding innocent blood! on Prince *Lorenzos* head!

Fernando. Ha! doſt thou know me?

Florio. Yes Sir; or I would not ſhun death proffer'd from your hand!- which I have by many hazards ſought! though not on this account! —yet I can ſhew great *Lorenzo*, a better Argument then his unjuſt jealouſie, to ſheath his ſword here! for I have (too confident of my intrinſick Vertue,) contracted ſuch bigh guilts, your Highneſs never can forgive! (yet *Silviana* ſhall be yours.)

Fernando. Though I underſtand thee not, thou haſt ſaid enough, to raiſe my wonder, above my anger! 'till I know more!

Florio. Have you never ſeen a Face like mine at *Piſa*?

Fernando. Not that I remember, or did ever know!

Florio. Nor ſhall do now! —on ſecond thoughts, your unknown Enemy, calls for Death Sir; I have wrong'd you much! and my ſelfe much more. [Florio *opens his Armes.*]

Fernando.

Fernando. No, thou haſt charm'd me by ſome Magick ſpell, I dare not touch thee, –who art thou?

Florio. You ſhould never know, if by any hand but yours, I could by death have been conceal'd! –can you not yet call to minde your unfortunate Couſin *Celeſtina*, in this face? –have my crimes, alter'd me ſo much?

Fernando. Celeſtina as a man! do all the wonders I have ſeen! can it be?

Florio. Too true Sir: –pray let your Sword now do, what I have ſo often ſought from the Enemye! –I would dye Sir; 'twas my buſineſſe here, and 'tis high time that I were dead, this place, this hour is fit for ſuch a ſacrifice to wrong'd Innocence; for I have defam'd Innoſence; rais'd a ſcandall on the name of Vertue! –the honour of your great Family is concern'd in my diſguiſe; if I ſurvive this ſcandall I have rais'd? your Lenity will be condemn'd, as if you had comply'd! and ſo the great Name of *Florence* will be howted at! —but when I am dead, you may conceale my Name, and not participate my ſhame; who do now appeare ſo ſtrange a Monſter to my ſelfe! that I ſhall bluſh to death, if your Sword prevent me not. [*She kneels.*]

[*He Imbraces and Raiſes her.*]

Fernando. Is lovely *Celeſtina* then! my envyed Rivall, for the faire *Silviana.*

Florio. You have no Rivall Sir; the Princeſs ſent me now to bring you to her, on a private viſit: –do you believe me yet?

Fernando. As an Angell ſent from Heaven, I believe thee! but thy good newes cannot ſtay theſe Teares, for thy ſelfe now ſhed: —poore *Celeſtina*, I have heard thy ſadd ſtory, and thy ill natur'd Fathers Tyranny, thou fled'ſt from; — all thy friends have mourn'd for thee as dead, or ſo loſt! as never to be found againe!

Florio. I am not ſo happy Sir!

Fernando. Nor I ſo miſerable to looſe ſo great a friend; –how ſhall I devide my heart? between *Silviana*, and *Celeſtina*; to thee I owe my life twice ſav'd, and all my intereſt in *Silviana*, by thy helpe gain'd: –all that I have, my being and my bliſs, I muſt derive from thee; my deer, deer, *Celeſtina.*

Celeſtina. This kindneſſe is more comfort, then I did ever hope to finde on Earth! I wiſh that I could die, thus happy, before the *Duke* does finde his *Florio* is a counterfeite! –I feare. –

–His honour will ingage him to diſpiſe,
A wandring Woman, in ſo ſtrange diſguiſe.

Fernando. Lay by thy feares, and put on ſuch a hope as will become thy Vertue, and thy Birth; this *Romance* will end well, the fond *Dukes* friendſhip, will ſoon turne to love, when he ſhall ſee a poſſibility that *Florio* may be his! doſt thou love him?

Florio. I have not dar'd to entertaine a thought, that might lead me to hopes of ſuch a happineſſe on Earth.

Fernando. Let that hope, take its firſt riſe now from my Endeavours; for when I ſee my time to unmaske us both, i'le do it for thy advantage

advantage *Celeſtina*; —but why did you thus long conceale your ſelfe from me?

Florio. Feare to offend you Sir; which was my quarrel with *Melina*, who thretn'd to diſcover me to you, when the *Duke* found our Swords drawne.

Fernando. Is *Pedro Melina* too! –where get you ſuch manly hearts? and vigour to act ſuch wonders!

Florio. Alas Sir, I did but draw my Sword, and wave it 'bout my head, my weak blowes, were only in ſearch of death; but it ſeemes the powers above, propitious to my innocence, have turn'd the rugged Fate I ſought, into glorious Trophies I deſerve not; diſcontent at firſt, then diſpaire, threw me into all the dangers I could finde: –but this diſcovery, has reduc'd me to a Woman, I can now tremble at my own ſhadow, my courage is quite gone, and I now ſhake, to thinke, what I have done!

Fernando. You muſt hold up your Character, till I ſee time to owne you, and to declare my ſelfe; which ſhall be ſuddenly, my deare *Celeſtina*, thou ſhall't be my good Angell ſtill; —wee'l viſit the Princeſs, and firſt reveale our ſelves to her; —truſt me to mannage your intereſt with the *Duke*, as you have mine with *Silviana*; wee muſt now prepare for the great Interview: –which the Enemie ſo much deſires; –take courage *Celeſtina*, —

—Where Beauties force, with vertue does combine,
They cannot fayle to proſper a deſigne. *Exeunt.*

THE FIFTH ACT.

{*Enter* Clara, *and* Pedro *ſeverally*, *in great haſt.*}

Clara. DEare *Pedro*, take care of me, they ſay we ſhall be ſtorm'd, and ſack'd! pray what is ſack'd?

Pedro. All the Mayds above fifteen years old, by the Enemy found in Towne, muſt be put in Sacks, and thrown into the River.

Clara. This is a ſhort warning, to provide againſt ſo great an Evill! but I hope you may finde favour to preſerve me, ſweet *Pedro* take me to thy care.

Pedro. I ſhall do my beſt for thee, if I fall not in the Aſſault! a good Day pretty one.

[*offers to go, ſhe holds him.*]

Clara. Why in ſuch haſte?

Pedro. I am commmanded to attend the Interview, and muſt be gone.

Clara.

Clara. I understand not what that is!

Pedro. Why, 'tis a Committee of Inspection, on the Princess *Silviana.*

Clara. You confound me *Pedro*, with hard words, is it any thing about the Sacks? and the River! I am so afraid! I know not what to doe!

Pedro. Take courage *Clara*, I will preserve you, as my friend: I shall be misled, if I stay longer now!

Clara. Thank ye deare *Pedro*; —but I will hide my selfe how ever!

—This young white liver'd Boy may courage lack!
To keep me from the River, and the Sack.

Exeunt severally.

[*An Interview.*]

Enter
At one Doore the Duke *of* URBIN, *with* Fernando, Florio, Lords, Officers, *and* Guards, *who range on that side.*
Enter
The Duke *of* Ferrara, *with* Lords, *and* Officers *who range on the other side.*
Enter
The Princess Silviana, *with all the Ladies, who stand under the* SCENE, *between the Rowes of Men.*

Urbin. What be your demands *Ludovico?* what is the Argument of this Parlye, you have desir'd.

Ferrara. Silviana is my Argument, whom you detaine more like a Prisoner, then a Sister you ought to love, and honour, by matching with some Prince, fitter for her Birth, and Beauty, then a Nunnery! which your thrifty kindnesse, would perswade her to.

Urbin. And you bring us this Warre, with your advise, to teach us better purposes!

Ferrara. I do! lest my councels prevaile not; —I have at a distance profes's'd love, and treated long in vaine, which brings me now in Person, to demand *Silviana* from captivity.

Urbin. Is it her Person, or my Dukedome? you expect? which invites you to this insolent way of Wooeing?

Ferrara. 'Tis both, and what both our Parents did designe, when we were Children, in case you left no issue Male.

Urbin. Silviana is now of Age to please her selfe, and if she desire it; I may treat farther on fit Termes.

Ferrara. Madam: I have wav'd the common way of wooing, to appeare before you with such an Army, as will justifie my love, great as my selfe! and worthy of your best favours; which I feare your brother does obstruct.

Silviana.

Silviana. I never heard 'till now, that love, and terror, did inhabit in one breſt; fright me you may, but winne me never, by the deſolation you have made; — a lover by ſuch bloody Characters ſet off, is what ever I ſhall flye from. —

Urbin. Now Sir, does this ſhew my compulſion for a Nunnery?

Ferrara. I ſee ſhe has her leſſon perfect, you all comply, to ſend me home with ſcornes! yet I muſt lay before you, the evills of a Towne taken by aſſault, where fire, and ſword, do often without limits ſway! which is my laſt argument, and what I hope, will invite *Fernando* (who knowes the accidents of Warre,) to mediate ſuch a Peace, as will divert the deſolation that may follow.

Fernando. 'Twill not become me, to adviſe againſt the intereſt of the Prince I ſerve; — For if my intelligence be true! your Citty of *Ferrara*, is, or will ſoon be, in more danger of the Fire, and Sword you mention, then *Urbin* at preſent is: — 'twere an Infamy irreparable, to ſuffer the Princeſs *Silviana*, to be raviſh'd from her brothers Arms, by one ſhe is ſo much averſe to! — ſuch force Sir, can have no pretence to love!

[*to the* Duke] *Ferrara.* Are you of that opinion too? — Sir; this confirmes what I have heard, and what in my Camp ſo freely is diſcours'd! that your great Generall, is an ambitious Lover; — But if *Silviana* can ſubmit to ſo meane approaches! I ſhall ſcorne the competition, though in my juſt anger, I lay this Citty Levell with the Earth.

Fernando. The meane Generall you ſlight ſo much, has never yet preſum'd to look with confidence, on the faire Princeſs Eyes; ſo farre from daring to pretend, or own that love, you ſo boldly gueſſe at! that my adreſſes are yet cloathed in the humble habit of a Servant; to be *Silvianas* Souldier, I account more honour, then to be *Ferraras* Duke. —

Ferrara. This inſolence, I ſhall in few Houres correct.

Fernando. You judge amiſs, and will in few houres finde, this hand can cruſh *Ferrara* into Ayre! —

— *When every drop of Blood in* Urbin *ſhed,*
Shall be repair'd with a Ferrarians *head.* —

— But that I dare not do any thing that looks like ingratitude, for thoſe favours I received, when I was Priſoner in your Campe; though I know the freedome, which you gave was on deſigne that my inraged Revenge, might open you a way to your pretence for the Faire Princeſs: — yet benefits receiv'd muſt be own'd, as they appeare unto the World! and on that account, I can forget theſe reproaches, thrown out againſt you know not who! and aske your pardon for my too haſty, harſh reply, and imbrace you as my friend, I, and ſerve you too! in any way, that will not prejudice my Faith, ingag'd unto this Princeſs.

Ferrara. This calme language is more inſolent, then your pretence! which I ſcorne alike; Arme you for defence, leſt we give Lawes to your high courages; — Madam, I have no wiſh ſo ill, for your contempt of me, but I can ſorrow to ſee you fall ſo low, as this Souldiers love.

Fernando.

Fernando. Madam, Thus often urg'd; I beg your leave to challenge this great Prince, to a ſingle Combat in your ſight, then judge by our ſucceſſe, whether Fate approves of my humility, or of his inſolent demands! —ſee *Lodovico*, your Rivall is your equall, and my Army now, by my command is at *Ferraras* gates: —yet I'le take no advantage of my power, (ſo much more then yours!) but with my ſingle ſword, will juſtify my love to *Silviana*, does tranſend all your pretences; and yet before we fight, I once more proffer you my friendſhip, with a faithfull heart. [*Puts off his Perriwig.*]

Ferrara. *Lorenzo* Duke of *Florence!* who we thought in *France*: I accept the Combat, and with my Sword will juſtify my claime, againſt ſo brave an Enemy.

Urbin. This combat I muſt not allow here; —*Lodovico*, if you reject the *Duke* of *Florence* friendſhip! and contemne mine: you may retire in ſafety, but if you pleaſe to ſtorme us: we are prepar'd to ſmile, when you frown moſt.

Ferrara. Thoſe frownes you ſlight ſo may prove Fatall unto *Urbin*. *Exit* Ferrara.

Urbin. Why have you made ſuch hazzards, in this diſguiſe Sir.

Lorenzo. My Fathers ſudden death call'd me in haſt from *France*, where I heard of this Warre thretning you: —I ſhall informe you at more leaſure, how I became concern'd for *Silviana*, which brought me in this diſguiſe to her reſcue.

Urbin. How can I returne this obligation! to a Prince, ſo much greater then my ſelfe?

Lorenzo. One ſmile from *Silviana*, will be a full recompence for all my ſervice; on that foundation, I ſhall raiſe high hopes, that ſhe approves my love.

Silviana. Smiles are but ſlight expreſſions of a gratefull heart Sir; but if you can build the Noble ſtructure of true love on ſuch uncertainties! I muſt conſider of ſo weighty a concerne, before I ſmile: —Love is a Hiſtory, ſo many wayes deſcrib'd, I do not know a harder riddle to expound, then what Love is.

Lorenzo. Love is indeed a Myſtery, full of ſuch ſtrange varieties, that all the World endeavours to fix it, according to their own fancies; ſo abſolutely contradictory in moſt men, that ſome think lov's Centrick happineſſe, will neer be found; though all pretend to have it. But Madam I am guided by thoſe Rules, that Heav'n directs my worſhip unto it; —my whole heart is wholly yours, and my unforc'd Marriage is the undoubted Teſtimony of that truth; all meaner paſſions which we in gaytye call love, deſerves a meaner name; —when I lay my life, and fortune at your Feet, and ſet my Crown upon your head, I have no better arguments for Love.

Silviana. Nor I a thought that contradicts what you have ſaid Sir; but dare not raſhly anſwer your deſires, leſt it ſuit not with the eſteem you have of me.

Urbin. No more of this now *Silviana*, —we muſt prepare for an aſſault; —'tis their laſt hope! *Lorenzo*, whom will you appoint for General?

Lorenzo. Who but *Silvianas* Souldier! can pretend to that honour Sir; give me your Orders as before.

[Loren: *reads the Orders.*] *Urbin.* I obey, –this Paper does order every man his Poſt, by which you ſee I have had thoughts of this before.

Lorenzo. I wiſh Sir, you would change *Florios* Poſt, and give him the charge to guard the Caſtle, where the Princeſs may be by him ſecur'd, from all accidents.

Duke. I thank you for this care, it ſhall be ſo.

Florio. How have I deſerv'd this from you Sir?

Loren. You have enough deſerv'd my care *Florio*, and I who know the *Duke* would account your loſſe, (next to his Town) the greateſt do juſtify my councell, to have you as ſafe as honour will allow.

Duke. Lorenzo is my friend.

Florio. But not mine, give me leave then, as I ought, to lead my guards where your ſelfe fights in perſon Sir, and I will be content to change my Poſt.

Lorenzo. Let it be as he deſires Sir; yet I muſt againe adviſe you to ſecure *Florio* next your ſelfe, he may prove worthy of all your care, and of your higheſt favour Sir.

Duke. He is allready ſo, but you ſpeak in a miſterious tone methinks!

Lorenzo. This aſſault, I conceive will be their laſt attempt, and I would gladly prevent a miſchiefe that may trouble you; –I know *Florios* worth now, –get my Arms *Luco.*

Luco. They are ready Sir. *Exeunt* Lorenzo, *and* Luco.

Duke. Lorenzos *words, and his behavior ſhow,*
Something of Florio, *more then I yet know.*

[*Enter Town-Officers to the* Duke.]

1 *Officer.* Sir? by the ſeverall noyſes in the Campe, 'tis evident they make ready for an aſſault!

2 *Officer.* We have faire warning to defend our ſelves, our men are mad to be upon the Wall.

Duke. Lead them preſently unto their Ports, as great *Lorenzo* ſhall direct: 'Twas bravely done to give us warning, and to keep his word, ſhewes mettle Gentlemen! –where is Prince *Lorenzo?* and where *Florio* gone?

1 *Officer.* We met them juſt now Sir, in the Lobby, which joynes to the Princeſs Lodgings.

Duke. This is no fit time for complements, –go to your ſeverall commands, I ſhall be with you ſuddenly. *Exeunt* ſeverally.

{*Enter* Lorenzo, Florio *with the Princeſs in her Chamber, the Ladies ſtand off.*}

Florio. Madam *Lorenzo* beggs the honour to kiſs your hand, before the aſſault begins, that as your Souldier he may fight this day.

Princeſs. Forenzos merit, juſtly may expect what I can ſerve him in.

Loren. Madam; I ſeek not yet a favour beyond your owning of me for your Souldier, –I ſuppoſe my actions, and my looks, have better ſhew'd, then now my language can, how much I love!

Princeſs.

Princeſs. It did not become me to inquire more of you Sir, then you were willing to reveale, yet *Florio* long ſince did let fall words, to make me know your quality, did equall mine; and I only wonder'd why you thought not fit to truſt me with it.

Lorenzo. Becauſe I would firſt know your opinion of me Madam, elſe my Name, not I, might have wooed for me, and if thus I had been rejected! I might have retyr'd in my diſguiſe, without a publique ſcorne, of being refus'd; which *Ferraras* prow'd Duke, would have much rejoyc'd at; but if you Madam will ſo farre honour me, as to allow your Souldier now to kiſs your hand, on his hope of future happineſſe, I have no doubt of our ſucceſſe.

Princeſs. Yes, and ſhall have my prayers for your Protection.

Lorenzo. May your happineſſe, equall your vertues Madam. I muſt haſten to the Walls. [*He kiſſes her Hand.*]

Florio. When I have brought the Princeſs to her lodgings, I will finde out the *Duke*, and follow you.

Princeſs. You ſhall go now *Florio*, this is no time for Ceremony, my brother is unſafe, when you are from him.——

—Heaven guard the Innocent, and only ſmight,
The bould invaders, of anothers Right. *Exeunt* ſeverally.

[*An Alarum farre off.*]

{*Enter Officers they meet the* Duke, *who enters at the other Dore.*}

Officer. The enemy comes on ſo faſt Sir, you can hardly reach your Poſtsin time.

Duke. I come, —*Lorenzo* is by this time on the Walls, haſte every man unto his Poſt.

[*Enter* Florio.]

Duke. I was ſending for you *Florio*, ——call for my Armes, and bring thoſe I beſpoke for *Florio* too, we will put on our Armes together, and fight neer to one another; —make haſt.

{*Enter with Armes for both, they ſpeak as they are Arming*, Florios *Armes are like thoſe of* Pallas.}

Flor. Let me retyre to the other Room Sir, and put mine on there.

Duke. No, I will have you Arme here, that I may ſee how my fancy fits you!

Florio. I feare Sir, that this may look like ſuch a preſumption, as I dare not own; —to be thus habitted, will raiſe a Cenſure on me.

Duke. On my head let the Cenſure fall, 'tis my will; —make more haſte, leſt we be miſs'd!

Florio. I am at your diſpoſe Sir.

Duke. Be vigilant, but not over bold; let judgment guide thy courage *Florio*, that no blow fall in vaine; —reſerve thy greateſt vigour, 'till ſome eminent occaſion call for ſuch reliefe, as may be worthy of thy hazzard. [*The* Duke *Armes as he ſpeaks.*]

Florio. I ſhall obſerve all your directions Sir, my chiefe buſineſſe is, to guard your Perſon; which if I do not! let the Gods turne from me, when I call on them.

[*He looks on* Florio *with wonder.*

Duke. I ſhall be ſafe in thy care I know, —methinks this Coppy, does equall the beſt Originall, I ever ſaw preſenting *Pallas*; ſtand off a while, that now *Pigmalion* like, I may adore the figure I have made; —though nature bravely had her part perform'd before, yet Art, and fancy I perceive, may ſuch additions give, as will natures beſt workmanſhip ſet off.

Florio. You make me bluſh ſo much Sir, that I ſhall forget to frown, when I ſhake my javelin at the Enemy.

Duke. Thy ſmiles will make that weapon uſeleſs, on all that do behold thee; —though we to Dieties alone our Temples build, and ſhrines ſet up, if *Florio* be this day, as proſperous as before! I will for him a Golden Statue make, that after ages our *Palladium* may extoll, above that unfortunate, fam'd Patroneſs or Troy.

[*An Alarum within.*]

Florio. Hark Sir; we may be wiſh'd for, while we dally here.

Duke. Come then, the Victory muſt ſure be ours, —the Enemy will ſooner charge a flaming Cloud, then *Florio* in this dreſſe!

Exeunt.

[*Enter the* Princeſs, *with* Phylora *and* Floremella.]

Princeſs. The aſſaults begun *Phylora*, and my brother not yet there!

Philora. Lorenzo orders all, and we are ſafe by his great courage, and his skill in Arms; and yet by this noyſe round the Towne, it ſeems the Walls are every where attach'd.

Princeſs. 'Tis ſo *Philora*, and we are a loſt prey, to their greater numbers, the Temple is a fitter place for us.

Philora. The Gods are every where, and our good wiſhes are receiv'd as prayers.

Princeſs. That ſhout was from the Enemy, now I diſpaire!

Philora. Your feares create miſtakes Madam; that ſhout was neere us, it muſt be from our own men! that joyfull noyſe was victory to us, it can be nothing leſſe then victory! where is that courage fled? you had the other day! when I was frighted without cauſe.

Princeſs. A Towne thus ſtorm'd! has ſomewhat more of terror in it, then all the former ſallyes had; my heart ſhrinks now with apprehenſion, and diſmay.

[*Enter an* Officer.]

Officer. Madam, The day is ours, the Enemy is quite beaten off, and the great *Duke* of *Florence*, with *Longino* in the head of all our Horſe, is now ſallyed on the Reare of the Retreating Enemy.

Princeſs. My thanks to Heav'n for our ſucceſſe, —the ſeverall noyſes from the Walls, created ſuch variety of feares, that I was much diſmay'd till you came in.

Officer. There was argument enough for apprehenſion Madam, for the Wall was gain'd, and the *Duke* your Brother, ſore oppreſt with multitudes, was beaten off; and fall'n amid'ſt the preſs, where his high courage,

courage, rather tyr'd, then vanquiſh'd, had been loſt; if the all conquering *Florio*, with his guards, had not come timely in to his reliefe; who with ſuch vigour, and ſuch force renew'd the fight, that the amaz'd Enemy, ran headlong from the Walls againe, and ſtruck ſuch terror in the reſt of their aſſailing friends, that altogether fled, in great confuſion to their Campe.

Princeſs. All this I do rejoyce at; but methinks thoſe ſhouts of joy, are chang'd into a diſmall ſilence on the ſuddaine! why do not the ſtreets ring, with acclamations for our Victory? good Heav'n preſerve the *Duke*, I have ſome apprehenſion that he may be hurt.

Officer. No hurt appear'd at my departure, only *Florio* was beaten down, by an accidentall ſhot, at randome from the flying Enemie; after which, I ſaw him ſtand; though but weakly.

Princeſs. Let us retyre *Phylora*, till my brother does arive.

Exeunt.

Enter the Duke *with others his Shirt bloody, bearing in* Florio, *neere dead, they ſet him in a Chayre, with* Pedro, *helping to dreſſe him.*

Duke. A Surgeon, a Surgeon, my Dukedome for a Surgeon! —gently, gently ſet him downe, *Florios* death ſtrikes deep! friendſhip I finde takes faſter hold on hearts then love! —poore youth, he flew quick as lightning to my reſcue, and as I fell, (oppreſſ'd by Multitudes,) he ſcatter'd them like frighted Birds, at an approaching ſtorme; —and thus by ſaving me, has loſt himſelfe; by an accidentall ſhot from the beaten flying Enemy! —but ſure the Gods will not permit, that ſo great vertue from the World be taine, left offended Nature into its firſt *Chaos* ſhrinke.——

—Through ſuddaine horror, and a juſt diſdaine,
To hold the World up, after Florio *ſlaine.*

[*Enter* Surgeons.]

Duke. Now Surgeon ſhew your skill, while I powre out my prayers to Heav'n for his recovery. [*He leanes againſt the Wall and weeps.*]

[*Enter* Silviana, *and* Philora, *with Ladies.*]

Duke. Oh *Silviana*! I am undone, —*Florio* is ſlaine, friendſhip is raviſh'd from the earth! and all my joyes fled with it! —ſpeak Surgeon does he live?

Surgeon. Here is life Sir, but little hope of long continuance, unleſſe what we apply, do ſuddenly ſhew better ſignes.

Duke. By what unknown crymes have I provok'd Heav'n? when vertue is thus puniſh'd! thus to ſhew me Paradice, and caſt me into Hell, is more then Nature can ſubmit to, and not repine.

Enter Lorenzo, *and* Longino *with the* Duke *of* Ferrara *priſoner, and his Officers priſoners.*

Lor. We bring you joy Sir; and a full viory, with this great priſoner.

Urbin. Here is no roome for joy *Lorenzo*, I am deſtroy'd by victory! ſee where Death in Triumph ſits! prowder of that prey, then for all the Heroes in paſt Ages fall'n.

Loren.

Lorenzo. Ha! *Florio* ſlaine! how could this happen after I was gone! and the day wonne! –I may now curſe my ſelfe, for not preventing this, —how ſhort are thoſe glittering joyes we ſo much labour for! when all the glories we have gain'd, are in a moment turn'd into heart breaking griefes! –I am undone too!

[Lorenzo *weeps over* Florios *head.*]

Urbin. He receiv'd this wound in reſcuing me; –can bold *Lorenzo* weep? and be ſo much concern'd for me? –is he as great in ſorrow? as in Armes? –will he outfight? and now outweep me too! ye powers Above! if ever you heare prayers from a ſad heart ſent. –Let *Florios* ſoule and mine expyre together; –Oh *Lorenzo*! you cannot fancy what I feele! the loſſe of ſuch a friend, is unſupportable;

[Duke *leanes over* Florios *Head on the other ſide.*]

Lorenzo. Alas Sir, your ſorrowes will go higher yet! when you know who *Florio* is! –I have a greater loſſe in *Florio*, then you diſcerne, or can pretend to! which will no longer now be hid: –hold Surgeon, –and let the Ladies help to undreſſe her, ſhe is a Lady, and my neer relation Sir, who loves you more, then you love *Florio*.

[*He ſtarts from the Chayre.*]

Duke. A Woman *Lorenzo*! Oh do not mock me with a hope to make this loſſe beyond Mortallity to beare: a Woman! let me gaze on this dying wonder; 'till my Eyes drop out, –(and lov's me, as I do *Florio*!) that is impoſſible! ——this is a fatall blow indeed! –Oh Siſter! now your help! –Surgeon if ſhe live, thou ſhalt be, whatever I can make thee great: work, worke, apply the rareſt remedies, –ſome help from Heav'n, or I am loſt! a Woman! *Florio* a Woman! and in my reſcue dye! and love me too! Oh this is much, too much to know, and to outlive. [*He lies on the ground.*]

Surgeon. Pray Sir, a little patience, her Eyes have ſome ſmall motion now, –Ladies your help is uſefull here.

[*The* Duke *riſes.*]

Duke. Gently deere *Silviana*, kind *Philora* gently, every touch ſhe ſuffers, grates on my heart; –*Florio* thy love was not well mannag'd; — the more I think, the more I am amaz'd! –give her life, or ſtrike me dead! a Woman!

Lorenzo. I Sir, a Woman, and of Nobleſt birth!

[*The Duke kneels and holds her Hand.*]

Duke. I value not her birth, 'tis Vertue thus adorn'd, that I adore! –bleſt figure of thoſe ſhapes which do inhabit Heav'n, –ſhe looks up *Silviana*! and may live! runne good *Alphonſo*, runne.

[*He kneeles and hold her head.*]

Alphonſo. Whither Sir; and why!

Duke. Fetch my Mothers Diadem, and Royall Robe, flye now *Alphonſo* flye! –I have a thouſand thoughts at once; what Triumphs I will make, what Trophies raiſe! if my Faire Saint ſurvive; –but if ſhe dye! theſe glitring fancies will be drench'd in Blood, *Lorenzo*! I will ſwimme in blood, to overtake her Ghoſt, when ever ſhe departs.

Exit Alpho:

Surgeon. Now ſhe is dreſt, pray give her leave to reſt a little.

Loren. My Prophetique ſoule foreſaw ſome mighty evill towards, when I deſir'd that *Florio* might not fight to day.

Duke. One word of Woman, had prevented all; –to conceale her Sex *Lorenzo*, was as cruell, as unkinde; that known; ſhe had been ſafe, and I moſt happy.

Lorenzo. I now wiſh that I had broke my Oath to *Celeſtina*, and run all hazzards by it.

Duke.

Duke. Now I underſtand thoſe her miſterious vow's, ſo often made to me; which I then took for gratitude; —how blinde was love! —rather how powerfull is thy Deity, Oh love! what mighty things do thoſe by thee inſpir'd produce? when the weak hands of this ſoft ſex, can raiſe ſuch Emulation in the braveſt men! —and can outdoe us too! in what they undertake: —how ſtrangely dull was I, that did not all this while by ſympathetick Love, her Sex diſcerne, through this diſguiſe?

{*Enter* Alphonſo *with Crowne and Robes, the* Duke} {*puts them on* Florio *as he ſlumbers.*}

Duke. Helpe me *Lorenzo* to put on theſe Robes, — ſo, —now Sir, you ſhall ſee that I do credit what you have ſaid; —and in aſſurance of her love to mee, here in the ſight of Heav'n, I take this Lady to my Wife; thus ſhe ſhall live, or thus dye my Dutcheſs; —*Silviana,*— [*He looks at* Florio *earneſtly.*]

Our victory does yet ſo diſmall ſhow,
No ruine could have caus'd a greater woe.

—My heart, my heart *Lorenzo*, ſhrinks away ſo faſt, that I ſhall fall; —how dull were we *Silviana?* to think ſuch beauty could belong to man! [*Leanes on* Alphonſo.]

Princeſs. Or ſuch courage be in Woman found!

Duke. Lorenzo, I am diſtracted with ſo many wonders breaking out at once! that my ſhatred heart, can yet finde no joy to entertaine ſo great a Gueſt as you; nor inquire what accident did bring you hither?

Lorenzo: Fame of *Silvianas* Vertues, brought me hither Sir; where I unlook'd for, met, poore *Celeſtina*, my unhappy Couſin, who—

—Did, from her Fathers rigid kindneſſe flye,
Led by her ſtarres, to this ſad Deſtiny.

[*The* Duke *imbraces him and weeps.*]

Princeſs. Did ever any Age ſuch miſchiefe know?
Or two ſuch courages ſuch ſorrow ſhow?

Duke. If *Celeſtina* live? *Urbin* ſhall ſhine in Triumphs, to ſpeak *Lorenzos* welcome: —but if ſhe Dye, I have no life that I can call a minute mine; I muſt not, will not, cannot ſurvive ſo great a loſſe!

Princeſs. She wakes, ſhe wakes! and looks up cheerfull.

[*The* Duke *kneels and holds her hand.*]

Duke. Flye to the Temples, and rich inſence burne, proclaime a publique Feaſt throughout the Towne; let all the holy Orders in Proceſſion go, make ſolemne vow's to Heav'n, for *Celeſtinas* life!

—Now let the Citty, there Devotions pay,
For Victory; and keep this Holliday!

[Celeſtina *wakes, ſpeaks faintly.*]

Celeſtina. Is this a viſion? or is it reall what I ſee? theſe Robes I underſtand not, —the *Duke* kneeling! the *Princeſs*, and *Lorenzo* weeping! —I do either dreame! or I am dead! —why all this to me?

Duke. To the *Dutcheſs* of URBIN, this is due; Heav'n *Celeſtina* has heard my prayers, and will I hope, preſerve your life, to raiſe my diſpairing ſoule, above the World, if you conſent? Triumphant love, with ſuch reſplendant Rayes adorn'd, will change theſe ſullen Clouds, into a glorious ſhine, throughout my Land; and every heart rejoyce at our Felicities.

Celeſtina.

Celeſtina. *Lorenzo* then, has made himſelfe, and me known to you Sir; —which does beget ſuch ſhame, as makes my ſoule retyre, from what it moſt joyes in: —can you value ſuch a counterfeit as I?

Duke. Can I be thankfull! for the greateſt bleſſing, men have on Earth? all had been well, if *Lorenzo* had declar'd you ſooner!

Celeſtina. My buſineſſe was to dye unknown, leſt my diſguiſe, ſhould raiſe a ſcandall on my Name for ever! *Lorenzo* knew me not till yeſterday.

Duke. This diſguiſe *Celeſtina*, has by miſtakes brought all this evill on us; let us no more mention it; but implore Heav'n for your recovery.

Lorenzo. How will you diſpoſe of your great priſoner Sir.

Urbin. As my friend, now *Celeſtina* lives! theſe Arms ſhall be your only bonds, while you are with us; — I owe all the felicities I now [to *Ferrara*] enjoy, to you Sir; —I had neer ſeen *Florio*, nor found *Lorenzo* here, without this Warre: And if *Lodovico* can ſubmit? to what the Gods have thus decree'd; we may be ever friends; but I ſhall impoſe no Rules for you to follow, who are as free here, as at *Ferrara*; for I intend a Jubilee to all, who will participate my joyes.

Lodovico. Though my ſucceſs, affords no argument for joy, I can acknowledg your civilities; and muſt ſubmit unto thoſe powers, who order our deſignes, according to their wills, not ours.

Lorenzo. I have a heart to ſerve *Lodovico* too, if it may be receiv'd!

Lodovico. Since victory has decided our conteſt, 'twere uſeleſſe to hold up ſuch animoſity, as can afford no remedy; I ſhall therefore ſtrive to regulate my heart, unto my Fortune.

Duke. Wee muſt now begg your pardon Sir, and yours *Silviana*, our high tranſports, for theſe ſtrange accident, have too long diverted our reſpects for you Sir.

Lorenzo. If *Silviana* do yet dare to own me? little Ceremony wil be needfull here.

Princeſs. If I had not long ſince ſeen through your diſguiſe! ſomewhat of greater worth, then your low Equipage allow'd; you had not found ſo quick a paſſage to my heart.

Duke. 'Tis my part to joyne your hands, now you avow your hearts united: I wiſh you as much joy Sir, as you have help'd me to, by *Celeſtinas* Love.

Loren. I can have none beyond, what I rejoyce to ſee you have Sir.

Duke. How is it *Celeſtina*? does your heart with your health comply? to make me happy?

Celeſtina. Yes Sir, now all my doubts are vaniſh'd, I have time to look back on my diſpaires, with pleaſure; and to rejoyce, and wonder at your love! ſo much beyond my merit, or my hope!

Duke. *Though habits ſexes often may devide,*
They could not Celeſtinas *vertues hide;*
Which gave ſuch Luſtre to young Florios *name,*
It rais'd my wonder! and begot this flame.
Which ever muſt admire that bleſt diſguiſe,
When Florio *ſhew'd me* Celeſtinas *Eyes.*
Thus mighty Love Triumph'd, in friendſhip dreſt,
Though his Magnetick *Vertue, ſeem'd ſuppreſt.*

FINIS.

THE EPILOGVE

To the

SIEGE of *VRBIN*.

EPILOGVES we know, if well fitted! may
Either excuſe, or elſe ſet off the *Play*!
But our Fantaſtick Author does believe,
His Doublet may be wor'ne without a ſleeve!
He will no *Epilogue* allow; the *Pit*
He ſayes, of late, hath ſurfeted of Wit;
[*poynts to the Pit.*] And therefore has this new rigg'd Pinnace Launc'd
Into theſe Deeps; and now too farre advanc'd
Without a Rudder: Yet if friends! you may
With gentle Gales this guidleſſe Barke convey
Through all its dangers, to the wiſhed Port;
And ſo prove Pilots of the nobleſt ſort.

THE EPILOGUE

SELINDRA.

A

Tragy-Comedy.

Written by

Sr WILLIAM KILLIGREW.

OXFORD,

Printed for the Author, and are to be sold by *Ric: Davis*, 1668.

The Actors Names of Selindra.

Lascares, Emperour of *Greece*.
Phillocles, *Lascares* his Son.
Ordella, *Lascares* his Daughter.
Secropius, *Lascares* his Favourite.
Cleonel, *Secropius* his Son.
Selindra, A great Lady Attending *Ordella*, and supposed Daughter of *Periander*; but is *Astella*, Princess of *Hungary*.
Periander, A great Lord of *Ciprus*.
Three Ladies Attending *Ordella*.
Antillacus, Generall of *Greece*.
Armanthus, General of the Horse.
Antenor, *Gillon*, } Great Lords of *Greece*.
Officers.
Guards.
Servants.
Pages.
Trebello, King of *Hungary*. } These appear not.
Barzanes, his Eldest Son. }
Pollinesso, *Trebello*'s youngest Son.
Astella, His onely Daughter.
Orsanes, Generall of *Hungary*.
Lords.
Officers.
Pollidor, *Tennedor*, *Tecknor*, *Titius*, } Hungarians.
Servants.

SCENE

Is the *Emperors Palace* at *Bizantium*.

The First Act.

Enter two Lords, Antenor *and* Gillon.

Ante: His Rumor through the Town of Prince *Phillocles* being Crowned King of *Hungary*, is beyond cregit!

Gillon: Who is Author of this discourse?

Ante: It has no Author, a Packet to the Emperor is brought by the common Post, who only said, the last Post told him so.

Gillon: And that last post, might hear it from another; —What does the Emperor declare?

Ante: We shall know now, his Letters are in his hand.

Enter Lascares *Emperor of Greece*, with *Cecropius*, *Cleonell*, and Guards.

Empe: Have you yet Learnt *Cecropius*, from whence this Rumour comes concerning *Hungary*?

Cecro: I can by no means find the Author Sir; yet the whole Town is full of it, 'tis in all mens mouths that Prince *Phillocles* is Crown'd King of *Hungary*, yet none know why they say it?

Emp: It cannot be, these Letters are but three dayes old, in which *Antillacus* only mentions *Phillocles* return'd to *Belgrade*, having chased the *Germanes* home: ——

Enter the Princeß Ordella, Selindra, *and Ladies to them.*

Emp: Daughter, I sent for you to partake the Newes these Letters bring; they speak *Phillocles* his Victories over the bold *Germanes*,

by which we gather, he will be ſhortly here; —We will welcome his returne *Ordella*, with a ſolemne Triumph, to raiſe his great thoughts to higher Actions; —To this end I ſent for you, to think of ſome new way to entertain the Princeſs *Aſtella*, who no doubt your Brother will bring with him.

Or. Sir, I am ſo pleas'd to hear my Brother's well; I cannot yet enjoy his Conqueſt.

Emp: Cecropius, be it your care to ſee theſe Triumphs ordered for *Phillocles*, as they were for me, when I return'd Victorious out of *Aſia*; And *Cleonel* thy charge is to Summon all our Young Nobility, unto a Royal Turnament, and be thy ſelf the Glory of our Court.

Cle: You make me bluſh Sir.

Cecro: It ſhall be as you direct Sir; but how ſoon does the Prince write his motion will be this way?

Emp: My Letters are from our General *Antillachus* in haſt; who by the next, doth promiſe a full relation.

Or: Have you no Letters from my Brother Sir?

Empe: Not yet *Ordella*; which I much wonder at?

He kiſſes the Emperors Hand.

Enter Armanthus *in Mourning.*

—What newes *Armanthus*?

Arman: Sir, the Prince ſent me before, to give you notice of his approach.

Emp: His approach! how near?

Arman: He is about a League behind Sir.

Emp: Is this habit, and thy ſad looks, the ſignes of Victory? are *Phillocles* and you alone return'd? Is all loſt *Armanthus*?

Arman: Your Army is ſafe Sir, the *Germanes* have quitted *Hungary* as you have heard, and that Crown alſo has been offred unto *Phillocles*.

Emp: And by him received I hear; why then is this ſad ſhew? why ſuch ſorrowes in thy face? while we were ordering Triumps to receive *Phillocles*; thou haſt ſurpriz'd us with ſuch ſadneſs, as becomes ruined States onely.

Arman: 'Tis for no leſſe a loſſe I mourn Sir, for by your Victories, ſo ſad a fate is befallen *Hungary*, that all Noble Hearts will feel ſome ſorrow for it, though they merrited no leſs!

Emp: Make me know it.

Arman: When we had freed *Hungary* from the *Germane* Warre, and while the brave Prince *Pollineſſo*, with *Phillocles* was Conquering, and returning from the *Germane* Confines back to *Belgrade*, the old King *Trebellio*, and his Eldeſt Son *Barzanes*, repented the Conditions made with your Majeſty, for the re-delivery of *Moldavia*; they forgot the benefit received by our *Grecian* Swords, and prepare to ſend home *Phillocles*, loaden with Scorns, inſtead of Trophies.

Emp: Strange inſolence! and as high a perjury as ever provok'd Heaven! what followed? how did *Pollineſſo* bear himſelf?

Arman: The Young Prince *Pollineſſo* was a firm Friend to *Phillocles*, and endeavour'd what he could, to divert his Fathers, and his Brothers wicked purpoſes.

Emp:

Emp: I'le make the whole Nation ſhrink under my juſt Anger.

Arman: It will not need Sir, for as they ſecurely ſought to ſeize on Prince *Phillocles* (who lodged in the ſame Caſtle with them) it ſo pleas'd the gods, that he by a quick ſecuring of himſelf, the ſame night the Plot was laid, did accidentally occaſion all their ruines, though he intended no harm unto their perſons.

Emp: Their ruines! are they dead? all dead!

Arman: They are Sir, and their crimes, not worthy of that ſorrow the Prince has for them, had not the innocent *Pollineſſo* fallen with them!

Emp: By what accident fell he?

Arman: *Pollineſſo* to do *Phillocles* Service, was that fatall night conceal'd, where he in a by-Room, might diſcover his Fathers wicked Councells, unto which he was never call'd, by reaſon of his avowed love to *Phillocles*; So that when we from the Princes Lodgings ſurpriz'd the Caſtle Gate, the Alarum rouz'd the *Hungarians* from their cloſe Council, and diſcovered *Pollineſſo* where he ſtood hid, who being in that amaze, compell'd by his Father and *Barzanes*, to fly with them unto a little Poſtern Gate, (to us unknown) that led unto the River, where all entering a ſmall Fiſher Boat, they haſted down the ſtream to their own Camp, which they found newly deſtroy'd by our Army: (a miſchief they deſigned that night on us,) frighted by this ruine, they all return into their Boat, and by a ſuddain wind that aroſe, were all drown'd in the rough *Danube*.

Emp: Why had not *Pollineſſo* notice of your purpoſe?

Arman: We had no time, nor could we come where he ſtood Conceal'd, if *Phillocles* had delay'd, he had been loſt; and then, our deſigne being only to ſeize on *Trebellio*, and *Barzanes* perſons; we could apprehend no danger towards *Pollineſſo*.

Ordel: Where is *Aſtella*? how did ſhe eſcape? how does ſhe bear her Father and her brothers loſſe? how does ſhe look on *Phillocles*? and how become the Crown, and Throne, now they are her own?

Arman: After this ſad accident, *Phillocles* was inform'd that *Aſtella* was convey'd away before the Warre, on purpoſe to abuſe him; but where conceal'd, none knew but thoſe who were with *Trabellio* drown'd.

Emp: But how has *Phillocles* deſpos'd the Affairs of *Hungary*?

Arman: The *Hungarians* much amaz'd at *Aſtellas* abſence; did urge *Phillocles* to accept the Crown, as by the hand of Heaven thrown on him, but he without delay, delivered up the ſole power and truſt unto *Orſanes*, and five more, untill *Aſtella* might be found; and then by the conſent of all, he did command *Antillacus* in his return with the Army, to take poſſeſſion of *Moldavia*, which by a double right is now again rejoyn'd unto your Empire Sir.

Emp: My Sonne has been two quick, in ordering ſo great affaires!

Enter Prince Phillocles, *and Lords in mourning; with Servants he kneels and riſes.* *He kneels and riſes.*

Emp: *Phillocles*, the gods are juſt, they have bleſt thy undertakings, which

which thou ſhouldſt not grieve, but thank them for, they have ſaved me a labour too, in puniſhing thoſe ingratefull perjur'd Princes.

Phil: Had not *Pollineſſe* fallen, I had not caſt away a ſigh for all the reſt, for him, my whole Life ſpent in ſorrow, is not enough, he was as Noble, as the others were unworthy; he and I, contracted ſuch a Friendſhip, you would have thought but one heart had given life to both.

Emp: Thou haſt done ill *Phillocles*, ſo raſhly to diſpoſe ſo great Affaires without my Councell; I hear you have given away a Kingdome, in a Complement.

Phil: Sir, what I have done, will not abate my intereſt there; I have alſo made a promiſe to ſearch for *Aſtella*, in our Neighbour Iſlands, where 'tis moſt like ſhe is concealed.

Emp: That will be near as great a folly as the other: to what purpoſe will you run ſuch a hazzard? rather meet our Army, and return with it to *Belgrade*, there let *Aſtella* find you ſecuring her intereſt, in her abſence.

Phil: I cannot with my Honour do it Sir, *Aſtella* may then believe, I ſought the Ruine of her Family, to gain the Crown on my ſelf.

Emp: What if ſhe do? you may at leiſure inform her of the Truth; —I do Command you, to lay by your further thought of this fond Journey, to ſearch for *Aſtella*; is this a time to act *Romances* in? when the whole whole World is in Combuſtion round us; think better on it *Phillocles*.

Ordel. I hope my Brother will not throw himſelf on dangers, without a good Argument to juſtifie his Actions; this new Journey, gives me new fears for you.

[a] *Phil*: I ſhall conſider ere I go *Ordella*, and at your Lodgings this night, expreſſe my joy to ſee you.

Exeunt omnes.

[b] *Sel*: Oh! Oh!

[c] *Cle*: *Selindra* weeping! —has the ſad tale of *Hungary*, drawn theſe tears from your fair Eyes Madam?

Sel: Good my Lord, ſpare me a while, I am not fit for Courtſhip now.

Cle: I cannot with Honour leave you in the power of ſuch an Enemy, as your ſorrow is.

Sel: You cannot deliver me from a greater then your ſelf this time.

Cle: That is not kindly ſaid *Selindra*, ſcarce Civil, if you conſider my long Love, and my Reſpects.

Sel: My Lord, you know I ever ſhun'd your Love, and as much as in me lay, avoided thoſe reſpects, you now upbraid me with.

Cle: I do confeſſe you have, tis therefore I now come, to preſſe you to declare, if I may ever hope to gain more favour from you; my ſute is preſent Marriage, may I hope for ſuch happineſſe at laſt, if not now!

Sel: As I never have, ſo I ſhall never give you cauſe to think it.

Cle: So Fair, ſo Innocent, ſo Gentle, and ſo ſevere! I never ſaw before; but I ſhall hope to find you in a better humour, at ſome other time *Selindra*; your Father interrupts me now. *Exit* Cleonel.

Enter

[a] Phillocles *Embraces his Siſter* Ordella, *and leads her out after the Emperor.*

[b] *Onely* Selindra *ſtayes and ſits in a Chair.*

[c] Cleonel *returns.*

Enter Periander *to* Selindra.

Sel: Unhappy day that I was born, and more unhappy this, that I have liv'd to hear such mischief on · Oh *Periander*; my Father, and my Brothers are all Dead, Murther'd by *Phillocles*, Betray'd, and Slain by *Phillocles*; *Pollineßo*'s dead, my onely comfort is for ever gone, and yet I live to tell it! *She Weeps.*

Peri: Madam the Crown of *Hungary* is now yours, and *Phillocles* but the Instrument sent by the gods to punish your Parents crimes; their perjury pull'd this Judgment on their own heads.

Sel: It does not become you my Lord to tell me so, nor yet to think it, if you consider *Lascare*'s covetous nature, and *Phillocles* ambitious spirit, you might with me, see all this was design'd to ruine my Family, and so to get the Crown unto themselves; but I shall soon revenge it on dissembling *Phillocles*, and bring such a Ruine into *Greece*, as no time shall parallel; —here to *Pollineßo* Ghost, I vow *Phillocles* his Life, if ever I can safely reach it!

Peri: Madam take heed, least you like them, do pull a second mischief on your self; *Phillocles* you see is Noble, he leaves the Crown to you, when offer'd him by all your Subjects; he lov'd *Pollineßo*! you have no Argument against *Phillocles*, he Laments him, as much as you can. *She kneels.*

Sel: I *Periander*, and in sorrow seeks me too; no doubt, but he would gladly have me in his power to murther.

Per: I cannot think so; but Madam you should now consider where you are; and in whose power; in my opinion, you must keep this disguise, with all the Art you can; and lay by your sorrow for a while, not practice any thing towards revenge, nor by a look discover such a thought, untill I can go to *Belgrade*, there make *Orsanes*, and the rest, know that you live, that we may find some way to fetch you home with safety; where you may with security prosecute your revenge.

Sel: I shall take your advice my Lord, now you comply in my revenge, and study to disguise my grief till your return, but can admit no thoughts, but my revenge on *Phillocles*; *Pollineßo* my dear Brother, I will Celebrate thy Funerals, in such a manner! as shall speak my Love to thee; and hate to him that murther'd thee—

—No Roman *Pile, ere made so great a flame;*
I'le Sacrifice this Empire, to thy Name.

Per: Madam, this passion will discover, and destroy you in spight of my Endeavours. *Weeps.*

Sel: I have now done my Lord, indeed I have.

Peri: I can have no Faith Madam, unless you will now promise in presence of our gods, to hide this anger, and not to discover your self til my return, unless some Eminent necessity require, for you will be lost, when known unto *Lascares*.

Sel: I do ingage as you desire, and shall——

Enter

Enter Ordella *to them with Ladies.*

Or: In tears *Selindra!* what cauſe haſt thou to weep?

Per: My preſent departure for *Ciprus*, makes her thus Childiſh.

Or: Will your ſtay there be long my Lord?

Per: Not many dayes Madam.

Or: Come *Selindra*, thou ſhalt go with me, i'le divert theſe Tears, by ſhewing thee my griefes, which thou wilt be Concern'd for, if thou doſt love me!

Exeunt Omnes

THE SCENE CHANGES.

Re-enter Ordella, *and* Selindra, *in* Ordella's *Chamber.*

Sel: Madam, I am very ſenſible of your Greif, and do not approve of the Prince his journey, to ſearch for *Aſtella.*

Or. You muſt not only not approve it *Selindra*, but with me condemn it, as a raſh, and hazzardous undertaking; beſides the folly of ſeeking one he never ſaw, one that he hath no ingagement to! What madneſſe will it be for *Phillocles*, to put himſelf within her power? before he knowes how ſhe reſents her Friends deaths? for if there were ſuch affection between *Aſtella* and *Pollineſſo*, (as is ſaid) the ſight of *Phillocles*, muſt needs raiſe a paſſion in her, ſuch as may deſtroy my Brother, before his innocence can appear; —(How's this? can theſe Tears fall for her Fathers abſence a few dayes? or is it for what I utter? I hope ſhe is not ſo much concern'd for *Phillocles*;) —*Selindra* I do take it ill, that you thus lament your Fathers abſence, who runnes no hazzard? above my ſorrow, for my Brothers dangerous Journey, in ſearch of *Aſtella.*

(*aſide*)

Selindra *Weeps.*

Sel: Madam my tears were re-call'd by your Highneſſe ſighes, by your trouble for the Prince his Journey, your favours have been ſuch to me, that I were unworthy, if I ſhould not weep, as well as ſmile with you.

(*aſide*) *Or:* 'Tis handſomly put off, —I thank thee *Selindra*, and do ſo little doubt thy Love, that I do beg thy beſt Arguments to aſſiſt me, that we together may convince my Brother, and prevail with him to ſtay.

Sel: Madam, I ſhall obey your commands; and obſerve your directions, as farre as will become me: but I do fear, the Prince will condemn me of much rudeneſſe, if I ſhall interpoſe my vain opinions, againſt his purpoſes; good Madam, do not put me to do, what hereafter you will blame me for.

Or: Fear it not *Selindra*, I love thee better, then to throw away thy credit ſo! —ſee where my brother comes.

Enter Phillocles, Ordella *meets him kindly, yet ſadly too.*

Selindra *aſide.* *Sel:* I have a hard taske on me! (to complement the man I hate to death.

Phil:

Phil: Why ſo ſad my deer Siſter; your looks ſpeak a ſorrow through your ſmiles!

Ordel: Can you aske? and know your ſelf to be the cauſe of it, can *Phillocles* be in danger? and *Ordella*, not be ſad! can you think ſmiles would become my face? when my heart ſhrinks to think of your raſh journey, to ſeek *Aſtella* you know not where; I can no more put off my feares, then my affection for you.

Phil: Deareſt *Ordella*, let not a miſtaken cauſe of fear for me, beget ſuch a trouble in you; there is no danger in my purpos'd Journey, I ſhall onely ſearch the *Grecian Iſles*, where none dares do me harme, you know I am engag'd in honour to performe, what I have ſo publiquely declar'd, and I am ſure you love my Honour, equall with my Perſon.

Ordel: I do ſo, and could I ſee the neceſſity you urge, to ſearch for *Aſtella*, my paſſion ſhould ſubmit to your reaſon, and that I may not flatter my own affection, I ſhall now ſubmit unto *Selindra*'s opinion, who has no reaſon to be partiall to either of our arguments; I prethee good *Selindra*, ſpeak freely, what thou thinks't of my brothers Journey.

Selin: Truly Sir, if I may judg! the Princeſs tells you what you ſhould better conſider of, then I think you yet have; not that I do apprehend any dangerous hazzards in the Journey, as ſhe does, nor can I finde any arguments fit to perſwade you from attempting dangers, when your Honour calls you to them; give me leave Sir, only to aske, how your Honour is concerned to make this ſearch? why do you intend ſo great a trouble to your ſelf? from whence is this value of *Aſtella*? who you never ſaw; why does your Highneſs ſeek a Woman that has never oblidged you? nor you her, but by the ruine of her Family, incenſ'd her.

Phil: 'Tis true that I have never ſeen, nor oblig'd *Aſtella* in particular; but I have by many hazards of my life endeavour'd both; the Fame of her Excelling Beauty, and greater Vertue, begot in me a deſire to ſerve her, and her whole Family, which I did faithfully, in freeing *Hungarie* from the *Germane* yoak: 'twas an unhappy Fate befell her Parents, by themſelves pull'd on them, not by me intended; in which ſad loſſe, I beare ſo great a ſhare, that I have no peace within, untill I have made my Innocence unto *Aſtellas* ſelf appear, that ſhe may ſee, that I had no deſign to hurt the Princes perſons, nor to Conquer *Hungarie*.

Selin: What you have bravely done in that Warre, deſerves a Trophie, and from *Aſtella* no leſſe value, when ſhe ſhall be well enformed of all that paſt there; 'till then Sir, the Princeſs thinks it not fit for you to Viſit *Aſtella*, becauſe we often ſee Great Princes Vertues, does not anſwer the report Fame gives them.

Ordel: Moſt true, *Selindra*, my heart preſages a Ruine if you goe; could I lay by my affection to you, and put on *Aſtellas* cauſe, I would undertake to confute thoſe Arguments, you ſo much truſt in: Methinks I ſee you kneeling, and the inraged *Aſtella* deaf to all you ſay, ſwelling with anger, for brave *Pollineſſo*'s loſſe, and ready to ſacrifice your Life! come *Selindra* if ever I have deſerved love from thee! ſhew it

now by aſſiſting me my own way, by thy beſt Language: do thou ſtand forth, and as *Aſtella*, receives my over-confident Brother, ſpare him not *Selindra*, but ſuppoſe you had a Brother as dear to you, as *Pollineſſo* was to her, and that beloved Brother, by *Phillocles* his raſh attempt, ſent to his untimely grave: let looſe ſome Teares, to accompany thoſe I have ſhed, and for my ſake, put on a look ſo mixt with Majeſty, Grief, and Anger, as may preſent her Part thou play'ſt: (I, that look will do it.)

[*She pulls* Selindra *to* Aſt Aſtella: *She ſtands before the Chaire of State.*]

Sel: Madam, You ſee my ready Obedience to your Commands; but will the Prince permit ſuch boldneſſe?

Phil: Yes *Selindra*, ſince nothing elſe will ſatisfie my Siſter, I am content for once, to beare a part in this Childs play, —on condition *Ordella*, that you put off your ſadneſſe, if I prevaile!

Ordella. I ſhall, ſo you will ſtay at home, if ſhe do get the better of you!

[*He turns to* Selindra *and ſees her looks angry*—]

Phil: Content: —can *Selindra* frown in jeſt? methinks ſhe looks as if ſhe would do it to the life *Ordella*?

Sel: Yes *Phillocles*, I can frown when I have juſt cauſe! and will make thee repent this raſh attempt to viſit me, thou haſt beyond my hope, put thy ſelf into my power to puniſh.

Phil: How that angry Cloud ſpreads! Can thoſe bright lights ſuffer an Eclips, and not portend ſome fatall Ruine? what if they do! ſhall I ſhake at Thunder, that cannot reach me? be concern'd for an unjuſt anger! no, not though the gods did threat: —But *Aſtella* will not nouriſh a thought miſ-be-coming her Vertue, nor ſo much leſſen her great name, by a miſtaken paſſion, to harm a man, whoſe endeavours were to ſerve her.

Selin: A miſtaken Paſſion *Phillocles*! are not my Father and my Brothers dead? though not by thy hand butchered, yet by thy attempts they fell; is not the glory of our name extinguiſh'd? the honour of men fall'n? all loſt in *Pollineſſo*'s death!

Phil: *Aſtellas* ſelf is not more free, then I was, from intending evill to her friends; they forc'd me to ſecure my ſelf; by which they were all loſt, their Plots, and Perjuries, pull'd this Ruine on them: onely *Pollineſſo* was not Guilty, he would not comply with fierce *Barzanes* envious deſignes, nor with his Fathers blacker purpoſes; *Pollineſſo* was a witneſſe of my hazards in that Warre, and did partake an equall ſhare in them, and in the Victory; we often ſeal'd our vowes of Amity, in our beſt blouds together, which did beget ſo mutual a Love, that our Soules moved ever one way; I would rather have Dyed with *Pollineſſo*, then live thus to lament his loſſe; by theſe unfained Teares I would.

Sel: Thou ſpeakſt a Language ſo pleaſing to my Eares, that I could wiſh my vow to Sacrifice thee to my Brothers Ghoſt, had never paſt my Lips, for I can ſee, and value all thy Noble actions; and judge the guilt of my own friends that fell, and can beare the loſſe of all, but *Pollineſſo*! —he you ſay dyed Innocent, free from the other Crimes, full of Honour, rich in Vertue, in the Bloſſome of his Age, my onely Joy fell: ——and you, my onely hate, ſhall dye ſo too! your Worth, your Youth, and your Innocence, will make my

my oblation acceptable to thoſe powers I have vowed you too; –vain man, canſt thou think *Pollineſſo's* ghoſt will be appeaſed with words? or tears! if thou wert ever worthy my brothers love, ſhew it now, in couragious dying to his memory, for by all our gods thou dyeſt; –a guard there!

[*She is interrupted by* Ordella.]

Ordella. 'Tis bravely done *Selindra*, thou madeſt me ſtart, and ſhake to ſee thee look, and hear thee ſpeak, with ſuch awfull majeſty! –how is it Brother? how do you think *Aſtellas* ſelfe will receive you? when one ſo unconcern'd, can uſe you thus! do you yield yet? have we the better argument? [Philocles *and* Selindra *ſtand both amazed.*]

Phil: Yes you have.

Ordel: You'l ſtay then!

Phil: I think I ſhall.

Ordel: My deer, deer *Selindra*, let me kiſſe thee, thou haſt oblidged me beyond my power to gratifie, beyond my expreſſion to acknowledg; —the Emperor, and the whole Empire ſhall thank thee for *Phillocles* his ſafety; –come my brother, let us now finde my Father; this change will pleaſe him. *Exeunt ambo.*

Selin. How near loſt was I, on his freſh mention of *Pollineſſo's* death! how dangerous a work did I undertake; and how happily brought off, by the Princeſs *Ordellas* timely interruption! —I thought my ſelfe within my ſtrengths at *Belgrade*, and *Phillocles* in my power to puniſh; I muſt no more of theſe games, 'tis my diſguiſe preſerves my life, and I do care only to live to be reveng'd on *Phillocles*, the Author of all my ſorrowes. —Oh! but the Princeſs *Ordella* ſits too neer my heart, to ſuffer that; ſhe is my friend; if I deſtroy her beloved brother! I wound her to death; at leſt give her the ſame intollerable grief for *Phillocles*, I now ſuffer for *Pollineſſo*. —Oh! horrid ingratitude! Oh miſerable *Aſtella*! my Obligations to *Ardella*, do infringe my vowes to Heaven: –ye gods, direct me ſo; that theſe differing paſſions may not diſtract me; I would do, what ſhould become me beſt, and pleaſe you moſt, though my own life, in the attempt be loſt.

Exit Selindra.

THE SECOND ACT.

[*Enter* Emperor, Cecropius *and* Cleonel.]

Emp: WHat think you *Cecropious*, of *Phillocles* his Love?

Cecr. Mighty Sir, what you have ſaid, was my thought, when I firſt heard of the Prince his ſtay, and had been now my Councel, as the beſt way to ſecure his Intereſt in *Hungary*, by which *Aſtella* muſt ſubmit unto the will of him, that has allready woon hearts of all her people.

Cleon: Sir, you know I have long lov'd, and long ſought *Selindra*'s Love; and Lovers Eyes are quick to diſcover the like looks in others; 'tis my duty (as well as my own Concern) to tell your Majeſtie, that I have obſerved *Selindra*'s good looks, to be the Orators, that have put off the Prince his journey, not his kinde ſiſters importunity, and when your own obſervation, ſhall informe you better, your Majeſty will finde this, no cauſeleſſe jealouſie in me.

Cecropious. What he tells you Sir, is the whiſper of the Court, but I look on it ſlightly, the Prince may have a minde to a Wench, and *Selindra* is a pretty one; but Sir, in my opinion, you ſhould take no notice of ſuch youthfull paſſages; the Prince cannot think her a fit Wife, and then, no matter who is his Miſtreſs.

Emp: *Cecropious* I do think it worthy my care, to prevent an evill; the Crown of *Hungary* can be no way mine, but by *Aſtella*; we ſee *Selindra* is rich in Beauty, and more rich in Virtue; if not by Birth great enough to be his Wife; ſhe is too good, to be his wanton Miſtreſs; *Phillocles* is young, and young men are apt to be in Love! He is as gallant, as great, and if his affection ſhould meet a repulſe, (as 'tis moſt like from *Selindra*;) theſe ſparks we now ſee, may grow to ſuch a flame, as neither we, nor he can quench: I will obſerve him, and ſet ſpies on them, —ſome of my own ſpies, *Cleonell* may be jealous without a cauſe! I will ſift *Ordella* too!

[*Aſide.*]

{*Enter* Phillocles *to them, in rich cloathes, with* Ordella, Selindra, *Lords, Ladies, and train, all fine.*}

Emp: Daughter, you have wrought a good work on your brother; thy Intereſt I ſee, has prevail'd, beyond my intreaty, or my Command, I thank thee for it *Ordella*, and am glad *Phillocles*, to find that your Eares are open unto reaſon, indeed the journey would not have ſuited with your other great actions; I like well thy gallant ſpirit; but I like not to hazzard a Kingdome for a Complement.

Phillocles. Sir, I do thus low beg pardon for my firſt diſobedience to your commands, and do confeſſe, my ſiſter wrought my conſent to ſtay; yet I muſt tell you Sir; 'twas becauſe her Arguments complyed with your commands, nor was your command her leaſt Argument.

[*She kneels.*]

Emp: Thus let me imbrace the greateſt comfort of my life, thou ſhalt ſet ever next my heart; —give me thy hand *Ordella*, and thine *Phillocles*; What wealth is there beyond theſe? what joyes beyond thoſe I feel? thus ſupported! I am the envy of Princes; may all the bleſſings Heaven can beſtow, fall on you both for this love, and this obedience to your old dying Father; —tell me *Phillocles*: how ſtands the affaires of *Hungary*? I have had late intelligence, that ſome Commotions do appeare there; if ſo? ſince you have thus diſcreetly laid aſide the ſearch of *Aſtella*, in my judgment, 'twill be next beſt, that you repaire to *Belgrade* with your Army, there by your preſence, to keep the people in Obedience, untill *Aſtella* be found; we know the *Hungarians* are a buſie headed people *Phillocles*.

[*Beholds their Armes under his, and walks as he ſpeaks.*]

Phil. Sir, I have left the Government of that State, in thoſe hands that

that will neglect no meanes to invite *Aſtella* home; they love her Sir; and do want no power to ſecure the Kingdome for her; my preſence at *Belgrade*, would rather deterre *Aſtella*, then invite her home, and may be juſtly thought, I meant to force, what I yet doubt to ſue for: In my opinion Sir, I ought to hear more from thence, before I ſtirre that way, but my opinion, and my will, ſhall ſubmit to your Commands.

Emp: Thou art ſtill on thy Complements, but my gray Haires are not convinc'd by ſuch Arguments, think better on what I propoſe, though I do not command, but onely wiſh it; while I inſtruct your ſiſter with my reaſons, that ſhe, and you may conſult together. [Phillocles *and the reſt goe off.*]

[*He whiſpers with* Ordella.]

Ordel. I ſhall obey you Sir, and weigh well what you have ſaid, I ſhall not be wanting in my care for *Selindra*, nor in my love unto my Brother.

Emp: I am ſatisfied *Ordella*, and do only wonder why he will not lead the Army into *Hungary*! where ſuch apparent need is of his preſence.

Ordella. He will go, if you will have him Sir:

Emp: I will think further on it a day or two.

{*This while* Cleonel *Courts* Selindra, *ſhe ſhewes diſlike to him.*}

Emp: *Cleonel* I ſee loſes no time, in the Warre he makes, ply her hard young man, thoſe knit browes do often prove the Cipher to a ſmiling heart, and yet *Cleonel* I muſt tell you, that I approve not this whining way of Wooing; moſt Women like to be approach'd with ſuch Alacrity, as ſhewes the mettle men are made of; where is thy heart young man?

Cle. Mighty Sir, one frown from bright *Selindras* Eyes, has power to ſhake me into Attomes, to unman me quite!

Emp: I think ſo, and muſt my ſelfe Wooe for thee, how is it faire one, that you neglect ſuch honour? and ſuch Wealth, as *Cleonel* brings with him? he is a man in my Eye worthy the greateſt ſubject of my Empire: —Or is it the nice Lovers part you thus do act in Publique, while your united hearts delight in private? ſay *Selindra*, when ſhall our Court flouriſh in triumphs for your Wedding? —while *Ordella* provides Ornaments for you, it ſhall be my care to ſet forth *Cleonel* like himſelfe, and fit for ſuch a Miſtreſſe: —tell me when *Selindra*, when ſhall this jolly time be? come I muſt preſſe you for my Friend. [*He ſpeaks to* Selindra.]

Selin: I am very ſenſible of this Honour you now do me Sir, yet cannot chuſe but wonder why your Majeſty thinks fit to preſſe me to a publique Anſwer.

Emp: You have delayed it long enough, 'tis a good time to declare now.

Selin: I obey Sir, and do confeſſe that I have ever had a true value of *Cleonels* worth; I have alſo obſerved your favour to him, and do believe that he may make the beſt of Women happy; but yet I think not

not fit to entertain his Love, I have more Noble thoughts, then to incourage him with hopes, of what I never can afford him, ſuch a returne, as his merit may juſtly expect from one more worthy then my ſelf; I muſt declare that my purpoſe is not to marry, but to attend the Princeſs ſo long, as that honour may be permitted, and her Highneſſe favour ſhall continue to me.

Emp: May all thy wiſhes be ever on thee, happy will that man be, that gets ſuch a Treaſure, as this fair Cabinet containes: I am vanquiſh'd *Cleonel*, and I adviſe thee to teare this Serpent from thy heart, before it be too big for thee to graſpe;—(obſerve you this *Ordella?*) —*Phillocles* are thy thoughts yet for *Belgrade?*

Phillo. They ſhall be Sir, if you Command it.

Exeunt Laſcares, Cecropius, *and* Cleonel.]

Phillo: *Ordella* can you gueſs, why my Father does now urge my abſence? that ſo late inforc'd my ſtay?

Ordel: Does not the Affaires of *Hungary* require you there?

Phillo. No *Ordella*, I ſhould not then wonder at his preſſing me to goe!

[*Enter* Meſſenger.]

Meſſen: Madam, the Emperor calls for you.

Ordel: I'le wait on him preſently; —I have much to ſay to you Brother, pray ſtay my returne: good *Selindra* entertaine him in my Chamber, with *Cleonels* laſt Melancholly Song, I like ſo well.

[Phillocles *and* Selindra *ſit within the Scene.*]

THE SONG.

Cloris *we ſee the offended Gods,*
At firſt do ſhew, and ſhake their Rodds,
That they may rather threat, then ſtrike,
So we forgoe, what they diſlike:
Theſe faulty ſtreams, ſhall flow no more
Above their banks, as heretofore:
Nor ſwelling tempeſt from my breaſt,
Henceforth thy Virgin cares moleſt:
All ſhall be faſhion'd to thy will,
So thou wilt let me Love thee ſtill:
My Lips ſhall not a word let go,
That may offend to tell thee ſo:
But to diſſemble, or deny
That I do Love thee were a lye,
Would ſtaine my ſoule: 'twill prove a ſpot,
To look as if I Lov'd thee not.

Phillo.

Philo. This charity becomes you Madam, and *Cleonels* lines I see are ſmiled on, though himſelf be not, but why did you with ſuch ſeverity, in publique diſclaime his intereſt, and ſeem to reject a man ſo worthy, when the Emperor himſelf woed for him?

Selin. 'Tis the Princeſs *Ordellas* pleaſure, that I ſhould learn his Song Sir, and not my fancy to the maker of it, though his love, and reſpects, may challenge a greater complement from me, for I ſhall ever acknowledg obligations to *Cleonel*, yet not think fit to treat a Marriage in my Fathers abſence, by whom I ſhall be wholly rul'd in that matter, if he think fit to make that choice for me, I muſt ſubmit.

Philo. Give me leave Madam ſo farre to intereſt my ſelfe in your Affaires, as to aske if your thoughts for *Cleonel* be ſuch, that you will not admit the like profeſſion from another; For though my Father cannot match him in his Dominions, I believe that I can find you a Servant, as faithfull, and as full of Love; one every way as worthy your favours, one that will out-bid *Cleonel*, to gaine *Selindra*, do but—— [Phillocles *takes her Hand, ſhe ſhewes diſlike.*

[*He offers to kiſs her Hand.*]

Selin: I beg your Highneſſe pardon, for ſome time. *Exit* Seli:

Phil: Thus to leave me while I was ſpeaking to her, is a ſcorne I look'd not for; —*Selindra* was not wont to be ſo rude, nor I ſo fooliſh, ſure my looks and Language rendred me Ridiculous, ſo ſlight, that ſhe bluſh'd for me, which to hide ſhe thus withdrew, leaving me to wonder at my ſelf, that am of late become, what I want a Name for; ——If this be Love, and this the effects of Love, I'le teare the Monſter from my heart, and be my ſelf againe, before it grow too mighty for me; —my hands cannot reach it, no force can touch it, 'tis a ſubtile foe, not to be compell'd; 'tis reaſon onely muſt prevaile; —*Selindra* loves, and diſſembles her affection to *Cleonel*, neglecting me; —how unworthy then am I, that ſeek to ſeparate united hearts; how fond, to Covet what another does enjoy; how much am I now fall'n below my ſelf, by this paſſion?

[*He throwes himſelf on the Couch ſadly.*]

[*Enter* Ordella *and* Selindra.]

Ordel: When went my brother hence *Selindra*?

Selin: He ſits there Madam.

Ordel: My Father I fear has too much cauſe for what he ſaid; Prethee leave us a while *Selindra*, and let none diſturb us.

[Ordella *goes to* Phillocles, *he ſtarts at her approach.*]

Philla: Oh *Selindra*!

Ordella. She is not here, why do you ſtare thus on me? are you not well?

Philla: Onely a little dull for want of ſleep *Ordella*; but why ſent the Emperor for you in ſuch haſte!

Ordel:

Ordel: To tell me that *Phillocles* does love *Selindra*, and to enquire my thoughts of it; I answered boldly, that you were too Noble to dishonour *Selindra*, and too wise to neglect *Astella* and a Crown, for such an idle fancy; —I have confirm'd him that you have not such a thought, because I saw him troubled at it; —but what is this that thus distracts you?

Phil: Ha! what sayes my dearest Sister?

Ordel: Ye Gods defend that I be not mistaken; Brother what have you done with your self, since I went hence?

Phillo: My head is full of the Affaires of *Hungary*, I was contriving how I should secure *Astella* in her Throne, and thinking of a thousand other things; but why did my Father send for thee?

Ordel: This is very strange, I told you why, and you regard me not, it was about *Selindra*.

Phillo: About *Selindra*; prethee *Ordella* let us talke of something else, —thou weepest!

Ordel. How can I chuse but weepe! to see you thus distracted, and all my hopes of future joyes dying in me? —*Phillocles* has left to love me, he dares not trust me with his heart! he Loves, and by dissembling seeks to hide his love from me, that can dye for him.

Phillo: I am guilty *Ordella*, thy charms o'recome me, and I do submit to thy severest judgment, I do love *Selindra*, and would do more then thou canst fancy, to gaine her Love; now my heart lyes open, thou wilt find the wound is deep *Ordella*, touch it gently my dear Sister.

Ordel: 'Twill not be cured then *Phillocles*, I must launce it to the quick, and you must indure to hear, that *Cleonel*, and she, have been long contracted, and onely do disguise their Loves, because *Cecropius* seeks *Selindra* for himself, 'tis only untill her Fathers return, they thus dissemble it.

Phil: Contracted *Ordella*! thou hast blasted all my hopes, destroy'd me in the twinckling of an Eye, the Gods have not a greater curse in store to throw upon me, is this thy cure? I shall sink under the burthen of this remedy! fare-well *Ordella*, fare-well for ever! for I am undone for ever!

[Phillocles *going out in haste turns back.*]

Orde: Stay *Phillocles*, I can cure thee yet; I'le stroke thy wound, and try how that will work, they are not contracted, that I ever heard, it was my pure affection that thus abus'd your Ears: by my Fathers command, I was in the bud to crush your love, which by their pretended Contract, I thought best to do: can my Brother pardon my Zeale to serve him this way? and yet trust my love.

Phil: I can do both *Ordella*, now thou hast restored me to life againe; come let us sit, that I may at large declare my purpose concerning *Selindra*, —do you remember *Ordella*, that day you made *Selindra* act *Astella*? how I was then convinc'd, and overcome by her; how she spake then! and with what Majesty she appear'd! Methought then, if *Selindra* were not borne a Queen, yet she was design'd to be one! from the hour I lov'd her, (and you the occasion of my love,) I have since observed her strictly, and well weighed all her perfections, and considered *Cleonels* hopelesse suit to gain her: if she can afford me love *Ordella*; I would wade deep in blood, —it would look like vanity, to tell

tell thee how great things I would do to win a value from her.

Ordel: When I consider *Selindra*'s Beauty, and her worth, I cannot blame your admiration of her, truly Brother, I do wish your desires upon you, but know not how I can comply, or how to serve you this way?

Phil: I have weighed all kinds of Arguments *Ordella*, and do allow them to be good worldly thoughts, fit for Princes that have no other heaven on Earth then their Wealth, and their Dominions! —I tell thee *Ordella* to be Emperour of all the World! is poverthy, without *Selindra*! if thou loveſt me, thou wilt uſe thy intereſt to perſwade her to caſt off all thoughts for *Cleonel*, and receive me, who ſhe yet ſhuns: now my Siſter, ſpeak comfort to my ſoules, that muſt languiſh untill you ingage for me.

[Ordella *ſits ſilent a while and he ſtaring on her.*]

Ordel: I have been thus long ſilent *Philocles*, to conſider how I might comply with your deſires, and not break my Fathers truſt, do but ſhew me an honourable way, and I will ſerve you with the ſame Zeal you wiſh it, but if I ſhould conſent? how can you avoid *Cleonel*? or how diſguiſe your love from my Father?

Phil: Wee'l think of twenty wayes to blinde the old mans eyes, and as for *Cleonel*, I will ſo overload him with Wealth, and Honours, that he ſhall gladly give up his intereſt in *Selindra*, (if he have any!) but if he refuſe! I will become his Rivall publiquely, I will either carry the faire prize, or looſe my ſelf *Ordella*, ſay now, will you ſtrain a Complement with my Fathers truſt to ſave thy brothers life and honour?

Ordella. Pardon me heaven! if I offend by varying from my Fathers truſt, to ſave my Brothers life and Honour! *Philocles* now I am yours, imploy me like a Siſter that you love, put me not to uſe artifices unworthy of that value, the World now holds me at.

Phil: By all our Gods, I'le rather periſh, then permit thee to act any thing unworthily: Deareſt *Ordella* looſe no time to make known my affection to *Selindra*, while I ſeek *Cleonel*, to make him mine.

Ord: Since no argument can prevaile againſt your paſſion, I am content to be directed by you.

Phil: Thou wilt make me happy then *Ordella*! beyond all the State arguments. —

—The greateſt Polititian can invent,
Or brighteſt meſſenger from Heaven's ſent.

[*Leads her off.*]

[*Enter* Cleonel.]

Cleo. This falls out well for my deſignes upon *Selindra*, the Prince his abſence, will give me opportunity to effect, what his preſence might prevent, for 'tis now moſt evident that *Selindra* ſlights my Profeſſions in hope of *Philocles*, who is become my Rival; by ſubtilties I muſt therefore compaſſe, what my power and credit cannot reach: the Prince is too mighty for me, to conteſt with? but this new

[*Enter* Phillocles.] Warre, will do my work, —see where he comes, how full of thoughts he is of late! this love transformes us all.

Phil: I'le share the Empire with him if he consent! if he will not! I'le force my way. — [*He sees* Cleonel.]

Cleo: Sir, The Emperour sent me to signify unto you the Newes from *Belgrade*, that *Astella* is arriv'd there, and is rejected by those you left to govern; 'tis his pleasure Sir, that you prepare to march, with all possible speed to her relieſe.

Phil: I have just now received an expreſs from thence, which informe me of a Faction there, that did hope to have set up a Counterfeit *Astella*, but those Tumults are allayed, the plot being discover'd, all the partakers fled the Country; I therefore hold it fit to hear again from thence, before I stirre: but if my Father will needs have his Army march into *Hungary*, I shall advise him to conferre the honour of that Warre, *Cleonell* on you.

Cle. On me Sir, I am neither worthy, nor capable of so great a charge; your Highneſſe does me much honour in this thought, but I must not presume to accept the favour, leſt the Emperor do think me so vaine to seek it.

Philo: Why *Cleonel?* thy forward youth promises great things, and I know the Emperor will be pleas'd to see me joyn to heap honours on thy deserving head; I will undertake it with my Father, and shall not doubt to say, thou wilt deserve the sole Command of all our Forces.

[*Aside.*] *Cleon:* If the Emperor consent, I am cozen'd, your Highneſſe does load me with your Favours, I shall not live to expreſſe my Gratitude, much leſs to merit such honours.

Phill: I tell thee *Cleonel*, 'tis in thy power to lay an Obligation on me, such an Obligation *Cleonel*, as half my Empire cannot recompence; — Say, may I hope such kindneſſe from thee? but if it be not in thy heart, do not flatter me into a hope of what I shall not find.

Cle: Sir as you are my Prince, my duty binds me to serve you with the hazzard of my life, and fortunes.

Phil I thank thee for thy Love, as I do all that will like thee, say, and do as much, but I would have ingagements unto thee, beyond the common complement of other Subjects.

Cle: Your many favours Sir, have so much obliged me beyond all others, that your commands (what ere they be) shall make me happy.

Phil: Take heed *Cleonel*, do not ingage too faſt, for I shall demand, what thou hold'ſt dearer then thy life; dareſt thou hear me now?

Cle: Speak boldly Sir, I am yours, and all that's mine is so; I hope

[*Speaks aside*] he will discover his love to me.

Phil: Thou art indeed my fate, or I am thine, — I would have thee give up to me, thy intereſt in *Selindra*, dissolve all ingagements, between her and you — my dearest friend, thus thou mayeſt bequeath an Empire to me, that I prize farre above this I am born to, — start not at it, for I will wear thee in my bosome, thou shalt be the greateſt, and the richeſt man in *Greece*.

[Phillocles *Embraces him.*]

Cleon: Without *Selindra*!

Phil: I, without *Selindra*!

Cleo: What is all *Greece* worth? without *Selindra*! good Sir, give me leave a little to consider on this matter; —sure he has solicited *Selindra* for himself, and receiv'd a repulse; —it may well be, that she has expres'd to him, some value of me, beyond what I my self can yet discern; he would not else thus rashly, nay thus madly tempt me! 'tis so: —Sir, do I mistake, or you did demand, that I should give my interest in *Selindra*, up to you! [*Aside.*]

Phil. Thou doest not mistake, 'tis only that can make me happy.

Cleo: And onely that I cannot grant, I can no more consent to part with the hope of such a happinesse, then with my interest in Heaven; pray Sir, finde some other way to try my Faith.

Phil: The Gods cannot give thee a means to oblige me another way, themselves cannot blesse me with a gift, that I can prize beyond *Selindra*!

Cleo: And you would have me debauch this young Lady, for your private pleasure?

Phil: By all that's Holy, I would marry her.

Cleo: Marry her! what shall then become of *Hungary*, and *Astella*?

Phill: Thou shalt have that Crown, and her; I'le woe her for thee, I'le fight that Conquest o're again, and give it thee, if she refuse!

Cleo: Will you get the Emperors consent, to this exchange?

Phill: Yes, or I will do it without him.

Cleo: (All this shall to the Emperor,) but if you can do neither? this inestinable jewel you would have me throw away. [*Aside.*]

Phill: Will it be thrown away, if placed on me?

Cleo: I might have put my words into a Courtlier phrase I do confesse; but I can never mould my heart to such a forme, as shall consent to make my tongue betray it: I swear by all that's good, I never can relinquish my interest in *Selindra*; I do prize my weak hopes there, above all the Wealth, and Honours, you can lay down to purchase it.

Phil: He has abus'd me all this while, to get the secret out, which shall now consume him; since he will not consent, this base treachery, shall be my first step to climb unto *Selindra*.

[Phillocles *stands silent musing.*]

Cleo: I shall now perswade *Lascares* to believe, that the Prince loves *Selindra*: —while he is musing, I'le steale off, lest a tempest do fall on me. [*Aside.*]

[Cleonel *is going out.*]

Phil: Stay *Cleonel*, I have more to say; I have considered my rash suit, and cannot with Justice, quarrel with thee, for not parting with such a Treasure as *Selindra* is; but I must call thee to account for thy late smiles, and false fawning on me, and for thy base treacherous kindnesse, by which thou hast betray'd me to reveale a secret, too great to trust thee with: —Thus I lay by my greatnesse, and as a private injured man, I draw my Sword to kill thee.

Cleo: But I must not lift up mine against my Prince, I have been ever taught to draw my Sword in your defence, and shall be as glad to

ſerve you with it, as I ſhould be proud to uſe it in this cauſe againſt any other man; I dare ſcarce ſhew it you Sir. [*He drawes.*]

Phil: I have now made my ſelf thy equal, by my rivalſhip in love; either defend thy ſelf, or by heaven I'le kill thee.

{ *They fight*, Phillocles *hurts and diſarms* Cleonel; *as the Emperor comes in*, Phillocles *throwes* Cleonel *his ſword, and goes out.* }

[*Enter the* Emperor, Cecropius, *and Attendants.*]

Emp: What inſolence is this, ſo near us? *Cleonel* this poſture does not become you, in this place.

Cleo: You will pardon it Sir, when you ſhall know I only drew to ſave my life, not to offend the Prince, who ſwelling with rage, came like a ruine on me, becauſe I would not quit my intereſt in *Selindra* unto him, to be his wife Sir.

Emp. Is this true *Cleonel*?

Cleo: You'l find it true Sir, I could have had *Aſtella*, and her Crown for my conſent; 'tis ſome pleaſure to deny another, what I cannot get my ſelf.

Emp: He has not burt thee?

Cleo: Not much Sir, you came in juſt as he fell on me.

Emp: This muſt be timely cared for; *Cecropius* ſend preſently and fetch *Selindra* to your Lodgings; this night ſhe ſhall be your charge, to morrow let her be ſent back to *Cipres* to her Father; and be you ſure *Cecropius*, that *Phillocles* do neither ſee her, nor ſend to her this night.

[*Enter* Ordella, Selindra, *with Ladies.*]

Cecro: She is here Sir, with the Princeſs.

Ordel: Where is my Brother Sir?

Emp: He is gone hence hurt *Ordella*, (I wiſh he were elſe) fighting forſooth for Love! you now ſee what miſchiefe your fondneſſe to *Selindra*, has produc'd; your Brothers life endangered, and the Empire tottering: *Cecropius* take *Selindra* to your care, as I commanded, let her be ſent home, attended as befits her quality: —— *Ordella* come you with me.

{ *All goes off but* Cecropius, Cleonel, *and* Selindra. }

[*Exit* Cleonel *and harkens at the Scene.*]

Cecro. Leave us a while *Cleonel*, —Madam, you now ſee the evils I foretold, are come to paſſe, theſe young fiery ſpirits, will never ſubmit to ſuffer either to enjoy you: do but conſider how happy you may be, by being mine, though I am not ſo young; yet many men of my years have made young Ladies happy: of my love, you have had long tryal, my Power, my Honours, and my Wealth, will prove as pleaſant, as the

ſmooth

ſmooth chin of *Cleonel*: —*Phillocles* his Wife you cannot be, his Miſtriſs I hope you ſcorne to be; much may be ſaid Lady, on this argument, but the time allowes it not, to morrow early you muſt to Sea, unleſſe you will bleſſe me, by being mine.

Cleo: Is it even ſo my good Father? I ſhall ſhew you a trick for your trick, if my skill faile not! [*He peeps in*]

Selin: My Lord, I muſt now give you the ſame anſwer I have ever done, that I can never have affection for you.

Cecro: No matter, few old mens wives have any.

Sel: My Lord, I do ſubmit unto the Emperours commands, pray let me be ſent away.

Cecro: 'Tis my humble love, begets this contempt! —I muſt try her another way; —Madam, you know the Emperours humour well, and you have heard how eagerly he covets to joyne *Hungary* to *Greece*, by *Phillocles* his match with *Aſtella*, and how much he abhorres his love to you, is evident: The truth is *Selindra*, you are this night by his command, to be raviſhed by my Son *Cleonel*, to that end ſent thither, which will allay the gallant Prince his appetite to marry you, and remove all further feares of that matter: 'Tis yet in your own power Madam by obliging me, to prevent *Cleonels* force, who for undertaking ſo baſe an act, ought to be diſpis'd. [*Aſide.*]

Sel: Raviſh'd, I'le rather dye, then ſuffer *Cleonel*, or yield to be your Wife, the Gods will not permit ſuch wickedneſſe!

Cec: Pleaſe you to retire unto your Lodging Lady: —There is no way to winne this fooliſh *Girle*, I am angerd even to hate her, yet cannot chuſe but love her; —but why ſhould I looſe this opportunity? I may now do, what I only invented for *Cleonel*; —I ſhall curſe my ſelf when ſhe is gone, and when no poſſibility is left, wiſh it had been ſo: it ſhall be; —if when I have raviſh'd her, ſhe can conſent, I'le marry her, if ſhe will not, I'le poyſon her, and being dead at Sea, hire the Marriners to throw her over-board, I will about it while my Blood is high! — [*He leads her in and returnes.*]

—*Venus* propitious be to my deſigne:
I'le offer Inſence onely at thy Shrine.

THE THIRD ACT.

[*Enter* Phillocles.]

Phill. Given to *Cecropius* cuſtody! that is to *Cleonels* embraces; I muſt ſee her: —is *Cecropious*, or *Cleonel* within?

Serv: They are Sir.

Philo: Is *Selindra* yet at reſt?

Serv: Yes Sir, long ſince. [*He knocks at* Cecropius's *Lodgings, and enter three ſervants with*

Phill: *ſwords.*]

Phill: Is it ſo late? I do believe you do miſtake, and ſhe is not; —what means this rudeneſſe?

[Phillocles *offers to enter, and they ſtop him.*]

Serv: The Emperor has given command, that neither your highneſſe, nor any from you, ſhould viſit *Selindra*; beſides Sir, all within are now at reſt.

[*A noyſe within.*]

Phil: My Fathers command! this is ſome deſigne from *Cleonel*: —are they all at reſt ſay you? —whence then is this noyſe I hear?

Serv: We know not Sir.

[*This way the noyſe is.*]

Phill: Hark, the ſame noyſe againe, 'tis within —ſtand by, —Villains give way, or I ſhall force my paſſage through your hearts, —by Heaven 'tis a Womans voice! —it is *Selindra*'s voice! ſhe calls for help too!

[*Goes out and returnes.*]

Selin: Help, oh help! murther, murther.

[*He hearkens at the* Scene.]

{Phillocles *Enters, breaks open a Doore within, and* Cecropious *is ſeen ſtrugling with* Selindra, Phillocles *takes* Cecropious *by the Coller, and as he offers to kill him,* Cleonel *Enters, and holds his Sword at* Selindra's *breſt.*}

Cleo: By my Fathers ſoule, I will ſtrike with thee *Phillocles*.

Phillocles. Thou dareſt not be ſo barbarouſly baſe, to harme ſuch innocence!

{*Here they look at one another in this poſture a while, then* Phillocles *throws by* Cecropius, *and runs at* Cleonel; *he quits* Selindra, *and meets* Phillocles; *while they fight, the others run out & raiſe the Court.*}

{*Enter the* Emperor, *with Train and Guard, who part them.*}

Emp: *Phillocles*, I have thus long winked at your follies, hoping that my mildneſſe would have begot a better temper in you, but I now ſee your ſore requires a Coriſive: go to your Lodgings, and as you value my diſpleaſure, move not from thence without my leave; —you of the Guard, wait upon the Prince, and let him not ſtirre out, as you will aniwer it to me, —*Cecropius*, let all leave us but your ſelf; —and now informe me of this Fray, and how he came hither, againſt my Command.

[*Exit* Phillocles *with the Guard.*]

[*Exeunt omnes.*]

Cecro: Mighty Sir, the Prince forced my ſervants from the Door, and found me threatning *Selindra*; and frighting of her, as if I meant a Rape, which I only fain'd; intending to take off *Phillocles* his affection that way, by which he might apply his thoughts towards *Aſtella*, for if the Prince ſhould marry *Selindra*! how can *Hungary* be yours? this Sir, is the truth.

Emp: I wiſh thou hadſt done, what thou onely talkeſt of, for this young man, will ruine all my hopes of *Hungary*, if we do not prevent him!

him! —it must be poyson *Cecropius*; I see no lesse will do it; *Selindra* must dye, and that presently. [Cleonel peeps in.]

Cecro: And shall Sir, if you so direct, by to morrow night it shall be done.

Emp: Be it so then, 'twill be the least evil, and the onely way to secure all the rest; let her be poysoned. *Exeunt ambo.*

[*Enter* Cleonel.]

Cleo: Poyson her, my curiosity was to good purpose at this time; was ever gray haires so wicked? how to prevent this mischief I know not; —*Selindra* will never credit it from me, yet I will urge her hard, and if I do get belief, and by this means bring my designs to passe I shall finde Doores too strong for *Phillocles* to force: —Love and *Venus* guide me,

{ Cleonel *goes out and returns* Selindra *flying before him, with a knife drawn, which she holds at her breast.*

Sel: Hold *Cleonel*, if thou presumest to touch me, this Knife shall be my reseue.

Cleo: Will this distance, with my obedience, and my humility remove your fears? —by *Selindra's* self I swear, my only businesse is to save that life you threaten; —does my heart and my looks so ill agree? that you can fear harm from me! [He steps back and kneels.]

Selin: Art not thou *Cecropius's* Son? —and does not his wilde blood, runne in thy vaines?

Cleo. No Madam, I am no whit allied unto *Cecropius* the Ravisher; he was a Man when he made me, and is now become a Monster; such as I dread to see *Selindra* under his Roof.

Sel: My Lord, that posture does neither become you, nor me, —pray come no nearer? [He rises and comes towards her.]

Cleo: You will pardon my approach when you shall know the cause of this unseasonable Visit; I have by accident o're heard the Emperor, give my Father order to poyson you, and he is providing to do it, this next night.

Selin. I am glad to hear they are grown so merciful, death is lesse dreadful then his Rape, —but how can I credit this from you? and how avoid it, if I do?

Cleo: Can *Selindra* believe, my love could ere conceale such a mischief? or that I will omit any endeavour, to preserve her from it?

Selin. Were not *Cleonel* a kin to the Ravisher, I might believe he would detect a Poysoner.

Cleo: If I tell you a false word, may suddain plagues seize on me, and if you please to make me the blest instrument of your escape, the Honour will be ample recompence for any hazzard I shall runne: I have Madam, a strong Castle within the Forrest, about a League from hence, thither I can convey you first, and then whither you please.

Selin:

Selin: Pray my Lord leave me a few minutes, that I may consider this great concern: —'tis very like, that he who would have ravish'd, may consent to poyson twenty such as I, rather then loose his hopes of *Hungary:* —I like well to fly from this near death, but I like not to trust my self to *Cleonel*; there may be more danger at his Castle, then in the death I would fly from; if I discover my self unto *Ordella*: she will solicite me for *Phillocles* (who I must ever hate) this will prove more desperate then all the rest: —I must trust *Cleonel*, though he be of a fiery Spirit, his honour was never yet tainted: —I will look gently on him, and ingage him if I can to be true to me: —My Lord, I have weighed my dangers, and your councel to avoid them, and I will trust my self to you, so you will swear to carry me directly unto *Belgrad*, (and not to your Castle) I have friends in *Hungary*, who will protect me, and there I shall have time to consider of your hazzards for me.

[*Exit* Cleonel.]

[*She calls* Cleonel.]

[*He Enters*]

Cleo: By our House-hold gods I swear to do it, by this fair hand, I will observe my Oath, and what ever else you shall command me: —though it be late, we must this night depart, you must make ready, while I take order for my Servants, and my Horses.

Selin: May I not see the Princess e're I go? will not to morrow night be time enough?

Cleo: To morrow night brings death, beyond all power to hinder; we should be going while we talk: ——Let no fears disturb you Madam, I can command the opening of the ports at any hour; all shall be according to your wish.

Selin: Heaven grant it *Cleonel*; ——

—When I remember the strict vow you made,
It were Impiety to be afraid.

[*Exeunt* severally.]

[*Enter* Phillocles, *and Guard.*]

Phil: Let the Boy only stay, and sing the Song I like.

The SONG.

Come, come, thou glorious object of my sight,
Oh my Joy! my Life, my only Delight!
May this glad minute be
Blest to Eternitie.

See how the glimmering Tapers of the Skie,
Do gaze, and wonder at our Constancy.
How they crowd to behold!
What our armes do infold!

How all do envy our Felicities!
And grudge the Triumphs of Selindras *Eyes:*

How

How Cynthia *seeks to shroud*
Her Creſcent, in yon Cloud!

Where ſad Night puts her ſable mantle on,
Thy light miſtaking, haſteth to be gone;
Her Gloomy ſhades give way,
As at the approach of day;

And all the Planets ſhrink, in doubt to be
Eclipſed by a brighter Deity.
Look, Oh look!
How the ſmall
Lights do fall,
And Adore,
What before
The heavens have not ſhew'n!
Nor their God-heads known:

Such a faith!
Such a Love!
As may move
Mighty Jove
From above
To deſcend, and remain,
Amongſt Mortals again.

Phill: Enough boy begon.

Enter Ordella, *to viſit him as in her Chamber, the Guard at the Doore appearing.*

Phill: Thou art welcome *Ordella*, let us ſit, and talk ſadly.

Ordel: My coming is to divert this ſadneſs which you too much indulge.

Phill: Does not my ſorrow become me *Ordella?* canſt thou wiſh me merry, when thou conſidereſt my Condition? who is there now in *Greece* more ſcorn'd then *Phillocles?*

Ordel: Who more honour'd? thy Victories ſhine bright upon thee, thy Vertues are unparallel'd, thy ſelf ador'd by thy own Subject, and by other Nations coveted; let not my brother provoke the gods, by his ingratitude.

Phil: Thou art miſtaken my dear Siſter, I am not that *Phillocles* thou meaneſt; not he that chaſed the *Germanes* out of *Hungary*, I am one that *Cleonel* dares Rival, and with a ſingle Arme, can check my force; a poore contemn'd priſoner I am, a man with half a ſoul thou ſeeſt, do I not become my Goale?

Ordell: I am ſad my ſelf to hear you talk thus; - but, my Brother, your affaires do require your preſent Counſel; pray let us conſider how *Selindra* may be ſecur'd from farther danger.

[Phillocles *ſtarts up haſtily.*]

Phill: Is *Selindra* in danger? ſpeak *Ordella*, what danger? who dares threaten her?

Ordel: You miſtake me Brother, I was about to tell you that In my opinion, ſhe will be ſafe at *Ciprus*, and do think fit when ſhe takes leave of me, to let her know your love, and reſolution to marry her, which will ſoon daſh *Cleonels* hopes; this I could not yet do, by reaſon ſhe was ſo ſuddainly committed to *Cecropius*; —your looks do fright me, and your unquiet thoughts, will ruine you.

Phil: Thou art my only comfort, thou ſhalt ſtill direct, and I'le obey, prithee *Ordella* chide me when I do amiſs; methinks thy looks ſpeak good ſucceſſe; I do approve her abſence for a while at *Ciprus*, becauſe you like it, and I will have patience too, becauſe you ſay 'tis fit.

Ordello. Patience will become you beſt, and beſt ſuit with your affaires.

Phil: Thou Councell'ſt well *Ordella*, but canſt not fancy what a broken heart endures; — my whole ſoul labours under the burden of my Love, and to that is added her neglects more weighty, and to this double load, my Fathers unjuſt anger falls upon me, as if I were not ſinking faſt enough before!

Ordel: My Fathers anger will be ſoon over.

Phil: I wiſh it not *Ordella*, may his fierce anger urge him on to my deſtruction, it will be handſomer to fall ſo, then to periſh by *Selindra*'s ſcorns.

Ordel: You raiſe imaginary evils that are not; I am confident *Selindra* has no thought for *Cleonel*, nor can I doubt but ſhe will meet your love, with as bright a flame as yours is.

Phi: Oh! that I could ſuffer ſuch a hope, or ſuch a thought poſſeſſe me; I would then meet my Fathers frowns, and blow away his thunder; did *Selindra* love me! I would wage a ſecond War with heaven, to gain her, and be more proud to fall her Martyr in ſo high attempt! then ſit next to Jove, with her neglects upon me.

[*Enter* Antenor.]

Ante: Madam, the Emperor ſent me to ſee if *Selindra* were here with you.

Ordel: What means my Father by this? Is ſhe not a Priſoner with *Cecropius*?

Ante: She was, but is now miſſing, at which *Cecropius* is halfe madde.

[*Enter* Antillacus *to them.*]

Antil: Madam, I come to let you know that by day-break *Cleonel*, with *Selindra* paſt the Ports, and about two hours after, were met on that way, that leads to his Caſtle.

Phil: Let them that love me follow me.

} Phillocles *ſnatches* Antillacus *his Sword and runnes at his Guard who give way.*

As

As Phillocles *goes out, he meets* Lascares. *and* Cecropius, *and wounds* Cecropius *in the Arme.*

Emp. Traytor, Villain: - stay all; I do command you stay *Antillachus*: - See the Court-Gates lock'd, that none go after him; — *Cecropius* do you retire and look to your hurt, he meant it at thy heart old Man; may thy Sons good Sword revenge it on him, if they meet, and he fall under it.

Ordel: Oh Sir! Let not your curses follow my Brother, he has Afflictions enough without them.

Emp: Peace *Ordella*, thy tenderneſſe doth too much nouriſh thy Brothers follies, I would rather he ſhould not be, then be thus Effeminate; I have fought many Battles, and done great things to ſettle this Empire; and think you it will be kept, and Govern'd by a heart with a Dart in it.

Ordell: Good Sir, let not my Brothers ſingle errour put from your memory all his great Actions, if you would ſpeak mildly to him of his Love, I do believe your Arguments may move him more, then all this rigour can; he has a Noble Spirit, ſuch as you did like, and I know he loves you Sir.

Emp: Let me know when he returnes.

Exeunt Emperor.

Ordell: Are any gone after *Phillocles?*

Enter to Ordella, Armanthus, Gillon *Ladies.*

Arman: Yes Madam, we think *Antillacus* is gone with *Antenor.*

Ordel: But can they overtake him time enough, before he reaches *Cleonel?*

Gillon. No doubt they may:

[*Enter to them* Antillacus, *and* Antenor.]

Ordell: Not yet gone *Antillacus?*

Antil: Madam, all the Court-Gates, are by the Emperors expreſſe command lock'd up, and Guards ſet, that no man now can paſſe.

Ordel: Is it not madneſſe to hazzard him alone againſt *Cleonel* and his company? My Lords, do you mean to give obedience to this raſh command? and ſuffer *Phillocles* to periſh thus; when my Fathers anger is allay'd, hee'l curſe your modeſty, if not puniſh it, in caſe my Brother do miſcarry.

Antil: Madam, we have no way to follow the Prince, unleſſe your ſelfe command the Guards to let us paſſe.

Ordel: Come then with me; I will ſtand my Fathers anger when it goes higheſt, rather then let my Brother fall thus neglected.

Exeunt omnes.

[*Enter* Phillocles.]

Phillo: Thoſe at the Caſtle, do not hear of *Cleonel*, nor expect him there; ſure *Antillacus* did miſtake them, or I him, which way now to take I know not: —'Tis ſtrange *Antillacus* and *Antenor* ſtay ſo long, I muſt not quit this Road, untill they come: —Hark I hear men and Horſes within the Wood, my buſineſſe is to ſearch every where: Love guide me to her Reſcue, or my Death.

[*Exit* Phillocles.]

{*Enter* Cleonel, *leading* Selindra, *followed by four Servants.*}

Cleo: How is it now Madam? your Spirits ſeem to be return'd, are you yet ſtrong enough to ride on? we have reſted long.

Selin: I hope I am, 'twas the blow which the bough gave my head, makes me thus ill, the buſhes kept me from the ground, ſo that my fall could not hurt me.

Cleo: The day is farre ſpent Madam, and we ſhall be no ſooner miſt, then follow'd; pray let us to horſe, there is a place near, where we may reſt for one night ſecure.

Selin: My head growes diſzey with this little motion, I fear I cannot ſit upon my Horſe yet; —methinks you might hide me here in theſe thick buſhes untill night, and when 'tis dark, find ſome better means to carry me away.

Cleo: 'Twill not be ſafe to ſtay longer, ſo near our Enemies.

[*Enter* Phillocles.]

Phil: 'Tis *Cleonel*; —turne this way Traytor:

{Cleonel *holds up* Selindra, *and ſends his men to* Phillocles.}

Cleo: Take the Prince without harme, if you can.

Phil: Am I not worthy thy own Sword Raviſher?

[*They Fight.*]

{Phillocles *runnes deſperately among the men, paſſes them, and comes up to* Cleonel, *they all incompaſſe him, fighting*: Selindra *runnes amongſt them and parts 'um*}

Selin: I beg your patience Sir; —and do command thine *Cleonel*, but here me ſpeak, I do conjure you both, —*Phillocles*, brave Prince, look

look on me with pitty, and on *Cleonel* with juſtice; my life being ſought ſeveral wayes by *Laſcares*, and *Cecropius*, I have endeavour'd to preſerve by flight; you muſt therefore look on *Cleonel* as truſted, and imployed by me, being ingaged by Oath to carry me to *Belgrade*, to my Friends there.

Phil: Thou art betray'd *Selindra*, loſt for ever; this is not the way to *Belgrade*, you are now within a mile of his Caſtle, this way leads to no other place; —thou perfidious Villain, canſt thou ſmile at ſuch a treachery?

Cleo. Yes *Phillocles*, and will be my own carver now, I muſt be firſt ſerv'd here: —do you two carry her to Horſe, I'le ſoon o're take you.

[*He delivers* Selindra *to two of his men.*]

Selin: To Horſe *Cleonel*; —I'le rather dye, then ſtir a foot that way.

Cleo: Force her to Horſe, we have no time to talk.

Phil: Force her! thou curſed ſlave, I'le ſacrifice thee ere ſhe goes.

{ Cleonel *and his two Men fight with* Phillocles, *while the other two force off* Selindra: —

Selin: The gods preſerve the Prince; help, help, murther, treaſon, treaſon:. —— *Exeunt with* Selindra.

{ *Upon her cryes, enter ſix Travelors,* Pollidor *the Chief.* }

Poll: Let ſome help thoſe that cry, let others ſearch the Wood, I'le towards the claſhing Swords; —how's this! three to one!

{ Pollidor *runs at* Cleonel *and diverts him, juſt as* Phillocles *had kill'd one man, at which inſtant the other man hurts* Phillocles *in the back, and ſeeing this reſcue, he runs into the Wood;* Phillocles *runs after him that fled, believing it had been* Cleonel, *whom he could not ſee, becauſe* Pollidor *having run* Cleonel *through the heart, was fallen himſelf upon him, who being by* Cleonel *run into the throat, lay alſo as dead covering* Cleonel.

{ *Enter to them the reſt of the Travelors, with* Selindra *very weak, who when they ſee* Pollidor *dead, do let* Selindra *fall, who lies on the ground while they take up* Pollidor, *and dreſs his wounds.*

Tene: Curs'd be that Woman, accurs'd our Fate to looſe our prince

[*They dreſs him as they talke.*]

Teik:

Teck: Now the blood iſſues at the wound, it may prove not mortall.

Titi. The blood only choak'd him as he lay, you ſee his Eyes look chearfully.

[*Kneels.*] *Tene*: Ye Gods, if any do take care of *Hungary*, look down on *Pollineſſo*, and reſtore him to us.

Selin: What's that he ſaid? —was it *Pollineſſo* that he named?

[*She looks up*:]

Titius. The King will live, thanks to heaven for his deliverance.

Selin: They call him King too; *Pollineſſo*'s name, gives me Strength; —but that face is none of mine, and yet that name makes that face lovely to me; —How I fool my ſelf with vain hopes, of what cannot be!

[*She lies down againe ſadly.*]

Ten: How is it Sir? your looks are lively, and your wound, though it did at firſt ſeem deſperate, is not very dangerous.

Polli: My tongue moves heavily, and painfully, loſſe of blood makes me faint too; —how ſhall I travell with theſe wounds? —my ſtay here will be very dangerous, and my Journey to *Belgrade*, too long for one ſo weak as I am.

Ten: The ſame Gods that have preſerv'd you to this day, will not let you fall thus.

[*He faints and ſlumbers.*]

Selin: They talke of *Belgrade* too; who can this be? —give me way, that I may gaze on this wonder.

{*She riſes, crowds in amongſt them, and ſtares on* Pollidor.

Tene: Away wild Woman, thou Author of this miſchief.

Selin: He looks up again! thoſe Eyes are mine, I know 'um now!

[*She offers to imbrace him.*]

Tene: Throw her off, teare her away, ſhe diſturbs him, ſure ſhe is madde. [*They pull her from him.*]

Selin: 'Tis you are mad, 'tis you that love him not; why do you haile me thus? whither will you dragge me? did you not call him *Pollneſſo*.

Titi. Yes.

Selin: King *Pollineſſo*!

Titi: I think we did.

Selin: That name is mine, thoſe wounds are mine then!

[*She offers to go to him, but they hold her off.*]

Titi: I wiſh they were.

Selin: And ſo do I with all my heart, pray let me go to him, I can heal him with my tears; —I'le ſuck his wounds well, for I have heard wounds have been cur'd ſo.

Tene:

Tene: How comes his name in her mouth.

Teck: 'Twas not well done of us, to name him as we did, best to ſtrangle her, leſt ſhe diſcover us.

Titi. Shall I ſhoot her in the head? though the Act be horrid, 'tis better ſhe periſh, then all wee.

Teck: Let us firſt hear what ſhe will ſay to him, we ſhall have time enough to kill her after.

Selin: I pray who are all you?

Tene: We are the hurt mans ſervants Lady, pray who are you? by whom we have receiv'd ſuch dammage.

Selin: If my Eyes deceive me not, I may be happy; but am yet, the moſt miſerable, accurs'd Woman living.

Titi: I think ſo too. [*Aſide.*]

Polli: What Woman is that weeps ſo?

Tene: 'Tis ſhe you reſcued Sir.

Polli: Did I reſcue her? ——loſſe of blood makes my Eyes dazzle, and my fancy work even to a lightneſſe; that Face brings to my memory ſomething that I have known: —why does ſhe weep? and why do you hold her ſo rudely *Tenedor*?

[Pollidor *and* Selindra *both look earneſtly at each other.*]

Selin. In charity to me Sir, though they know it not, for had they ſooner let me know that *Pollineſſo* liv'd! my ſuddain joy had ſlain me.

Polli: What is this ſhe ſayes?

Titi: She is a Witch Sir I think.

Selin: Does not my Brother know me yet? have my ſorrowes wrought ſuch a change, that *Pollineſſo* ſhould not know me?

Polli: Oh! my *Aſtella*, pardon my dull ſight; for I am very weak. [*He faints.*]

Selin: Would I had dyed, rather then be reſcued at this rate, ſo joyful, and ſo ſad a day I have not ſeen before.

Teck. He does but ſlumber Madam, and 'tis good he ſhould do ſo.

Selin: But ſlumber ſay you, it looks ſo like death! that I would dye to ſee it!

Tene: Madam, the Joy will out-live the ſorrow of this day, the Prince's hurt is without danger; —can your goodneſſe pardon the rude words which my ſelfe, and theſe Lords in our diſtraction ſpeake?

Selin: Alas my Lord, I was not ſenſible of what you ſayd, my mind was ſo o're-loaden with my griefs, and ſo intent on *Pollineſſo*! that I heard you not; Now while my Brother takes this reſt, pray make me know how he eſcaped, when my Father and *Barzanes* fell, and why he has been thus long conceal'd.

Tene: Madam, in that ſad day, *Pollineſſo* in vain attempting to ſave his Father, was with my ſelf, and theſe you ſee here, caſt on a ſandy bank, from whence by good ſwimming we got to ſhoar, and have been ſince diſguiſed for fear of *Laſcares*, in ſeveral Princes Courts ſoliciting for aid, to force the *Grecians* to quit their ſtolen poſſeſſion of *Hungary*; when in the midſt of *Pollineſſo*'s preparation, he hears that *Philocles* had reſign'd the Crown to be preſerv'd for you; This made us lay aſide

aside all further preparation for a Warre, and thus disguis'd to passe this way to *Belgrade*; It seems by destiny directed to your rescue.

Selin: I shall find some fitter time for my own story, 'twere good that we removed my Brother, –he waikes: —how are you Sir, has this repose refresht you?

Polli: I am something better then I was *Astella*, and shall soon be well, now I may look on thee.

Selin: And I most happy! my brother you must give us leave to remove you to some place of rest, and safety, and you must be still conceal'd; which these new wounds, with your Perriwig will be disguise enough.

Polli: I shall be directed by you.

Sel: You must also a little counterfeit your voice, lest you be remember'd by it; for should *Lascares* know who were in his power, all his hopes of *Hungary* would vanish, untill he saw you dead; I am call'd *Selindra* here.

Poll: Who were those Robbers? and how came you amongst them?

Selin: 'Twas *Cleonel*, who did beguile me, after he had sworn to carry me to *Belgrade*, was conveying me to his own Castle.

Pol: Was not *Cleonel Cerropius*'s son? and will not his death, be our ruine if we stay here?

Sel: My interest in the Princess *Ordella*, will secure you, and his guilt was such a crime, as can expect no justice from the Law to touch you; besides the rescue you brought the Prince, will merrit a reward, –but where is *Phillocles*? where is the Prince! we are all lost indeed, if he be fallen: I have been so much distracted, that I mist him not till now!

Tecknor. What Prince mean you Madam?

Selin: Prince *Phillocles*! 'twas he my brother rescued; runne, look, search about the Wood, for heaven sake search; –unfortunate *Astella*, and unworthy, that could thus long forget him, now *Pollinesso* lives! I have no hate to *Phillocles*; methinks his vertues now look gloriously upon him –but how shall I look on *Ordella*? if her beloved brother have lost his life, to save my honour!

Pol: Was it *Phillocles* that I found fighting with *Cleonel* and his two men?

Selin: 'Twas he.

Polli: 'Tis strange I knew him not, but I now remember as I came in, he did persue the man that fled into the Wood, –(let some looke that way,) *Selindra*, I must glory in my wounds, that have sav'd thee from false *Cleonel*, and relieved *Phillocles*, who my soul thirsts to see, next thy self most dear to me.

Sel: And mine trembles at his absence.

Enter Phillocles *to them bloody, and weary, leaning on his Sword, he calls before he is seen to Enter.*

Phil: *Selindra*, *Selindra*, is *Selindra* safe? –has she any mercy yet for *Phillocles*?

Selin.

Selin: She is safe and happy too, now she sees you alive Sir; my heart is so much disturb'd by my fears and joyes, that I know not how to expresse my gratitude: good Sir, let these strangers dress your Wounds, they have shewed much skill on this hurt man. [*She goes kindly to him.*]

Phil: My Wounds are but slight scratches when *Selindra* smiles; my joyes are much more dangerous then my Wounds.

Selin: My life Sir, and my honour you have saved, I must look on you with devotion! pray be pleas'd to own these our Redeemers, and give them some assurance of your Protection, they fear *Cleonel*'s death may by *Cecropius*'s power with the Emperor, prove their destruction.

Phill: I will be their security, *Selindras* Redeemers shall command my life; of what Country are they?

Tene: *Hungarians* Sir, Men that since the late Warre, have sought Fortunes in Forraign Lands, and now on private Affaires, were returning home.

[Selindra *brings* Phillocles *to* Pollidor.]

Phillo: Unto you Sir, I have a great Obligation, such as my whole Life shall expresse my Zeale to serve you, for by you *Selindra* lives.

Polli: Sir, I am rewarded much above my merrit, and shall bless the occasion that gave me power to serve you.

[*Enter* Antillacus *and* Antenor.]

Antilla: Sir, the Emperour's much inraged at *Cecropius*'s hurt you gave him, and at your departure, staid us till now; —Is this *Cleonels*, or your own blood Sir?

Phillo: 'Tis neither, *Cleonel* fell by that Noble hand, whose timely ayd deliver'd *Selindra* from a Rape, and me from death; My Arme *Antillacus*, is grown weak of late, and thy good Sword so dull, it will do nothing in my hand.

Ante: But Sir, how comes it that you thus neglect your Wounds.

Phillo: I have businesse of more weight to think on, now *Selindra* smiles: —*Antenor*, pray haste you back unto *Ordella*, and desire her to be the first relator of *Cleonels* death, bid her tell my Father of his horrid Treachery, and let her magnifie these strangers sent by the gods to save the innocent, and to chastise the perjur'd Ravisher; make haste *Antenor*, and tell *Ordella* that I am in Paradice!

Ante: She will be glad to hear that you are well Sir.

Phillo: Well *Antenor*, why thou art well, and so is he, and he, we are all well; but I am blest with all my heart can wish for; tell my Sister the gentle, and the fair *Selindra* smiles, and let her think the rest! —I am all Ayre, *Antillacus* pray thee help me to rub my Wounds, a little smart may let me know that I am mortall. [*Exit* Antenor.]

Antill: If I mistake not Sir, you'l finde smart enough in your Fathers rage, when he hears of *Cleonels* death.

Phil: Some anger will do well *Antillacus*, to allay this joy within me.

Selin: I have some fears too, lest *Cecropius*'s malice may ruine us, you know his power Sir.

Phill: Let not my Divineſt Miſtris have ſo mean a thought of my power to ſerve her, let not a ſad look appear on this day, that you have dain'd to ſmile on *Phillocles*: Madam, 'tis time that we were moving towards the Town, with our wounded Friend; how muſt I call him?

Selin: I think they call him *Pollidor*; Sir, though my confidence in you be equal to the value you are pleas'd to ſet on me, I cannot chuſe but fear *Laſcares*'s anger, when I think on *Cleonel*.

Phil: Believe me *Selindra*, I will rather dye, then let them ſuffer.

[*He leads off* Selindra, *the reſt take up* Pollidor.]

Phil: Thus let us march in Triumph to the Town,
Aloud proclaiming *Pollidor*'s renown;
While the Arched Heaven do Ecco its content,
To ſee *Selindra* freed from Raviſhment.

Exeunt Omnes.

THE FOURTH ACT.

{*Enter* Emperor, Ordella, Cecropius, Antenor, *and Servants.*}

Cecrop: SIr, I beg the due Execution of our Lawes on Murderers.

Ordel: And I Sir, beg mercy for thoſe that have ſav'd my Brothers life.

Emp: I may not hearken to thy ſuit *Ordella*, the Lawes muſt be inviolable, to pardon ſuch a Murther, would pull down Vengeance on my own head, on thine too, on all our Family. [*She weeps:*]

Cecro. When you remember *Cleonels* faith, and his many ſervices, I hope Sir you will not deny me Juſtice.

Emp. Cecropius you ſhall have Juſtice; - go you *Antenor*, and command the Provoſt of the City that he ſeize *Selindra*, and her fellow Murtherers, let them be all cloſe Priſoners in the black Tower; by to morrow this time, ſhall their bloods be ſhed, as they ſhed *Cleonels*.

Ordel: Did you ſay *Selindra* ſhould be Priſoner Sir.

Emp: I did.

Ordel: Good Sir, call back *Antenor* till you have heard me ſpeak.

Emp: I may not *Ordella*.

Ordel: Who can forbid you to be Merciful? and juſt? you break the Lawes of Hoſpitality in this; *Selindra* is a ſtranger, ſhe is innocent, and cannot ſuffer juſtly; *Cleonel* was full of horrid guilt, and was cut off by a juſt hand; -the Travellers too, have ſaved *Phillocles* his life; good Sir, let not *Cecropius* malice, perſwade you to do, what you will bluſh to think on after.

Emp:

Emp: They ſhall have Juſtice, and a Legal Tryall.

Ordel: Oh Sir! where is your wonted mercy? whither is that goodneſſe fled? how have I loſt your favour? that cannot with my Tears, nor Prayers prevale on your miſtaken anger.

[*Enter* Phillocles, Antillacus *and* Armanthus.]

Phill: Is it your Majeſties Command, that *Selindra* ſhould be a Priſoner?

Emp: Muſt I aske your leave?

Phil: Though not my leave Sir, I cannot chuſe but wonder at ſuch rigour!

Emp: You have leave to wonder on:

Phill: Thus low Sir, I do humbly beg *Selindra*'s Inlargement, and an equall Tryal for thoſe that reſcued us; — [*He kneels.*]

Emp: *Selindra* as chief acceſſary muſt abide the Sentence of the Law, in this caſe of *Cleonel*: —*Phillocles* thy mean Love has drown'd all my Favours, and Eclip'ſt all thy former actions; from this time I ſhall ſtudy to forget thee, unleſſe thou wilt forget *Selindra*, and lead the Army to relieve *Aſtella*.

Phill: I ſhall obey you Sir in this, and all things elſe, ſo you will be pleas'd to ſend *Selindra* ſafe to *Ciprus*, and ſet thoſe innocent men free, that ſaved my life.

Emp: Degenerate fool, I ſhall cure this diſeaſe in thee; *Cecropius* ſend preſently for the Judges, Command them by virtue of this my Signet, to put the Lawes in preſent Execution, upon thy Sons Murtherers; let the rigour of the Law paſſe on them all.

Phil: Ye Gods, to what purpoſe are men innocent? why is virtue prays'd, and taught us? —Good Sir, conſider how you do murther theſe innocents, with a ſhew of Law, and a pretence of Juſtice.

Emp: How dare you talke thus?

Phil: You make me deſperate Sir.

Emp: Do not raiſe my temper higher, leſt I cut thee off, as if thou wer't no part of me; —they ſhall dye.

Phill: Had the Gods ſo pleas'd, I wiſh my ſelf the meaneſt of your Subject, for I am now a ſlave unto your paſſions, and muſt inherit the curſe that's due to all your guilts, ſuch as I ſhake to think on; 'Tis you Sir, that have murthered *Cleonel*, 'twas your poyſon that *Selindra* fled from; by your confining me, you gave *Cecropius* firſt, and *Cleonel* next, the power to become Raviſhers; pray let the Law take notice of this! —It may free innocent perſons.

Emp: Who am I? Is this Gallant my Son, or my Soveraigne?

Phil: Sir I do ſee fire, and fury in your Eyes, and am prepar'd to meet it, 'tis better to dye with thoſe are Noble, then to live thus neglected; by my hand two of *Cleonels* men fell, 'tis I am guilty of that ſin of reſcuing *Selindra* from a Rape: let your Juſtice, and your Lawes, grow famous by my blood, 'twill pleaſe *Cecropius* well; by all our Gods I'le not out-live thoſe innocents.

Emp: Tis fit to take thee at thy word.

{ *The* Emperor *Draws and Runs at* Phillocles *to kill him,* Ordella *ſteps between.*

Phil: It will become your own hand beſt.
Ordel: Have you another Son Sir, when you have ſlain my Brother?

[Phillocles *is going out.*]

Emper: Antenor, call in my Guard, and carry *Phillocles* to the New Caſtle; ſee that he be ſafe, and cloſe there, as you will anſwer it with your life; —I ſhall not truſt you in the Army now Sir.

[*Here all intercede.*] *Ordel:* Pray Sir re-call this ſevere command, my Brother has no danger in him, you ſaw he did not avoid death, when your hand offer'd it.

Emp: Antenor, I will be obeyed; —by Heaven he dyes that dares diſpute my Will.

[*Spake aſide*] [*He kneels.*] *Phill:* If I go to Priſon? *Selindra* dyes, there is none can help her, and then, I ſhall have time hereafter, to lament her ſad fate; Sir, I aske your pardon for the harſh words I utter'd, I did believe thoſe truths might touch you, and move compaſſion towards thoſe you threaten ſo much rigour too: but I now ſee your anger has decreed them dead, and that you have the ſame thought for me; my laſt ſute is, that ſince we may not live, we may dye together: I ſhall ſubmit to any kind of Death Sir; But I have vowed to be no more confin'd.

Emp: You of the Guard ſeize on him.

[*As the Guard comes toward him he draws.*]

Phil: Againſt Impriſonment, I ſhall endeavour what I can; command my death Sir, and I will welcome it.

[*Opens his Armes.*] *Emp:* Kill him; —Kill the Traytor; —dares none ſtirre to do it? Is my breath grown ſo weak? Ile try my own ſtrength then.

{ *The* Emperor *ſnatches a Partizan from one of the Guard, and wounds* Phillocles *in the breaſt ſlightly,* Phillocles *holding down his Sword opens his arms and receives the wound, they ſearch his wound, ſet him in a Chair, while the* Emperor *ſtands amaz'd at what he had done.*

Ordell. Oh, my Brother's ſlain! how cruel, and unnaturall a deed is this?

[*Enter* Cecropius.]

Cecro: The Surgeons ſay the Chiefe Priſoner will not Live till Morning; I beg Sir, that the ſentence may paſſe on the reſt.

{ *The* Emperor *gives* Cecropius *no anſwer, only points to* Phillocles, *lets fall the Partizan till then in his hand, and* Exit *with* Cecropius.

Antill:

Antil: 'Twas well the Emperors age did not permit his force to act his will, the wound has not past the bone Madam, 'tis but a slight cut in the flesh.

Arman: 'Tis time that you hasten to the Army, for while *Cecropius* holds his power, you cannot be safe here.

Ordell: He advises well Brother, untill my Father be dispossest of this evill spirit that reignes in him, I wish you away too.

Phil: I think it must be so; the Souldiers I hope have not forgot their love to me; —My Dear Sister, pray will you ore-take my Father lest in this fit he slay all our Friends; say that *Selindra* did fly willingly with *Cleonel*, and that she regards not my Love, say any thing to gaine a little time, untill I may do something to relieve them.

Ordel: I shall do my best: —

Ordella *at the Door meets the* Emperor *with* Selindra *in his hand, and* Pollidor *led in, he delivers* Selindra *to* Ordella, *and points to them to set* Pollidor *by* Phillocles, *then goes out with* Cecropius *and Servants.*

Ordell: What means my Father by this dumb shew?

Polli: Where are we now *Tenedor*?

Tene: Truly Sir, I know not, but I see Friends here.

Polli: Who are they?

Tene: Those that brought you in, were the Emperor, and *Cecropius*; you know Prince *Phillocles*, that whispers with *Selindra*, that other sure is the Princess *Ordella*.

Polli: Is that the Princess *Ordella*?

Phil: Your presence Madam gives me strength, and your kind looks, give life unto my drooping spirits.

Selin: How miserable am I Sir, that am the occasion of all these evils.

Phil: Your own sufferings are the onely evills to be lamented, I could curse my self, that brings such troubles on you; —but Madam we forget to comfort this Gallant man, by whose Sword we enjoy our Lives: —Sir, can you pardon me that undertook so much, and can so little serve you?

Polli: It was an injury Sir, to think I would receive my life, ransom'd by your death.

Phill: By my wound *Pollidor*, I have appeas'd my Fathers Rage; by thy wounds *Selindra* Lives, and through all these Clouds, I see the Tempest ceasing; —cannot *Selindra* speak to him?

Selin: I have a heart as full of Gratitude as yours Sir, but not yet any means to shew it; I shall make it my busines to serve him.

Phill: Has my Dear Sister no complement for *Pollidor*? by whose valour she enjoyes *Selindra*, and me.

Ordel: Yes *Phillocles*, I am studying how to expresse it, for you two have left nothing for me to say: Sir, I can only thank you o're again for my Brothers, and my Friends preservation, by which you have obliged me, and the whole Empire, and do deserve some publique Honour, and high Recompence.

Polli:

Polli: What honour, or what recompence can outweigh this you now heap on me? Madam, if what I have done, be a ſervice that you will own, I have no wiſh beyond it; I ſhall ever on this day keep a ſolemn Feaſt unto the Gods, that did direct my courſe that way, and gave me power to become as happy here, as in *Elizium*.

Phill: Let thoſe Lodgings next to mine, be made ready for *Pollidor*, I will not truſt him farther from me; —*Antillacus*, go you with as little noyſe as may be to the Army, and let the Souldiers know, that I will ſuddainly be with them; ſome lead out *Pollidor*.

[*Exeunt Omnes.*]

[*Enter the* Emperor *and* Cecropius.]

Cecro: 'Twas not revenge, for *Cleonel*, made me preſſe your Majeſty to do Juſtice on his Murtherers, but to cut off *Selindra*, by which *Phillocles* might have no hindrance to gain *Aſtella*; —But Sir, ſince you have freed the Priſoners, and are content, the Prince ſhall marry *Selindra*, I have done; if you Sir, can lay by all thoughts of *Aſtella*; and that Crown, I ſhall ſoon forget a private loſſe.

Emp: I muſt laugh *Cecropius* to ſee how thou art abus'd by my feigned ſhew of kindneſſe, which I only did, to heal the wound I gave; had I another Son, by whom I might gaine *Hungary*, *Phillocles* had found my Force, anſwerable to my Anger; but I confeſſe I did relent, upon a ſuddain thought, which made me ſtrike ſo feebly at him, for now to looſe *Phillocles*, were to throw *Hungary* away, and to deſtroy *Selindra*, were by another kind of ſtroak to deſtroy *Phillocles*.

Cecro: What other way have you Sir? that I cannot yet fancy.

Emp: A ſure one *Cecropius*, away that cannot faile, I will give looſe reins to my Sons Love, let him run on, and Joy in his beloved *Selindra*, whoſe ſweets once had, and his young appetite allayed, (as moſt violent paſſions ſooneſt are) then 'twill be beſt to take away *Selindra* by a Poyſon; then it may be done without ſuſpition, while I urge on the Marriage, joyne in all the Nuptiall Jollities, and put on ſuch pleaſing looks, as ſhall make thee doubt my purpoſe, though thou knoweſt my heart.

Cecro: I ſee not yet how this can get *Aſtella*, or that Crown.

Emp: Thou art grown ſo dull of late, that thou ſeeſt nothing; while this joy laſts, *Aſtella* may be found, and then *Selindra* dying, what can hinder *Phillocles* from getting *Aſtella*?

Cecro: I do ſubmit Sir, and muſt applaud your purpoſe, 'tis a deſign I do confeſſe, much above my reach, and the firſt miſchief I have come ſhort in.

Exeunt ambo.

{Pollidor *ſeen in his Chamber, Enter to him* Phillocles *and* Ordella, *and* Selindra, *the ſervants go off.*}

Phil: You look chearfully to day *Pollidor*, we may hope to ſee you abroad ſhortly.

Polli:

Polli: I believe I might venture now Sir, though my Surgeons be not of my mind; but Sir, how do you find the good old Emperor disposed.

Phil: I like not my Fathers smiles *Pollidor*, his suddain starts into such extreams, make me apprehend more danger in his kindnesse, then his rage; so that to prevent all further evils, I have a purpose to repaire unto the Army; and 'tis *Ordella*'s wish, as well as mine, that *Selindra* would trust her self with me there.

Polli: That may secure you both, but will not *Selindra*'s honour suffer?

Ordel: Now that *Selindra*'s interest, and his are become one, I see no reason she should fear to go, nor indeed any scruple why their Marriage may not be privatly, and presently dispatch'd, for while the businesse lingers thus, they give hopes to such Endeavours as would divert it, and do runne daily hazzards, by staying here.

Philla: *Ordella* argues what my soul wishes, but *Selindra*'s looks do not consent to make me so soon happy.

Selin: Sir, my looooks do be-lye my heart, if they shew ought that would delay a happinesse to you, for I have none beyond yours: – But Sir, above all other reasons, *Pollidor* (not being yet able to attend you) if he be left behind, will hardly escape *Cecropius*'s fury?

Phil: Most true *Selindra*, he will be in danger, I shall therefore attend his recovery; without him I will not move; nor will I put a thought in act without thy Councel.

Ordel: You have both said well, but in my judgment, this is no fit time for such Complements, when your lives are daily sought.

Polli: If you be resolv'd to attend my recovery, I shall propose a sudden fancy of mine, to that purpose, which may secure us.

Phill: Speak it *Pollidor*.

Polli: Suppose *Selindra* do ask the Princes leave to return to *Cyprus*, and give out that she only expects, her Fathers coming to convey her thither. —Sir, you may court *Selindra* publikely while she stayes, and she seem to neglect your love, and put on a shew of kindnesse unto me, as in gratitude for my hazzards in her redemption, I will also counterfeit affection to *Selindra*, and give out, that I am of better quality then I seem: This Sir, if well manag'd, will be ground enough, to deceive their best Spies, and for some time secure us all.

Phillocles. I approve your thought *Pollidor*, and if *Selindra* can undertake her part, doubt not me, I'le put on such a seeming jealousie, as shall puzzle the old Fox *Cecropius* himself.

Selindra. I shall easily observe my directions, and soon learn to be civil to a man, I owe so much to!

Philla: Come *Ordella*, while they practise love, we will reconcile us to the *Emperor*, and try to bring him on a present visit to *Pollidor*, before this fit of his good nature leave him.

Ordel: *Selindra* we must find you fitting in a more familiar way with *Pollidor*, then ordinary conversation does allow.

[*Exeunt* Phillocles *and* Ordella.]

Selin:

Selindra. I shall obey you Madam: —Now they are gone, we may enjoy our selves, this happy design of yours, will afford us many houres of freedome.

Pollidor. My soul is joyed to look on thee *Astella*!

Selin: And my happinesse too great to be expresst by words! that you live! makes this Earth a Paradice to me; my heart can scarce make roome for *Phillocles*, it is so full of *Pollinesso*!

Polli: I am all thine *Astella.*

[*She embraces him.*]

[*Enter to them* Tenedor, Tecknor, *and others.*]

Tenedor. Is it time Sir, that you retir'd to rest, you spend your spirits, by so much discourse, which does retard your cure.

Teck: You should neglect no means Sir, for your recovery, lest by a long stay here, some accident unlook'd for, may make you known.

Tenedor. I wonder *Phillocles* does not call to mind that he has seen you.

Pollidor. He believes me dead, as all others do; but I shall observe the best rules for my recovery however: —Now *Astella* we have time to hear how you were conveyed from *Belgrade*, pray make me know how you came hither!

Selin: That same night that you departed to the Army, and our first Embassadors went towards *Greece*, to implore *Lascares's* aid against the *Germanes*, I was by my Fathers own hand deliver'd unto *Periander*, whom I was to call Father; and by him was brought to *Cipres*, where the Plague then raging, he transports me with his Family to this Town.

Pollidor. How came you into the Court then?

Selin: On the first Feast-day, I went with *Periander* to the Temple, that I might see the Emperor, and the Princess *Ordella*, where the Princess casting her Eyes on me, found mine so fixed on her, that I could not remove them, but blush'd, and still look'd on her: by what power led, I know not; but she took a fancy to have me live with her, which *Periander* durst shew no dislike to: thus was I, to my great joy, call'd to Court, where I became a Companion to the Princess: within a short time *Cleonel* had affection for me, which did not free me from old *Cecropius* dotage: of which, with Prince *Phillocles* his worthy love, you shall know hereafter, for I have now held you too long from your repose.

Pollidor. Dearest *Astella* thy words are balsome to my wounds.

Exeunt Lords.

[Pollidor *and* Selindra *embrace.*]

{*Enter* Emperor, Phillocles, Ordella, Cecropius, } { *and Traine, and see them Embracing.* }

Phillocles. Your Majesty will not think this honour too much for *Pollidor*, when you shall know he is of better quality then he seems; —ha! what do I see? [*They embrace and rise disturb'd.*]

Emp:

Emp: That which should teach thee to have nobler thoughts *Phillocles*, think on this surprize.

Phil: How they are disturb'd!

Ordel: They do it rarely well. [*aside.*]

Emp: Sir, I am now come to excuse the imprisonment you had, and to give you thanks for my sons life; I shall now endeavour to recompence your merit, rather then trouble you with words.

Poll: Great Sir, this honour, with the many other favours I receiv'd, do shame me to think that you allow me a merrit I cannot own; but if the Gods do give me life, my onely businesse shall be to seek occasions to serve you and yours.

Emp: I shall contribute what I can to your health, and will please my selfe, with the expectation of great things from you.

While they talk, the Emperor *observes* Phillocles *courting* Selindra, *and she neglecting him; the* Emperor *observes* Pollidor *to be troubled at their Courtship, and is pleased at it.*

Poll: Sir, you oblige me beyond words, to utter my sense of your favours.

Emp: My purpose is to give you a kind welcome, and a respect suitable to your worth, and quality: ——fair Maid, I know not well how to frame my discourse to you, whom I have so ill treated; but I shall no more disturb your joyes, I do now make it my suit, that you will defer your return to *Cipres*, I shall lay my commands on *Ordella*, to deny you her consent to go. [*He goes to* Selindra.]

Selin: Sir, The favours and honours I have received here, are farre beyond the ills you mention; and my happinesse such, in the Princesse *Ordella*'s love, that I lament the thoughts of my departure; but when I consider the mischiefes past, and foresee worse like to follow, 'twere madnesse not to fly them; when my Father is return'd, I shall renew my suit, to have the Princes leave, to leave this place, and until then, make it my care, to tend this hurt man, my redeemer! to whom I owe my life and honour!

Emp: *Selindra*, if I can adde any thing unto thy happinesse, I shall do it gladly, for thou art something more, then ever I have found in Woman. *Exeunt* Emperor *and* Cecropius.

Phill: What thanks do we owe *Pollidor* for this disguise! it takes *Ordella*, beyond our hopes; did you observe how my Father eyed us, while he talked to *Pollidor*?

Ordella. Yes, and do believe *Cecropius* and he are gone to compare their notes, for that Fox was very vigilant.

Phill: *Selindra*, let us enjoy this blest minute.

Phillocles *leads* Selindra *to the Couch, and* Ordella *goes to* Pollidor.

Ordel: Sir, While the two Lovers whisper, pray oblige me with the knowledge of the occasion of your coming into these parts, by which we have received so great an obligation; and if you please? to passe this

time with the relation of your own ſtory, unleſſe with your ſelfe, you would conceale it.

Poll: Madam, My ſtory is not worthy your eares, nor my ſelf this honour: —yet I have a ſtory, —ſuch as will make me bluſh to utter, though no crime do belong to it: —nor am I what I ſeem, and yet not fit to appear other,—but Madam, your commands are too high honours to be neglected, my own reſolutions ſhall give way, and my neareſt concernes ſubmit to your will.

Ord: I perceive you are diſturb'd at my curioſity to know, what I believe you would conceal; it may be you have vowed not to diſcover; truly Sir, for want of what to ſay, I onely ſaid it.

Poll: Madam, I was ſurpriz'd by your approach, which made my tongue appeare leſſe ready then my heart to obey you; your commands, Madam, are ſufficient to diſſolve any vowes of mine, and ſince you will vouchſafe to hear, I ſhall relate.

[Phillocles *and* Selindra *come to them.*]

Phill: How are you Sir? Methinks your Eyes do ſhew ſome anguiſh in your wounds, do we not trouble you?

Here Phillocles *and* Selindra *interrupt* Pollidor, *which puts him into ſome paſſion, for he now began to love* Ordella.

Ord: We have done ill to ſtay thus long, *Selindra* 'tis your fault, you ſhould have directed better.

Poll: No Madam, my houre to reſt is not ſo preciſely to be kept, nor have I any pains upon me, as the Prince thinks; my wounds heal the faſter for your company.

Ord: You are civil Sir.

Poll: Madam, the Prince's kindneſſe, and his care, is not at this time neceſſary: —pray Sir, if your occaſions call you not, do not go yet.

Phill: Pollidor we know your civility is great, out diſcretion muſt not be the leſſe, I ſee you are diſturb'd, and know your pains are great upon you; make no reply, wee'l ſoon viſit you againe; come *Ordella*, let us leave *Selindra* to her charge; good reſt unto my friend, all joyes unto my Miſtriſs.

Exeunt Phillocles *and* Ordella

Poll: Beſhrew your kindneſſe at this time, —how like *Tantalus* was I?

Selin: What mean you by this paſſion brother? ſhall I call the Surgeons?

Poll: No *Selindra*, they have no skill in my diſeaſe.

Selin: You ſpeak, and look, as if you wanted ſleep, pray retire to reſt.

Poll: Reſt *Selindra!* where can I find reſt? *Phillocles* has taken all reſt from me! did you not obſerve how the Princeſs came to me? and how ſhe threw her favours on me! when in the height of all my joy, your approach deſtroyed me.

Selin: If this be all! I muſt ſmile, to hear you ſigh brother.

Poll:

Poll: All *Selindra*! doeſt thou mock me? are thy own flames ſo weak? thou ſmileſt at mine!

Selind: I cannot chuſe but ſmile, when I rejoyce to ſee my wiſhes fall ſo faſt upon me: you love the Princeſs, and ſhe will love you, ſhe muſt, ſhe ſhall, nay, I doubt ſhe does already! and have ſome fear, the work will be too eaſie, if I undertake it.

Poll: Now thou mockeſt me more, then thou didſt before! prithee *Selindra* be ſerious, and do not play with what torments me.

Selin: What can be more ſerious? then to make a marriage between ſo great a Princeſs, and the King of *Hungary*? pray where can ſhe make a better choice? or who can better plead your ſuit then I? Look to your wounds brother, leave this affair to me. *Exit:*

Poll: My beſt wiſhes do attend thee, ſhe has rais'd in me ſuch doubtfull hopes, that they begin to vaniſh with her, and ſuch fears to loſe what I never had, do throng ſo faſt upon me, that on the ſudden I am orewhelm'd,—

—With doubts, with joyes, with fears, ſo ſtrangely mixt!
My heart is Hell, untill my hopes be fixt.

THE FIFTH ACT.

[*Enter* Selindra *penſive*, Cecropius *meets her.*]

Cecro: GOod day unto the bright *Selindra*?

Selin: May your Lordſhip find many ſuch.

[*She is going out*]

Cecro: Why do you fly me, Madam? I come in dilligence to make known to you, what concerns you more, then any other buſineſſe can, towards which you make ſuch haſte from me.

Selin: I fled not from your Lordſhip, nor did I perceive, that you had ought to ſay to me; what is your pleaſure now?

Cecro: My buſineſſe is, to preſerve you from a certain ruine, and to ſet you above the reach of miſchiefe, as high in honour, as you are in beauty, and in vertue.

Selind: I were much unworthy ſuch a favour, and not Miſtreſs of any virtue, if I ſhould not return a befitting gratitude.

Cecro: Know then *Selindra*, you are deſign'd unto your grave; your wedding robe, will prove your winding ſheet, if I prevent it not; the Emperor puts on this ſhew of kindneſſe, onely to deſtroy you with leſſe noiſe; he does conſent that *Phillocles* by a preſent marriage, ſhould ſatisfie his appetite; after which you ſhall be poyſoned, that the Prince may have no object between him and *Aſtella*: This by all our Grecian Gods is true, and this I have conſented to.

Selin: Can there be ſuch a wickedneſs 'mongſt men!

Cecro: Can you doubt it, that have ſeen ſo much? or can you think *Laſcares* will conſider ſuch a life as yours, when it does interpoſe between the Crown of *Hungary* and him?

Selin: If this be ſo, how can I avoid it? ſhall I think you will betray the Emperors truſt, to oblige me!

Cecro: Madam, if you would pleaſe to look on your faithfull ſervant with equal Eyes, and on your dangers with judicious thoughts, you'l ſee that *Phillocles* his love brings death; —and *Pollidor* methinks, ſhould not have gain'd an intereſt where *Phillocles* pretends.

Selin: My Lord, I muſt confeſſe what you have ſaid, is worthy my moſt ſerious thoughts, —but my Lord, 'tis not fit that I treat farther in this affaire, until my Father doth return; if you pleaſe to move him in it, my obedience ſhall follow his will.

Cecro: Of his conſent I make no doubt, my beſt Miſtriſs; joyes, and greatneſſe do attend *Selindra* when ſhe ſmiles on me!

[*She ſuffers him to kiſſe her Hand.*]

Selind: But how can you ſecure your ſelf, and me from *Phillocles*? will not his rage, raiſe a revenge as ruinous, as this you would have me fly from?

Cecro: Good Madam, let not ſo mean a thought remain with you; I have *Laſcares* Scepter in my hand, and all the Frontier Towns in my Command; the Souldiers too, ſince *Phillocles* forſook them, are become mine; if my fair Miſtreſs would by one kind look confirme my joyes, it would encourage me to let her ſee, at what a rate I value her.

Selin: I bluſh to think that I have ſmil'd ſo much, upon ſo ſhort acquaintance, Pray Heaven you have not a deſign, to deſtroy me this way!

Cecro: Can you think I will deſtroy my ſouls onely joy? to remove all ſuch fears, I will now put my life into your hands.

Selin: How my Lord! your life?

Cecro: You have heard, Madam, how the *Hungarian* Army marches towards *Greece*, it does ſo: drawn in by me, to my aid they come, to aſſiſt me to get *Selindra*, and to ſet *Laſcares* Crown upon her head! if ſhe will deſerve it? —we are interrupted now, —think on me, and thou ſhalt wear this Imperial Crown, *Selindra*, within few howers.

Exit Cecropius.

[*Enter to her* Phillocles, *and* Ordella.]

Phil: What has caus'd thy clouded brow *Selindra*? has that viper vext thee?

Selin: He has frighted me, and will anger us all, if he be not prevented; ſuch horrid miſchiefes he has in love to me reveal'd, as I ſhake to think on.

Ordella. To what tune runne they?

Selin. To ſeveral tunes, ſome to Love, ſome to private blood-ſhed, others to publick Warre, and in ſumme to ruine all that's good; —The Emperor

Emperor will permit our marriage Sir, and after poyſon me, that you may have leiſure to gaine *Aſtella*; but above all, *Cecropius* treachery muſt be lookt to; He has call'd in the *Hungarian* Army, to make me his by force: he talked of a Crown too, that I ſhould weare, if I would comply with him, and at that word you interrupted us: good Sir, make it a little more your buſineſſe to prevent theſe Devils, and their deſignes.

Phill: There is danger in this, worthy our beſt care, *Selindra*, I ſee our ſtay here, will ſtill occaſion new deſigns on us.

Ordel: And you too late, I fear, will find my counſel good, why may not I have credit to protect *Pollidor* in your abſence?

Phill: I think you may, but yet 'tis not fit to hazzard ſuch a friend, to the fury of that Monſter *Cecropius*; beſides, *Selindra* is now engaged in honour, to ſtay for him.

elin: Truly Sir, I think I am in honour bound, not raſhly to throw away a man, that has preſerv'd us both; – but Sir, when you ſhall conſider that his wounds do now permit him to walk abroad, a few dayes more, will get him ſtrength to ride with us: during which time, I can ſecure all by diſſembling a little kindneſſe to *Cecropius*, by which, I ſhall alſo diſcover his treaty with the *Hungarians*.

Ordel: *Pollidor* is much oblig'd to you *Selindra*, I like well this noble humour in you.

Phill: It does become her, my dear Siſter, it ſhall be my care to look after *Cecropius* now, and if neceſſity require, I will remove him ſpeedily; I muſt leave you for ſome houres *Ordella*, to attend my Father; Farewel, my bright Miſtriſs; pray let your care continue unto *Pollidor*, and let not fall your kindneſſe to *Cecropius*, he may confeſſe to you, what no tortures can draw from him. *Exit* Phillocles.

Selind: It does concern me Sir.

Ord: It does indeed, *Selindra*, thy gratitude to *Pollidor*, looks handſomely; methinks as he recovers health, he growes comely; he ſeems to me, as if he were above the ordinary rank of men, I dare ſay he has a Noble Soule.

Selin: Madam, you judge right, did you converſe as I do daily with him, you ſhould wonder at ſuch worth; methinks I ſee greatneſs in his looks, and do obſerve that he holds in that luſtre, with more advantage, then others ſhew it forth.

Ord: He is ſure ſome great Prince diſguis'd, *Selindra*! and a happy man he is, that has found one that can diſcover his conceal'd perfections to the life!

[*Enter* Tenedor *to* Selindra.]

Tened: Madam, my Maſter is now awake, and begs the favour of a viſit. *Exit* Tenedor.

Selin: I ſhall follow your Lordſhip, when I have brought the Princeſs to her Chamber.

Ord: Is he a Lord too, *Selindra*?

elin: Did I call him Lord, Madam?

Ord: Ask when you ſee him next, go *Selindra*; this Ceremony to me

me is needleſſe, I ſhall find the way alone; 'tis fitter that you attend your charge, *Pollidors* wounds will not heal out of thy ſight, *Selindra*: —I cannot chuſe but wonder what kind of entertainment you can find, for ſo many houres, with ſo great a ſtranger, as *Pollidor*!

[*ſpeaks aſide*] *Selin*: Sure ſhe is jealous, and I have been too free in praiſing him; —*Pollidor* and I, do ſpend more houres diſcourſing of *Ordella*'s beauties, then of all other matters; he admires your perfections, Madam; his other wounds are ſlight, compar'd with thoſe, he received from your eyes: for—

Ordel: Hold, *Selindra*, I delight not in ſuch ſaucy thoughts from *Pollidor*, nor does it become you to heare, much leſs to relate them unto me: I do feare *Selindra*, you hope by this invention, to dazle my Eyes, that I may not diſcover your own affection to this *Pollidor*; take heed you fall not from that vertue you are valued for, if you do deceive my truſt, or *Phillocles* his love! you will be neither worthy his anger, nor my pitty.

Selin: Let me fall under the weight of both your angers, when I deſerve ill from either of you, your jealouſie afflicts me Madam.

[*She weeps.*]

Ordell: I hear my Brother coming, retire, that he may not ſee thy tears, and meet me in the Garden after ſupper, then I will hear more of this, and till then, ſuſpend my Jndgment of thee.

Exit Selindra.

[*Enter* Phillocles.]

Phil: Why went *Selindra* weeping out? and what troubles you my Dear Siſter?

Ordel. I am not troubl'd now Sir: pray how did you find my Father? in what temper is he?

Phill: Well *Ordella*, all is ſafe yet; but I cannot be ſatisfied untill you tell me why *Selindra* weeps; —your ſilence will beget doubts more troubleſome, then the knowledge can be.

Ordel: 'Twas nothing but an Argument that fell between us.

Phil: That Argument *Ordella*, if thou lov'ſt my peace, that Argument!

Ordel: I may wrong *Selindra* by it, and trouble you without a cauſe, when I am certainly informed, you ſhall be ſo, till then, pray do not urge me farther.

Phil: I am ſo weak a man in thy eſteem, thou dareſt not truſt me with my ſelf; *Ordella*, thy diſcourſe will diſturb me much, unleſs thou letteſt me know the whole matter.

Ordel: My unwillingneſſe to tell you, is now become the onely cauſe I feare to do it, for I was queſtioning *Selindra* onely, about her frequent viſits to *Pollidor*, which it ſeems I put into ſuch Language, as made her weep; this on my credit is the truth, are you now ſatisfied?

Phil: I am ſatisfied that we have the ſame thoughts, your judgement on this matter, confirms my Obſervations, which till now, took no hold on me; —— If ſhe prove falſe, thus I can blow her off; —But *Pollidor*, ſhall pay deare for his Treachery.

Enter

Enter to them Pollidor, *very weak in Rich Cloaths, a ſtaff in his hand.*

Polli. Madam, 'tis fit that I viſit you before the Temple, and pay my firſt vowes at your ſhrine, offering up a Life devoted to your Service.

Ordel: You owe your health Sir, next to the Gods, unto *Selindra*'s care, ſuch a gratitude I have not ſeen before, nor ſuch a zeale as hers, to ſerve you.

Polli: My obligations to *Selindra*, I muſt rank after the Honours I have received from you Madam: —Pray Sir, how does the Emperor, and *Cecropius*, take this fained love between *Selindra* and me? how does it work with them? [*He turns to Phillocles.*]

Phill: Since *Selindra* dwelt with you, the whole Court believes it is a mutuall Love; onely my Siſter and my ſelf, have other thoughts.

Polli: (Thoſe laſt words came coldly out, I muſt remove this jealouſie;) I am glad Sir that you are ſecur'd by it, and I am joy'd to have a hand in any thing, that ſhall conduce to ſerve you, I do profeſſe my Medicines have not ſo much wrought my cure, as the joy I have to ſee ſuch unparalleld Virtues, and Affections meet, as is yours, and the good *Selindra*'s; day day ſhe tires her tongue in praiſing *Phillocles*, and ſtiil growes freſh, by talking of you Sir; I cannot wiſh you greater happineſſe on Earth, then you will have with her, may it laſt while you laſt, and may Eternall Curſes light on thoſe that wiſh it leſs.

Phil: I thank you Sir, and will hope to proſper, as you pray for me, and next to *Selindra*, and my Siſter, place you by my heart.

Polli: You Honour me too much, and will make me proud, I muſt take my leave Sir, my ſtrength is not yet enough confirm'd, to ſtay long abroad. *Exit* Pollidor.

Phil: The Gods go with thee, thou Man of Honour.

Ordel: What think you Brother of this Complement?

Phil: I think him really, what he ſeems.

Ordel: I wiſh I could do ſo too, but when I call to mind that *Selindra* unto me, did talk juſt thus of *Pollidor*, as he now diſcours'd to you of her, methinks it looks like a deſigne.

Phil: Does *Pollidor* preſume to pretend to you?

Ordel: So *Selindra* would have me think, which indeed was the main cauſe of my anger, and her Tears.

Phill: I am not willing to be jealous, nor yet ſo fond, as not to be ſenſible, when there is juſt cauſe; *Ordella* let us ſmooth our browes, and obſerve them farther, ſuch a guilt cannot be long hid, and untill we be confirm'd by ſome better proof, 'tis unworthy in us to ſuſpect them, on our ſurmiſes only, ſince what they do, is by our direction.

Ordel: 'Tis not my nature to judg ill of any, and I hope *Selindra* will deſerve better; I am converted, and now we are thus ſecure, why may not you go to the Army, and leave *Selindra* with me, *Pollidor* in your abſence, may Court her in publick, which will confirm my Father in his miſtake, when he ſees me diſlike it.

Phill: I like it well *Ordella*: what will you do this Evening?

Ordel:

Ordel: I have ſome buſineſſe for a while; *Selindra* after ſupper, will meet me in the Garden, pray come to us there.

Phil: Bid your Boy attend us with his Lute then, it may ſo happen that I muſt take leave this night, for I hear that the *Hungarian* Army comes on apace.

[*Enter* Antenor *to them.*]

Ante: The Emperor ſends you word Sir, that *Cecropius* has deliver'd all the Frontier Towns to the *Hungarians*, and himſelf advances in the head of that Army towards us.

Phil: Diſpatch a Poſt unto *Antillacus*, bid him advance towards the Traytor, I will this night ſet forth, and by day break ſhall reach him.

Ante: Sir, *Antillacus* retreats before the Enemy, his men fewer in Number, are ſo diſheartned by *Cecropius*'s revolt, they dare not look on the *Hungarians*.

Phil: Let the Page call *Pollidor*, to my Siſters Chamber preſently, we will take leave there, and depart immediatly; Come *Ordella*, this is ſomewhat quicker work then I expected, bid my ſervants make what haſt they can, to meet me here at my return.

Exit omnes.

[*Enter* Periander *with a Lady, as in* Ordella's *Chamber.*]

Lady. My Lord, ſince you went hence, the Court has been in daily Tumults about *Philloeles* his Love unto your Daughter.

Perian: Is *Selindra* ſo much in favour with the Gods, as to be look'd on by Prince *Philloeles*?

Lady. The Prince ſeeks no other Heaven but her, and as the World thinks ſhe neglects him, and Loves one *Pollidor*.

Perian: Madam, I cannot raiſe my Faith to what you ſay, nor can I joy in ſuch a bleſſing, untill I know the Emperor does approve it; pray Madam, where may I find *Selindra*?

Lady. She is now with the Princeſs in the Garden, I ſhall let her know your Lordſhip is return'd.

[*Exit* Lady.] *Perian*: You obliege me Madam; —though I have been long abſent, I have not been Idle, nor could I well have made more haſte hither, conſidering how many great Affairs I have diſpatch'd, ſince I went hence.

[*Enter* Selindra *to him.*]

Selin: Oh Sir! you are welcome, I have with ſome trouble, and ſome fear expected your Returne.

Peri: Madam, I ſtay'd the longer, by reaſon of thoſe Tumults I found at *Belgrade*, a falſe *Aſtella* was ſet up by *Eutecus*, and his faction, but ſo ſoon as I made known, that you liv'd, both ſides laid down their Arguments, though not their Armes, which I advis'd as the beſt means to bring you home in ſafety.

Selin: But why does our Army enter *Greece*.

Perian:

Perian: That's the riddle Madam, the old Fox *Cecropius* gave notice to the *Hungarians*, that the *Emperor* purpos'd in his own person to invade them, since *Phillocles* had refus'd it, and would by a conquest joyn that Crown to his Empire; he insinuates also, that if the *Hungarians* would assist him in his design, he would make the *Emperor* unable to harme them, by delivering up all the Frontier Towns into their hands.

Selin: And what is his design?

Perian: Onely by their power, to force the *Emperor* to deliver you, and one *Pollidor* up to him: This I perswaded *Orsanes*, and the rest to hearken too, and my long stay was to see the Towns deliver'd to *Orsanes*, which is done, and *Cecropius* fooll'd by his vaine hopes, Marches in the head of your Army, which comes on apace, only to receive your Commands Madam.

Selin: The Gods reward you, for I never can; —but here is Newes *Periander*, beyond what you tell; *Pollineſso* Lives, lives here under the name of *Pollidor*; and see where he comes; —Oh! my Brother we are happy above our wish; this is *Periander*, who has so much obliged me.

[*Enter* Pollidor.]

Polli: I hope I shall live to thank you Sir.

Peri: Sir, I am rewarded in the good I have done, if my services do prove such in your esteem.

Selin: My Brother, you must dispatch *Periander* back unto the Army, to give *Orsanes* and the rest, notice that you live; —*Cecropius* has rendred all the Towns, and comes on demanding to have me deliver'd to his lust.

Poll: Wee shall order him at leisure, our care to informe *Orsanes*, must indeed be speedy; —*Periander*, though I cannot command, I may intreat you that know our Affaires, to return unto *Orsanes*, and give him notice, that I intend this night, to set forth with *Phillocles*, and will come over to him, with my first opportunity; bid him march fairly through the Country, and take heed that *Antillacus* ingage him not to fight, till I Arrive; if you ride hard, you may be back with us, before we part from hence, for I hear *Cecropius* is not far off.

Peri: By my speed Sir, judge my Zeal to serve you.

Poll: As you passe by my Lodgings, pray send all my servants to attend me in the next Room, from hence we shall take Horse this Evening; —Now *Astella*, methinks the Gods do smile on *Hungary*, and on us; if *Ordella* would be gracious! *Pollineſso* were most happy; How does my Love prosper, *Astella*?

[*Exit* Periander.]

Selin: I can make no certain Judgment on it yet.

Poll: Canst thou not procure me one smile before we part?

Selin: 'Twill not be possible, if you depart this night; I could wish we had more time, because I now propose some pleasure in my woeing for you; methinks the storms that I have rais'd, look merrily, now the calm is certain, and so nigh, I have so light a heart, that I could play with dangers, if any were within my reach.

[*They sit.*]

To them Enter Phillocles, *and* Ordella, *who stand unseen behind them, sitting on the Couch.*

Poll: Let me Embrace and Kisse thee, my Dear, Dear *Selindra*, thou art so great a Joy unto my Soul, that I lament to part one minute from thee, when we meet next, we shall Embrace more freely. [*Embraces.*

Selin: That you must go from me, grieves me; must you needs go with *Phillocles?* may you not stay one day longer with me?

[*She weeps.*]

Poll. I dare not, do not weep thus, thy Tears will prove ill Omens, and I become a superstitious fool, to fear I know not why!

Selin: How can I chuse but lament to part with, what is dearer to me then my life; pray do not go this night, bestow this night on me.

Polli: I swear thou makest me sad, prethee speak more chearfully, and dry thy Eyes, least *Phillocles* perceive thy Tears, and *Ordella* do discover us, and so unmask us both, before we be prepar'd.

Selin: No matter for their jealousie, are not we above the reach of malice now?

{Phillocles *drawes, and offering to strike, is held by* Ordella.

Polli: Not yet *Selindra*, we may be ere-long, till then, 'tis not good to provoke any, it is by your advice to, that we should be still disguis'd.

Selin: Yes, and 'tis my opinion still, but when *Phillocles* is gone who can discover us?

Phil: The Gods, who will not suffer such impiety to be longer hid, let me loose *Ordella*, and I will cut these twisted Monsters into Atomes that their united Souls, may so expire together.

[*The Women part and hold them.*]

Polli: Why thus inraged Sir?

Phil: Canst thou ask false man? we have heard and seen, all that has past between ye.

Poll: It may be so, and yet be mistaken, in all you have heard, and seen too; — Sir, if you will have a little patience, you shall see your mistake, and be sorry for this injurious Language, when you know to whom you speak.

{Phillocles *offers to runne at him, but is held by* Ordella.

Selin: Good Madam, perswade the Prince to hear us, and there will be no cause to fight.

Ordel: Thou worst of Women, how dares thy lips move towards me?

Selin: For Heavens sake Madam hear us, you will too late repent this rashnesse else; we are both as innocent, as you can wish.

Ordel: Brother you may do well to hear them, and revenge at leasure, pray lay by this anger for a while, and take it up again, when you see cause; they are in your power to punish, as you please.

Phil: I thank thee *Ordella*, they are so; — I am tame, and now you may say on.

Poll: Sir, if you have heard, and ſeen what paſt between us, I do confeſs you have reaſon for your anger, and our fondneſſe doth deſerve blame, but not death; 'tis true, that we have negligently ſhew'd, what we might better have conceal'd; neceſſity therefore now compells us to diſcover what we yet meant not to do, that our Innocency may no longer ſuffer.

Phil: Your Innocence! *Exit* Phillocles.

Polli: Madam, the Prince his abſence, gives me opportunity to begge your pardon for *Selindra*, and my ſelf, who have too long hid our affections from you, and our ſelves alſo; for ſhe is my Siſter, and will ere long, appear worthy *Phillocles* his beſt thoughts, and I do hope my ſelf, when I ſhall dare to be my ſelf, may have leave to ſay, my life is vowed to ſerve you.

Ordel: Sir, you are miſtaken, I am not to be deceved by this ſlight trick; —— you would gaine time to eſcape my brothers vengeance.

Polli: No Madam, you will ſhortly ſee, I am above it; and if—

[*Enter* Phillocles *with a Guard.*]

Phillo: Seize on that Traytor.

[Pollidor *ſteps to the other Door, and calls alone.*]

Poll: *Tenedor*, *Periander*, *Tecknor*, Treaſon; —what means this madneſſe *Phillocles?* a reaſonable man ſhould hear another ſpeak; if I do not ſatisfie all your doubts, you ſhall find that I dare meet your fury; and ſhall raiſe ſtormes as high, as you can wiſh to ſee. [*They enter, and both parties ſtand ranged on either ſide.*]

Phil: Pray unfold this miſtery, I do attend you.

{Pollidor *leads* Selindra *to* Phillocles *who ſteps back from her.*—}

Polli: Let this pledge ſpeak for us both, for I can have no other intereſt, then to give her up into your Armes Sir, ſend your Guards off, and this riddle ſhall be as eaſie, and as pleaſant, as it now looks harſh, —*Phillocles* will bluſh, when he ſhall know from whom he flyes, and by whoſe hand offer'd to him. [Phillocles *ſteps back.*]

Phil: I underſtand you not, nor do I care; —hark, what noyſe is this?

{*Enter the* Emperor, *with his Train, and his Guard, ſwords drawn, crying,* Arme, Arme, *as they enter.*}

Emp: What's this? a Warre within his owne Walls; *Phillocles* is this a time for private brawls? when the *Hungarians* are at your Gates?

Phill: I am ready to depart Sir, and ſhall ſend them back, much faſter then they now come on; I beg your pardon Sir, for my neglect.

[*Enter* Gillon.]

Emp: What Newes brings *Gillon?*

Gill: *Antillacus* ſends you word Sir, that you muſt prepare to receive him with the Army, under the Town Walls, his ſouldiers have ſo many pannick fears, he dares not lead them out, to face the Enemy, he alſo wiſhes that Prince *Phillocles* would draw out the Court Regiments, to hearten his dejected men.

Emp: I think 'twere better to receive them within the Walls, untill their ſhame, do out-face their fears; Tell *Antillacus*, my old Armes are on, and that I will my ſelf ſtrike the Traytor in the face.

Phil: Haſt back good *Gillon*, and tell *Antillacus*; if he can defend his Camp till I Arrive, I wiſh him not to move this way; my looks will ſend thoſe ungratefull people home, if not, I have a flame within me, will conſume them all. —I beg your pardon Sir, for my neglect.

Emp: Repaire it by your ſpeedy ſuccour, I ſhall take preſent order for what the Town can afford us. *Exit the* Emp:

Phil: *Ordella*, I have a Warre within, that will conſume me.

Orde: I hope this great Affair will divert your thoughts, and remove your trouble.

Phil: For ſome few dayes it may; —farewell my Dear Siſter; —and when I return, you ſhall hear from me Sir.

[*To* Pollidor.]

[Phillocles *is going out.*]

Polli: I ſhall not ſtay behind you Sir, my wounds is not ſo ill, are to keep me from waiting on you; when this hurry, and your anger is over, I hope you will be at leaſure to hear me out, and be pleas'd rather to finde you can be miſtaken, then me guilty.

Phil: I will by no means ſuffer it, 'twill be no charity, to permit you to hazzard *Selindra*'s intereſt, by new dangers.

Polli: Sir, your ſcornes, ſhall have no more power to ſtay me, then your anger has, I will along.

Phil: But you ſhall not; I do ſuſpect you will betray me to your Country-men, and dare not truſt you with me.

Pol: All this will not do, I know you do not doubt me that way? and I do ſwear, unleſſe you break the bonds of Hoſpitality, (and do impriſon me) I will along.

Phil: And I will rather do it, then have your company, if you deſiſt not.

Poll: *Phillocles* will not ſo much blemiſh his great Name! impriſon me that ſav'd your life; —me, that am vowed to ſtand, or fall with you; —Sir, I muſt chide you now, you do too long hold up a cauſeleſſe anger, you know not why; too long neglect the great Affair that calls you hence; —I will ſtay no longer for you, but go do the work, before you come.

[Pollidor *is going off.*]

Phill: Stay *Pollidor*, thou haſt confounded all my reaſon, ſuch a mixture of Nobleneſſe, nee'r met with ſuch a Treachery till now; though I do know thee falſe, and do reſolve with my own hand to Kill thee; I will truſt thee this way, and do now intreat thee to ſtay till to morrow, that my Father comes.

Poll: I Obey.

Phi:

Phil: Oh! my dear Sister, once more farewell,
I am now fall'n from Paradice to Hell.
Ordel: The Gods go with you, and your action bless,
While I retire, and pray for your successe.
[*Exeunt all but* Pollidor *and* Selindra.]

Poll: We will be gone *Selindra*, and face *Phillocles*, in the head of our own Army; ——what newes *Periander*?

[*Enter* Periander.]

Peri: Sir, I am come to fetch you to your Army, I can convey you thither, before you are mist here.
Selin: We are ready now, how farre off is the Army?
Peri: You may hear their Drums Madam, at the City Gates.
Poll: Come, let us hasten to our Troops: —
When instruments of Warre, from Warre release,
'Tis a good Omen, to a happy peace. *Exeunt.*

{*Enter at one Doore the* Emperor, Phillocles, Antillacus, Armanthus, Gillon, *and the Grecian Army.*}

{*Enter at the other Door* Cecropius, Orsanes, *and other Lords with the Hungarian Army.*}

Emp: Thou art a bold ill man *Cecropius*, thou art ungratefull to thy Country, and my trust.
Cecro: Sir, I have but hid my gratitude under this old Armor, which is onely now put on, to obtain what my prayers could not, – I demand justice Sir, for *Cleonels* blood, which you have hitherto denied me, in favour to his Murtherers.
Emp: This fained modesty, is more impudent, then thy Armes are, thou knowest I was more eager then thy self, to do justice on those that slew thy Son, and thou seest clearly, our Lawes cannot touch them for his fall.
Cecro: Was not *Cleonel* slain by *Pollidor*? and was not *Selindra* accessary? and does not our Lawes condemn such Murtherers to Dye?
Emp: No, thou knowest they do not, thou knowest thy Son was by a just hand punish'd, and that *Pollidor* deserves prayse and reward.
Phil: Good Sir, spend no more breath on this vile man, the slave is not worthy your anger: – Foolish *Hungarians*, ingratefull perjur'd people: – *Orsanes*, I did not look for this from you; – but my sword shall speak my vengeance. [*Offers to Charge.*]
Orsan: Prince *Phillocles* has not in *Greece* a more faithful servant then *Orsanes*; Pray Sir lay by this passion but a few minutes, and you shall see that I have labour'd hard, to bring your own desires, to their wish'd ends: —and *Cecropius* the main Agent in it all!
Phil: Why do your Actions, and your words so disagree? *Orsanes* knowes our Grecian hearts cannot be compell'd, when we have time to draw our Swords.
Orsan:

Orſan: Great Sir, your actions, have enought declar'd your worth unto the World, and to our Nation moſt; which we ſhall ever own, though now by ſome neceſſity compell'd, we do appear as enemies, in the behalf of this good man, who has ingag'd us to deliver up a Lady call'd *Selindra*, and one *Pollidor*, to his hands, which he by ſtrong arguments aſſur'd us, would be for your, and for our future happineſſe: this done, we are all at *Phillocles* command.

Phil: Thoſe two you mention, are of late become unworthy of my thoughts; yet your engagement was barbarous, to undertake you know not what: ſound the charge.

[*A ſhout within.*] *Orſan*: Hold *Phillocles*, I have entertain'd you with diſcourſe thus long, only till I might hear that ſhout behind us: —hark, hark, Sir! Now the time is come, for us to keep our Oaths made to *Cecropius*, and to manifeſt our love to *Phillocles*, —make way there for the King.

[*The Hungarian Army opens, and through them enter* Pollineſſo *crown'd, leading in* Aſtella; Orſanes *delivers them both unto* Cecropius.]

Phill: What Riddle's this? what wonders do I ſee?

[*Takes her Hand.*] *Cecro*: Take away that ſhadow of a King, to preſent death *Orſanes*; and now *Selindra* you are once more at my diſpoſe: and you Sir, that think you can command the World! ſhall find this weak old Arm, can juſtifie my title here.

Orſan: Have I now perform'd my oath unto the great *Cecropius*?

Cecro: You have.

Orſan: I muſt then ſet this Lady free, from the danger of our Swords. — [*A ſhout of joy.*]

[*He delivers* Aſtella *to* Pollineſſo, *and kneels.*]

Orſan: Long live the King of *Hungary*.

Cecro: I am betrayed.

Phill: *Pollidor*! and *Selindra*! why is he crown'd!

Emp: They are confederates with *Cecropius*, on which deſign they have thus long liv'd amongſt us.

Poll: *Orſanes*, lay that Monſter, at his Maſters feet; there to receive a Doom worthy his treachery, and ingratitude.

[*They deliver up* Cecropius.]

Phill: *Pollidor*, what mean theſe miſteries?

Poll: All reſpects to *Phillocles*.

Phil: How comes *Selindra* then with thee? and that Crown upon thy head? I tell thee *Pollidor*, if *Selindra* can neglect me, I can contemn her; and not envy thee that miſ-becoming Crown thou weareſt, which I will tear from off thy ſwelling browes, and trample on it, when 'tis mine by a ſecond conqueſt.

[Pollidor *leads* Selindra *to* Phillocles, *and he retires.*]

Poll:

Poll. —Will *Phillocles* forsake the List? fly from such a foe! send for the Princess *Ordella* then, that we may meet on equall termes.

Phil: You are merry Sir, my gentle temper I see, begets contempt from your great courage.

Poll: No Sir, you are mistaken still, I am your servant, and do value *Phillocles*, more then he can contemn me: —*Orsanes*, bring my Standard hither: —carry this, and my Crown, unto the Princess *Ordella*, lay them at her feet, and if she dains to take them up, tell her your King, with his whole people, do wait on her Commands. [*Gives him his Crown.*]

Phil: I understand not what these Riddles mean!

Poll: If *Phillocles* be yet at leasure to hear me speak, I shall soon remove this wonder?

Phil: If *Pollidor* prove worthy, I shall not trust my Eyes nor Ears for ever.

Poll: But when Prince *Phillocles* shall know that *Pollinesso* speaks, he will believe no hand has more right, to deliver up *Astella* into his Arms, then I: Do you not know me yet Sir?

[*He pulls off his Perriwig and patch from his Eye.*

Phil: Nor yet know my self? —*Antillaeus*, do I wake? or is this a Phantosm that I think I see? [Phillocles *stands amaz'd.*]

Ant: 'Tis as strange to me, Sir!

Emp: While my Sons wonder lasts, let me imbrace you Sir, and obtaine both yours, and *Astellas* pardon, and chide you both in the same breath; why did you suffer us to walk so long in this unhappy darknesse? and runne so many hazzards, which this light would have avoided.

Poll: There was no other way to obtain this light, while *Cecropius* eclips'd your glory Sir.

Phil. Does *Pollinesso* live? can he forget my crimes? and forgive my blindnesse?

Pol: Can *Phillocles* pardon my concealment? by which he was so blinded? [*They embrace.*]

Phill: There is but one happinesse on earth beyond holding *Pollinesso* thus!

Poll: To me too, there can be onely one above it! —and that is *Ordellas* leave to love her: —but Sir, have you no room for *Selindra* in your heart? [*Points to* Selindra.]

Phil: I dare not look that way! I dare not have a hope so high, as pardon from her. —I am so full of guilt, that I dare not live longer to think of my unworthinesse. [*offers to draw.*]

Selind: What have I done Sir, that you should be thus cruel to me! will you not look on me?

[*Enter* Ordella *and* Orsanes.]

Phil: I shall blush to death, if you speak thus again!

Ast: Will *Phillocles* turn from me ever?

Phil: Yes Madam, as asham'd to look on you; I have a guilt within, that takes my manhood from me! —shall I dare to think you can forgive my unworthy jealousie?

Ast:

Aſt: If you can forgive me that provok'd you to it? I can meet you thus.

Phil: And I, fall as low as Earth will let me, to receive your pardon.

[*They embrace.*]

[*He throwes himſelf at her Feet.*]

Ord. I am ſo much amaz'd at what I ſee, that I know not which way to turne me!

Emp: This way, *Ordella*, if you will by me, be guided to felicity? —this is *Pollineſſo*'s wiſh too, if I miſtake not!

[*The* Emperor *leads* Ordella *to* Pollineſſo.]

Polli: 'Tis my ambition Sir, my higheſt hope on this ſide Heaven.

Ord: And my honour, that *Pollineſſo* has ſuch thoughts for me; but Sir, 'twill ask ſome time for me to raiſe my wiſhes to ſuch a value of your worth, that we may meet on equal termes.

Phil: *Pollineſſo*'s merit, and his worth is ſuch, that when he ſayes he Loves; —'tis argument enough to gaine the greateſt Queen: — *Ordella*, the Gods ſmile upon us now: —and you, Sir, I hope concurre with Heaven in our Felicities.

Emp: My prayers and my bleſſings ſhall not be wanting: let *Pollineſſo* give ſentence on *Cecropius*, before we go unto the Temple.

Poll: Let him live for ever baniſh'd from this happy Climate, which he has ſo long polluted with his venimous breath.

Emp: *Antillacus* ſee it done. *Exit with* Cecropius.

Aſt: Madam, can you pardon my diſguiſe?

Ord: I cannot well tell what to anſwer! to find *Selindra* worthy, is a concerne greater then *Aſtella* can be to me; and that you now are *Aſtella*, does not more raiſe my wonder, then that you were *Selindra*, does confirme my love, and my reſpects to you, Madam.

Aſt: I have a heart too full of joy to keep this diſtance any longer?

[*The two Ladies embrace.*]

Phi: We now looſe time, that might be better ſpent,
In ſacrificing for this bleſt event!

Emp. Lead on then to the Temple, and proclaime
A publick feaſt, in bright *Aſtellas* name;
While we do march in a triumphant ſtate,
That all the City may participate
Our joyes, now *Phinocles* captivity
Is chang'd into a triple Victory.

FINIS.

LOVE
AND
FRIENDSHIP,
A
Tragy-Comedy.

Written by Sr WILLIAM KILLIGREW, Vice-Chamberlane to Her *MAJESTY*.

OXFORD,
Printed by *Hen: Hall* Printer to the UNIVERSITY,
for *Ric: Davis*, 1666.

The Actors Names of Ormasdes.

Cleandra, Queen of *Citherea*.
Ormasdes, Her General, a Prince of *Greece*.
Old Titus, Admiral;
Young Titus, his Son.
Cleobulus, } Great Lords of *Citherea*.
Nearcus, }
Chiron. }
Ladies attending the Queen.
Servants to *Ormasdes*.

Doctors.
Guards.
Nearcus his Servants.
Embassador, from *Valeriana* King of *Treconia*.
Mariana, his Sister.
Cleon, } Embassador servants.
Erillos. }
Ladies to *Mariana*.
Other Servants to the Embassador.
Pages.
Surgeons.

LOVE and *FRIENDSHIP.*

THE SCENE

In the Iſland of Citherea.

THE FIRST ACT.

[*Enter* Menetius, *and* Nearcus; *A Meſſenger meets them.*]

Meſſ: MY Lords, the Queen ſends me to let you know
That ſhe is ſafe, and her whole Fleet ſecure.

Mene: The Queens ſafety, is welcome Newes to all,
Though from the Caſtle top, we ſaw the fight;
None could ſo clearly the ſucceſs diſcern;
As to rejoyce for her ſecurity,
Till you arriv'd.

Near: 'Twas bold, and bravely done, with leſſe numbers
To aſſault ſo great a Fleet, ſo near home!
I wonder how they got Intelligence?
So juſt, to know the Queens return from *Greece.*

Meſſ: To Aſſault us, was farre from their deſign;
They fell by chance amongſt our Ships ith' night,
As they were paſſing by; found us ſecure,
And unprepar'd for ſuch an accident:
So we together Sail'd, 'till day appear'd;
Then our great Admirall, and his brave Son,
With their two Squadrons, did begin the Fight:
——The Queens Ship was attaqued on every ſide,
In which, *Ormaſdes* by the Gods was plac'd,

That by his hand, *Cleandra* might be freed,
As by a Miracle! her dangers such!
And his Achievements so beyond them all!
That my Relation, would Romance appear,
To tell you, how he acted every where.

Men: I hope this accident, will now perswade
The Queen, that she no more such journies make:
Great Princes to such visits are not bound,
Where Complements do so great danger bring.

Near: Though *Cleandra's* visit, may not admit
Of a State Argument to justifie
A danger; —She had reason to return
Some high respect, unto the *Grecian* Court,
Where she so long, in so great splendor liv'd,
Before she had this *Citherean* Crown:
Nor was it now amiss to shew the Power,
And Glory, of so great a Fleet, as *Greece*
Nee'r saw before! by which, our renew'd League,
Will be more valu'd, and our Nation fear'd.

Mene: I have no Argument for a dispute;
—This visit past, she needs no other make;
But Sir, how comes *Ormasdes* here again?
What great Affair, occasions his return?

Near: How can the *Grecian* Empire so long spare,
So great a Captain? and so much belov'd.

Messen: That happy Emperor, who has no Warre,
Did give *Ormasdes* liberty once more,
To grant *Cleandra's* sute, for his return,
That he may now confirm, what he has wonne,
Left his late Trophies in the *Zelnian* Warre,
Be tumbled down! for we may doubt! those Kings
Who border *Zelnia*, will not long indure
Such losse, as will *Cleandra's* Crown secure.
Though her great Ancestor that Kingdome won,
And left it to his most unhappy Son;
Who all those Princes Tributaries made,
That in Affection call'd him to their Aide.

Mene: Harke *Nearcus*; harke how the People shout!
As if the Queen were now, come near the shore;
Pray Sir, command the Guards advance with speed,
Unto the Port; *Nearcus*, I do fear,
The Queen may land, while we are trifling here. *Exit.*

Enter Cleandra *Queen of* Citherea, Ormasdes *a Prince of Greece. Her Generall with his Arme in a Scarfe,* Old Titus *Admiral,* Young Titus, *Lords, Ladies, and Traine.*

Admi: The Gods have given you a full Victory,
And all your Fleet will be in Port, by Noon,

Queen.

Queen: I have thank'd the Gods, *Titus*, and do see
Yours, and your Sons merits, in this great work:
But have not words that can expresse my thanks
To brave *Ormasdes*, for preserving me;
Had you seen my danger, when the bold *Turks*
With assured Victory, my Cabin forc't!
And how by his hand, from that Ruine freed!
You would with me admire, if not adore
The force which Rescued, with so great a Power!
My fear, my wonder, and my joy, so mixt,
I had no time for any thought betwixt
My danger, and my safe deliverance,
Which did the price of that great work inhance!
The bloody Trophies of *Ormasdes* Sword;
Surpas'd what *Mars* to *Hector* did afford.

[Ormasdes *faints, and leans on Young* Titus.]

Adm: He faints, this remove to Land, makes him weak;
—How do you Sir?

Ormas: My soul, *Titus*, shrunk away, much asham'd,
To hear my service by *Cleandra* fam'd,
Too much for any modest man to own,
That my weak Arm, should rescue her alone!

Queen. I am amaz'd, thus suddainly to find
The Gods so cruel, who have been so kind!
Thus to Eclips the joyes they freely gave,
Shews they repent the mercy, which did save;
Ormasdes death, will now so dismall be,
I cannot sacrifice for Victory.
Unlesse the Fates this mischief do divert!
It will our Triumphs, into Tears convert.

T. Tit: His wounds shew not the danger you conceive;
Madam, you Prophesie so great an ill,
The Fates themselves, will tremble to fulfill.

Ormas: I am well Madam, only blush to hear,
That my slight wounds, should be so much your care;
If great *Cleandra*, do mean Acts admire,
Brave men, will not to high Attempts aspire.

{*Enter to them*, Nearcus, Cleobulus, *and* Cithareans, *they Kiss* Cleandras *hand, a noyse of joy within from the People.*}

Cleo: Madam, the publick joy for your return,
Does shew how much we did your absence mourn.

Qu: My Peoples joy brings me great happinesse,
And your love, my Lords, my true value has:
But still I must your gratitudes direct
Unto *Ormasdes*, by whose powerfull hand,
Cleandra was preserv'd, and now restor'd.

Ormas: Madam, you reward my small endeavors done,

With

With praise above, the merit of a man!

Queen. I can afford *Ormasdes* as much Worth,
And Honour, as the Antient *Heroes* had,
So he will me such gratitude allow,
As sutes with my great benefits receiv'd; —
—What Fleet *Nearcus*, lies within our Port?

Near: 'Tis from *Treconia* Madam, here's Arriv'd
A brave Embassador, from that great King,
Who here has long expected your return;
His Equipage is Rich, and with him shines,
A Lady he calls Sister; hither come,
To wonder at the Glories of your Court,
While we do all admire, their Princely Port!

Qu: He shall have present Audience, to excuse
His long attendance; give him a respect:
Beyond the reach, or thought of a neglect;
[*Exit Nea:*] —Do you *Nearcus*, bring him to us now; —
—*Cleobulus*, what newes from *Zelnia*?

Cl: The frontiers have been frequently attaqu'd,
Since you went hence, but no great dammage done.

Ormas: I beg the honour Madam to chastise
Those haughty Rebels, for their Insolence.

Qu: The whole World knowes, *Ormasdes* can command
The fortune of a Warre; why then should you?
As if your Name were yet obscure! desire
New dangers? But you covet a Renown,
Beyond the value of the *Zelnian* Crown;
Else, you'd secure my People from their fear,
By your consent to be my Vice-Roy there.

Or: Such proffer'd gifts from Princes, are not us'd
To be neglected, and much lesse refus'd!
But I must not your Majesty permit,
To load me with an honour so unfit!
As will Eclips the merit you allow,
When gifts shine brighter, then my Actions do.

Qu: Is there no way *Ormasdes* to remove
These niceties? must I for ever own
Your benefits? and make you no return!
How little do I seem to your great Eye?
Who scorn I should your service gratifie.

Ormas: I have in *Greece*, all my relations left,
To serve you Madam, and am hither come,
With a fixt zeal to wish, and to obey,
What ever you command! and only fear
My inclination may my tongue direct,
To beg what you'l deny: though I affect.

Qu: Though I your sute dislike, I will consent,
And from your happinesse, raise my content.

Or: With your permission Madam, I would beg
Leave to retire unto the little Lodge,

Within

Within the Forreſt, half a League from hence,
Where after all my Travels, I may find
Eaſe for my body, and refreſh my mind,
With the ſoft ſolace of a private life,
Free from Affairs, and Courts Eternal ſtrife.
Qu: This is farre beyond my fears *Ormaſdes*!
'Tis no wonder you my favours ſlight!
When you do our ſociety diſlike.
But I will not your purpoſe now oppoſe,
Though I your counſels, and your friendſhip loſe;
Who in debates can ſpeak, in fight command,
And order all, that in diſorder ſtand;
—Can nothing alter your deſire from this?
Ormaſ: Not, unleſſe troubles be preferr'd to bliſs.
Queen. *Ormaſdes*, it ſhall be as you deſire,
And freely, when you pleaſe, you may retire.
Ormaſ: Though I a while abſent my ſelf from Court,
I ſhall be ready to lay by my Books,
When you do call me to put Armour on,
Stories tell, that great men the like have done.
Queen: Though I know no example, I believe
What e're *Ormaſdes* ſhall make choice to do,
May be a preſident, that will ingage
Brave men to follow, in the future Age.
Ormaſ: Your Majeſty in this, has given me more content
Then all the favours proffer'd me before. *Exit* Ormaſdes.
T. Tit: Is this his humour?, or ſome fancy grown
From paſſion for ſome Love, to us unknown;
Queen. No, *Titus*, he has ever been obſerv'd,
A great contemner of Amores, and does
True friendſhip more eſteem, then idle love.
T. Tit: The more like now to be ſo much concern'd,
When touch'd; our mortal bodies are ſo frail,
That we may love, and know not what we aile!
VVhy, does your Majeſty think friendſhip can
VVith as much force as love, tranſport a Man?
Queen. Not to ſuch frenſies, as wild brains Create,
VVhen fancy cannot change the courſe of Fate—
—VVhen love to Faces with the Face decay,
A virtuous Friendſhip will for ever ſway.—
—I wiſh you, *Titus*, when he firſt retires,
To try how farre your Friendſhip can prevail,
To get the ſecret from *Ormaſdes* ſoul;
'Tis for his good, that he his griefs impart;
True friendſhip will allow a little Art,
VVhen the deſign does nothing more import,
But bringing of *Ormaſdes* back to Court.
Tit: I ſhall be joy'd, and happy if I can
Bring back to Court! ſo Excellent a Man.

Enter

[*Enter an* Officer *and* Ormasdes.]

Officer. The Embassador attends your Majesty.

Queen. Admit Him. [*The* Queen *sits.*]

[*Enter* Embassador, *and his Train.*]

Embas: Madam, my Master, the *Trecenian* King,
Salutes you in these Letters, and by me,
Congratulates your *Zelnus* Victorie,
But does lament, that he no share acquir'd,
In that great Conquest, he so much desir'd:
He was ambitious, Madam, to command
In that near Warre, and not as neuter stand.
When strangers merits do such Triumphs claime,
While he to you unknown, sat still with shame.
But since *Ormasdes* conduct, and his skill,
With such high Valour, has fulfill'd your will.
He envies not so great a Souldiers praise,
But would have shar'd in his Triumphant Bayes.

Qu: If I had known *Valeriana*'s mind,
He might my thanks have shar'd, and not repin'd.

Emb: I have commission also, to propose
A League between your Kingdomes, and your selves,
Such, as new Conquer'd *Zelnia* will secure,
That *Cithereas* peace, may long endure. —
— Your Beauty Madam, more then Crowns invite,
Valerianus wishes to unite
Your hearts; and then, your Scepters may
Be double fixt, when both do love obey.
He begs, that he in person may appear,
To plead his love, and treat this great affair.

Queen: *Valerianus* friendship I approve,
But never shall consent to treat of Love;
'Twould raise my dead Lords Ashes in his Urn,
If I should to a second Lover turn?
Your great Kings proffer'd League, I do imbrace,
With fit Affection, and a chearfull face: —
Declaring to the World, how I respect,
His person, though I must his sute reject.

Emb: I shall acquaint my Master, — and beg leave
I may your Majesties commands receive,
Without the Ceremonies that belong,
To a State audience, in a formal throng.

Queen. You shall have free accesse, as you desire,
And now my Lord, I must a Sutor be,
That your faire Sister will in Court appear:
Who, I am told, is come to visit me.

Emb: That, Madam, should have been my next request,

That

That you, my deareſt Siſter, would permit,
To kiſs your hand, who does attend without.
Queen. Will you, *Ormaſdes*, pleaſe to bring her in?
And make my excuſe, who did not know
She was ſo neer. *Exit* Ormaſ
If you had brought her to the Audience!
She ſhould have been as welcome as you wiſh.
Emb: Though all the World adore *Cleandras* Name!
On the faint notions of a Common Fame:
I now can teſtify! and will declare,
Your virtues, to your beauties equall are.
Queen. Your compliments require not a reply,
You over-valew my civilitie.

[*Enter* Ormaſdes, *with* Mariana.]

Qu: You do me, and my Country, honour more,
Then any Lady ever did before.
Mar: I have done my ſelf a favour Madam,
And 'tis your Majeſty that honours me;
The fame of *Citherea* I confeſſe,
May Princes hither bring, but my addreſs,
Is to *Cleandras* ſelf, that I might ſee,
The virtue fam'd for ſuch Divinitie.
Qu: Madam, if you ſuch flatteries throw out,
You will your welcome ſpoil, and make me doubt
You rather come to mock, then to admire!
On ſuch another word? I ſhall retire.
Mari: I can be ſilent Madam, while I live,
But muſt ſpeak truth, when you this freedome give.
Qu: We then will change our argument, and place,
Leſt I do chide, whom I intend to grace.

[*Exeunt all but* Nearcus *and* Cleobulus.

Cleob: Did you obſerve, with what forc'd modeſty
The Embaſſador ſuppreſt his anger?
When his Maſters ſute, ſo briskly was denied.
Near: Yes, and how ſuddain his ſad looks changed,
When bright *Cleandra* did ſo ſoon admit
His private viſits; as if himſelf were ſtruck!
And did no further preſſe his Maſters ſute.
Cle. I have other thoughts, that made me believe,
The Lady he calls Siſter, is his Love.
Near: Such things have been, and *Mariana* may
His Miſtris be, whoſe beauty in my Eye,
Does farre ſurpaſſe *Cleandras* Majeſty.
And now you put theſe thoughts into my head,
I did obſerve *Marianus* Eyes and his,
Did a long practiz'd ſilent language ſhew,
While they by turns did entertain the Queen.
Cleob: But I had ſecond thoughts, led me to think,

I did sometimes perceive *Mariana's* Eyes,
On brave *Ormasdes* fixt; and seem'd to take
Such a survey, as Purchasers do make.
Near: I doubt *Mariana* has not an estate,
To purchase him, at great *Cleandras* rate.
Cleo: Let us observe them better next, and see
If it be Art; or their simplicitie. *Exeunt.*

[*Enter* Embassador *and* Mariana.]

Emb: I have undone my self, *Mariana!*
For now beyond resistance I do love;
And find *Cleandra* will by her neglects,
Dash all my hopes, and turn from my respects.
Mari: There does not a just cause to me appear,
For such a doubt; much lesse to raise dispair:
Because *Cleandr* runs not at first sight,
Into the Arms, of such a wandring Knight.
Though your State Arguments, cannot procure
To Treat; she may but a short Siege indure,
When as your self, a King you do appear!
The Castle may be won, by love, or fear.
Emb: No *Mariana*, I have heard, and seen
Too much, the brave *Ormasdes* stands between
Me, and my happiness, his retirement
Is to cloke their close Love, and to prevent
Pretenders; or such scandal, as would rise,
If openly in Court, without disguise!
Such unproportion'd love should ere be known,
Which shewes they dare not their affections own.
Mar: What need such dissembling? to hide that love,
Which all the *Citherean* do approve;
And publickly do pray, his great Renown,
Might be rewarded with *Cleandra's* Crown.
To publick fame, I therefore credit give,
They not in love, but in true friendship live.
Emb: Such friendship between man, and woman, may
'Mongst silly people make a holy-day:
No Callenders of mine, shall ere admit
Of a Red Letter, for a counterfet.
Mar: The Gods defend, Brother.
Emb: Why, *Mariana?* what is your concern?
To blush, because we do their crimes discern!
Can you believe, that a Platonick flame,
Has power to Canonize *Cleandras* Name?
Mar: I blush for you, who now so boldly dare,
Against the person that you love! declare.
Emb: Your words, and looks, do not at all agree,
But shame for your *Ormasdes* infamie.

He is the man in *Mariana's* Eye,
Whose blushes would his vices justifie.
Mari: Though I his virtues honour, and admire
The glorious Actions of his life, my heart
Is not in any danger to be lost.
Emb: When a heart is so well lost, *Mariana!*
'Twill soon be found, I did believe my own,
As fast fixt as yours, yet at first sight
Of the fair Queen, 'twas from its center forc'd.
Mari: I, Brother, your business was to lose it.
Emb: But the blind Deity considers not
Our purposes, he wounds at randome still;—
—I wish thou wouldst ingeniously confesse,
If in thy thoughts *Ormasdes* be not grown
The handsomest, and gallantest of men,
Whose famous actions, in our western World,
May well excuse thy wonder, and thy Love;
—I wish thy beauties could his heart ingage,
That I might have no Rival for the Queen.
Mari: To oblige my dear brother, I will try,
What may be done, for your security.
Emb: Thy whole life, never can oblige me more;
—*Ormasdes* is a great Prince in *Greece*,
And I for thee, will make him greater yet,
By my additions in *Treconia*;
If you can think him worthy of your Love?
—Our forces joyn'd, may double conquest gain;
When sever'd, both indeavours may prove vain.
Mar: While you talk thus, I had as good confesse
What you so much believe, and do allow,
I gladly would obtain, if I knew how.
Emb: That was well said, let us to Councel then—
Suppose I Court the Queen in my own shape?
Mar: I think 'tis best that you do first inquire,
How farre the subtle Queen does stand ingaged
Unto *Ormasdes*, that you may not kneel
To her, if she unto another bow?
Emb: It will not be amisse, that I inquire,
Of some great man in power, who I may bribe:—
Such as *Cleandra's* trust does most admit,
To plead my Masters cause, and argue it:——
—What if I first *Ormasdes* self do try?
'Twill search his love, and his fidelity.
Mari: I am not fit to judge, nor can advise;
But will with prayers assist your enterprize.
Emb: I'le visit him, and if he guilty be,
I shall confound his great securitie.
Mari: I fear you sooner will your self destroy,
Then by your furious passions him anoy.
Emb: Will you go with me to *Ormasdes* Lodge?

Left I disturb his solitary Soul,
And with my rude breath, harm the man you love.
Mari: I'de rather be the subject of your mirth,
Then great *Ormasdes* should such rage discern,
As from your Arguments will soon arise.
Emb: No, I'le approach him with my gentle looks,
As calme, and smooth, as virgins when they smile,
Such as our tender yielding hearts beguile;
But if *Ormasdes* do a lover prove!
He will my hopes and fears to anger move; ——
—Soone quench these Flames, or make them brighter burne!
Do you attend the Queen 'till my return. [*Exeunt* severally.

{*Enter* Ormasdes, *a Book in his hand, as talking*} {*to Young* Titus.}

Orma: I never liv'd till now, you think me dead—
Does my dear friend believe, what I have said?
Y. Titus. Sir, if the friendship you allow, be more
Then an Airie name? you will now permit,
That I as freely speak, as I do love.
Orm: *Titus* friendship would have honored *Cato*,
And now my self am prouder of advise,
From *Titus*, then for all my victories.
Tit: Thus then *Cleandra* thinks, and so do I,
This loneneſſe will your fore-ewes multiply;
Passions conceal'd, do nourish discontent,
But if reveal'd, much mischief may prevent:
'Tis my ambition to obtain this truſt,
If great *Ormasdes* thinks I dare be just!
Ormas: By all our, I know no discontent,
Nor has my quiet breſt a passion in't—
Titus. Hold *Ormasdes*, hear me out, who now come
To let you know, that I, and many more
Who love you, do believe that you repine,
Because *Cleandra* is so much reserv'd;
And dare not own the passion that you have.
——If this be your trouble, truſt it to me,
And you shall soon perceive, what I can do,
In satisfaction to your highest wish;
—— I do so farre incourage, and assure,
What I have mentioned; Is the Nations hope;
Who pray that great *Cleandra* may comply
In all, that will *Ormasdes* satisfie.
Thus my affection, has my heart expreſt,
And I expect an answer I may truſt.
Ormas: What you have uttered *Titus*, I believe,
And scorn to think such friendship can deceive.
By the same sacred tye, I you coniure,
To credit me, who seriously do vow.

I only chooſe this ſolitary life,
To eaſe my body, and repoſe my mind;
I have no paſſion, nor do griefe ſuſtain,
Nor have a wiſh beyond *Cleandras* ſmile,
And *Titus* friendſhip; which I'le near beguile.

Titus. Sir, I am bound to credit what you ſay,
And ſhall no more endeavour by diſcourſe,
To alter ſuch well grounded purpoſes:
But muſt we never hope for your return
To Court? where you with the ſame freedome may
Enjoy, what private houres you can deſire,
And not thus put the World ſo wholly off;
Which ſurely was, with all its glories made,
For uſe of man, and its felicities
To be by us injoyed, without a crime.

Ormaſ: Yes, *Titus*, but we vain men miſtake,
And from our fickle infancy propoſe,
Glittering felicities we never find,
For as we grow up to the injoyments,
Of what riper years bring with them, we ſee
That our deſires do daily higher grow,
And our fruitions, but foundations lay,
T' entertain our buſie brains, a new way:
So that we ſeldome contentation have,
In what we do poſſeſs; but forward look,
And only find ſome pleaſure in the way,
Towards the end we aime at; which obtain'd,
Brings not thoſe real joyes, we did expect;
Only affords ſome reliſh which invites
Our Idle fancies, to ſeek new delights;
—How unhappy then, is our beſt happineſſe?
When no fruitions, can our fond hearts bleſs.
Still ſubject to unſatisfied deſires,
That from quench'd Aſhes, does beget new Fires.
Thus all our Appetites, do make us ſlaves,
And from our Cradles, lead us to our graves.

T. Titus. Have the Gods only given us active ſouls?
And no objects, fit for them to fix on?

Orma: To think on thoſe Gods, will afford our hearts,
A full variety, of laſting joyes;
With which our earthly fancies cannot mix,
When on Cœleſtial happineſſe we fix.

Titus. I ſhall e're long this argument revive,
And ſhew, how you are buried alive?
Where is that valour, and that virtue gone?
Whither that courage fled? I dosted on:
Though you can paſſion, and deſire ſuſtain,
You muſt not quit the Court, as if diſdain
Of all the glories that a Court can give,
Could not perſwade you there again to live:

—I must now leave you to attend the Queen;— *Exit* Titus.

Ormaſ: A clearer virtue I have never ſeen.

Exeunt omnes ſeverally.

{*Enter the* Queen, Embaſſador, Mariana, Old Titus, *and Traine.*}

Emb: Madam, ſhall I return without a hope?
No gratious anſwer to my Maſters ſute!

Queen: My Lord, I fully have declar'd, that way.

Embaſſ: Never to marry Madam!

Queen: 'Tis my opinion now.

Emb: Will you permit my Maſter to appear?
Whoſe perſon may bring Arguments to prove
It neceſſary to allow his Love.

Queen. By no means my Lord, I ſhall not admit
His viſit, if he come on that affair!
But muſt againſt his coming now declare.

Emb: How can you, Madam, thus declare againſt
A perſon, and a paſſion you ſee not?
Or prejudge, what you will think hereafter!
His preſence, may change this ſeverity.

Queen. I have conſider'd all that can be ſaid,
Urge it no more.

[*The* Embaſſador *ſtands concern'd.*] [*Exit* Queen *and Traine.*

Mar: Brother, —Sir, —what do you ail? what ſtrange looks
Do you put on? you will be diſcovered!

Emba: I, *Mariana*, 'tis now my buſineſſe,
To try if this Scene changing, may not change
Cleandra's ſtubborn heart; when ſhe ſhall ſee
This borrow'd habit thrown away, if then
She ſcorn my Love, I will break off the League,
And in my own Right will a Warre declare,
For her ſo lately conquer'd *Zelnian* Crown,
And there will try, if her conceal'd Gallant,
The great *Ormaſdes*, may once more be drawn
From Sanctuary, to defend her Right,
From my juſt rage; —I will now viſit him.

Mari: This humour is not fit for complement.

Emb: Fear not, *Mariana*, I'le not wrangle now,
My buſineſſe is to bribe that mighty man,
And make him plead my cauſe to the fair Queen,
—But if I find him rotten at the heart!
I ſhall unmask him, ſpite of all his Art.

Mari: That is what I fear. *Exeunt.*

The Second Act.

Enter the Embaſſador, with Ormaſdes, *who holds a Book in his hand, they ſit on Chairs by a Table.*

Ormaſ: YOur Lordſhip by this viſit, honours me;
Emb: My viſit brings you buſineſſe of the State,
You muſt not take it for a Complement.
Ormaſ: What is your buſineſſe then?
Emb: I have obſerved, *Ormaſdes*, the Queens ſence
Is yours, in her Affairs of Conſequence,
She moves by you; this brings me to conſult
My Maſters Marriage, for a full reſult!
For I conceive *Valerianus* Name
Of ſo great Credit! and ſo high a Fame!
That our two Nations, by our Princes joyn'd,
Though our ſurrounding neighbors were combind,
Our Territories would be ſafe, and we
Should thank the Gods for ſuch Tranquilitie.
But when a Lady Rules, they may preſume,
And their Rebellious Principles aſſume,
If great *Ormaſdes* ſhall be call'd away,
And fair *Cleandra* left alone to ſway.
Ormaſ: I know Sir, that *Cleandra* does eſteem
The ſtout *Treconians* friendſhip, as ſhe ought,
And I know ſhe honours your brave young King,
Whoſe martial Acts, have gain'd him through the World,
A character ſo noble, and ſo great
That ſhe with joy this proffer'd League, does treat:
Onely diſlikes the Marriage you propoſe,
On good State Arguments, as I ſuppoſe,
In judgment, and affection to her Son,
She will not raiſe a Rival to his Crown.
And for her angry Neighbors? ſhe believes
The *Zelnian* Warre, has ſo much wiſdome taught,
They will not ſuddainly, unprepar'd, provoke,
A Queen, ſo powerfull, and ſo fortunate.
Emb: Suppoſe *Valerianus* take offence?
And look on this neglect, as an affront!
Becauſe he onely did propoſe this League,
To introduce his ſute, which he conceives,
Will both our Nations equally advance;
But if laid by with ſcorn! ſuppoſe he then,
Do joyn with your old Enemies? and claim
His Fathers Title to the *Zelnian* Crown;
What may the hazzards, and the iſſue be?
If a new warre, diſpute your Victorie?

Ormaſ:

Ormaſ: I will not Prophecy the ſad event,
But ſo unjuſt a Warre may juſtly bring
Upon ſo Gallant, and ſo wiſe a King!
Emb: Suppoſe then, that I have his Commiſſion?
To lay by the Treaty of this new League,
Untill the Marriage be agreed unto;
And if deny'd, I muſt Proclaim his Right
To *Zelnja*, and your late Conqueſt bring,
To a new queſtion, with a Powerfull King.
Ormaſ: If *Valerianus* be ſo fixt, we muſt
No hazards fear, in Warrs that are ſo juſt.
Emb: Your great ſucceſſes have high thoughts begot,
Above your Conqueſt, which I value not?
But wiſh ſuch evils as we now foreſee,
May be avoided by our induſtry;
For 'twill become your Wiſdome, and your Truſt,
T'adviſe *Cleandra* to this happy Match,
Wherein if you prevail, I have full power,
Now to conferre on you, the firſt, and beſt
Of our *Treconian* Principalities.
Ormaſ: You do me wrong, and are in this unjuſt,
To think that I will break *Cleandra's* truſt,
Which I do value 'bove your Maſters Crown!
And therefore boldly will adviſe the Queen
Not to admit his ſuit, on Arguments
Which muſt an evil conſequence produce,
To her Sons Right, if ſhe Comply,
And by it, leſſen her own Dignity.
Emb: If my imployment, anger did allow,
And my own Honour would permit, to ſtrike
A Book-man! this rude language, I'de correct.
Orm: If the Queens honour were not more concern'd!
In a reſpect to your imployment due;
You ſoon ſhould find, how little I do value you!
The Book-man would not from your Maſter take
This Inſolence; but for *Cleandras* ſake
I do forbear; pray viſit me no more.
Emb: Fear it not; when *Valerianus* knowes
How little worth, *Cleandras* honour is!
He will this League, and her Alliance ſcorn;
Who puts *Ormaſdes* into this Diſguiſe,
To hide her Lover, from her Peoples Eyes?
Ormaſ: This is beyond ſufferance.

[*Ormaſdes grapples with the* Embaſſador.

[*Enter the* Queen, *Tyrrhus, and Train, who part them.*]

Queen. Hold, *Ormaſdes*, I heard his Inſolence—
—Sir, you have leave to go aboard your Fleet,
Where

Where you only can be safe; begon then,
Without reply be gone, for if't be known!
What you have said! my People may revenge
My wrong, before your Master do me right.—— [*Exit* Emb: *in anger.*
——*Ormasdes* you must in this, my will obey,
Your wonted judgment must your passion sway:
While I by a quick Warre, with Fire and Sword,
Require such Justice as he must afford.

Ormas: Madam, the Conduct of that Warre I beg.

Queen. If you this passion will lay by till then!
You shall: But no more of this anger now;
I came to take the Ayre this Afternoon,
But will deferre it, 'till another day.
—— Pray be pacifi'd, you shall not stir out;
I do intreat, and do command you stay.
Titus stay you, 'till this heat be over.

Exit Queen *and Train.*

Ormas: *Titus*, my friend; I have a flame within,
That will consume my heart, if you help not!

T. Titus. Do you doubt my assistance, to serve you,
In any way you can prescribe a friend?

Or: I'le rather thank thee for't, then doubt thy love,
Th' Embassador can this night hardly reach
Coriola! where we, in a swift Boat
By break of day, to morrow may Arrive;
If some hours hence! we in the dark, imbark!

T. Titus: I guesse your purpose, and I will obey;
Yet I would gladly have an Argument,
To justifie what you intend to do;
Lest Forreign Princes should condemne our State,
That Lawes of Nations rashly violate;
And so *Cleandras* honour, suffer more,
Then by his Insolence, she did before.

Ormas: How can he justifie those words he spoke?
His rude language, the Law of Nations broke.
For when a Publick Minister puts off
That Sacred shadow, which should him protect;
And dares in such vil'd language give affronts,
To a much greater Monarch then his own!
That minute, his Commission did expire;
When he his Cloak of Majesty laid by;
And like a Ruffen, talk'd so lavishly.

T. Titus. This I confesse, is reason for revenge,
But if the World our Action not approve?
Pray think, what we shall urge for our excuse,
In case we can no president produce?

Ormas: A president *Titus*! where will he show,
That Nations do Embassadors allow
To be so barbarously base, as he?
When he dares make his Act, a president!

I will another ſhew, and kill him for't
In the firſt Age, no preſidents, were known,
And in ours, this ſhall be my Creation;
'Tis not *Cleandra's* work, nor is it thine,
The glory or the ſhame is onely mine,
Titus my heart would break, if I permit
That man to brag, as he will do at home,
How he has brav'd *Ormaſdes* to his face
And on *Cleandra* thrown ſo foul diſgrace.

T. Titus. Since I your reſolution cannot change,
Pray name the place, and hour, and I'le not faile.

Ormaſ: Some three houres hence, wee'l at the Ferry meet,
Where a ſwift well-man'd Boat, you muſt provide,
My motion may ſome jealouſie beget,
Of what we do intend; and muſt perform;
If our beſt ſpeed, can but this Mad-man reach?
I ſhall his fury, better manners teach. *Exeunt.*

[*Enter* Cleandra, Mariana, *old* Titus, Cleobe *and Ladies.*]

Queen. Madam, you are now got ſo near my heart,
That I am ſad to think that we muſt part.

Mariana. And I too ſoon do find, that I too late
Am now involved in my Brothers Fate.
We leave our hearts behind, though we now fly,
This place by our impulſive Deſtiny.
My ſoul has not a wiſh, can ſend me hence,
If I could ſtay on any juſt pretence.

Queen. Why may you not ſtay here *Mariana?*
And let him go, we will a friendſhip make,
Such as thy virtue juſtly may expect,
And my affection give, if here you'l live?

Mari: I am unhappy Madam, who muſt be
At his diſpoſe, has done you injurie,
So great! that I muſt ſuffer while I live.

Queen. Rather then you ſhall ſuffer, I'le forgive.

Mar: Your pardon is, beyond your power, I fear,
Unleſſe you will admit his Maſter here?

Queen. His pardon then is farre beyond my reach,
If for his King, his own concern be ſuch!
And yours, ſo much for him; I muſt conſent
To part with both; yet I could be content,
To ſee him for your ſake, and forget,
What he ſo raſhly has againſt me ſaid,
Thy tears for him, have ſatisfaction made.

Mar: My brother is already on his way,
And has ordered Boats for me to follow,
Where I expect to find his rage too high,
To hearken to ſuch mercy, as I bring,
Unleſſe *Cleandra* will admit his King?

Queen.

Queen: I have not seen such useless rage before;
Whom but himself can his mad fury harm?
Mar: It is a Riddle I dare not expound.
Queen. Dare not *Mariana*? am I so low
In your esteem? you dare not let me know,
What you dare do? this secret I confesse,
Has onely power to make me love thee lesse.
Mari: I cannot, I have sworn not yet to say
What 'tis, to him I'me doubly tied t' obey:
But since your goodnesse, can so soon forgive,
So great a Crime, I'le try to bring him back,
And if I can prevail, for his consent,
I'le shew the cause of his distemperment. ——
Queen. You have his pardon, and may now persue,
Your own design, to bring him back with you;
But if he chuse to go, and set you free,
Your self shall be much welcomer to me.
Mar: Your words incourage me to take no leave,
But cherish hopes which may my heart deceive,
With present thoughts, rather to smile then mourn,
As a good Omen to my quick return.
Queen. You *Nearcus*, shall conduct *Mariana*
To *Coriola*, and at your own house,
As you passe by; pray treat her as my friend.
Near: I shall be carefull in it, Madam.

Exeunt Nearcus *and* Mariana.

Queen: I love her, and am somewhat more concern'd
To part with her; then I can make you see!
Adm. She has by her behaviour, gain'd esteem
From all the Court, and from the Nation too.
Queen. I wonder *Titus* none of you lament,
When so great Beauty from the Court is sent!
Admi: Your Majesty has shew'd enough for all.
Queen. I do mean Love, *Titus*, and did expect
Her beauty, should have fir'd a hundred hearts!
And by the powerfull charms of her bright Eyes,
O're-ruled our *Citherean* Destinies.
Adm: My heart, Madam, has been so often burnt,
There is no substance left, that can take fire;
Indeed I wonder how the rest have scap'd!
Cleob: Nearcus, and my self, had other thoughts
Of this great beauty, which did secure us;
We do *Mariana* for his Mistris take,
Few Sisters Travel for a Brothers sake!
Queen. How *Cleobulus*! have you any ground
For this? to justifie so vile a thought?
Cle: Onely the freedome, which they daily us'd,
With this new way, for Men who have no Wives,
To carry Sisters into Forraign Courts!
Queen: Though not in use, it does not sure deserve,

A censure so severe! such Innocence,
In *Mariana*, did to me appear,
That I should sooner judge her good, if bad,
Then blemish such perfections by a thought
It cannot be! so Insolent a Guilt!
He durst not own! nor such a scandall raise,
On his own name! and on his Country too!
I command you to suppresse this thing,
I am asham'd a *Cithereans* heart,
Should entertain a thought of such a Crime!
We bring our own Worth in question then,
When we asperse the Worth of other men.

Cle: They were but thoughts, as rashly then tane up,
As now thrown out; with no design to wrong
The Innocent; I wish her virtue may
Our thoughts convince, and she be justified.

Queen. Keep firm there my Lord, for all those who live
Near Princes Eares, should weigh how they let fall
A word that may a Womans Honour blast;
If I were apt to credit your report?
And on your groundlesse jealousie affront
Such virtue! what a sin were it in you?
To make me guilty of so great a Crime!

Cleobulus. I am sorry for my rash opinion,
Since it offends your Majesty so much!

Queen. It is the bane of Courts, when we permit
Those near us, to asperse the Innocent;
If our strict Lawes for petty theft, gives Death?
How much a greater punishment is due
For robbing a good name? a sin so vil'd,
And so unknown! no punishment was made
By way of Prophesie, for crimes to come!
If I did think this malice from your heart,
I would for ever banish you my Court.

Cleob: Your Majesty does raise your anger now,
Above my guilt; which had no mischief in't.

Queen. I am no farther angry with you now,
But take occasion to declare my sence,
Against all such, as defame Innocence.
'Tis a Prince his chief businesse to be Just,
The Gods impose on us no higher Trust!
We have no petty faults, to answer for,
Universal Justice, is our great work,
And those who shall divert it, to destroy
The Fame, or Fortune of an Enemy,
Deserves to be thrown off with Infamy.

[*Exit Queen and Cleob.*

[*Remain the* Admiral *and* Cleobulus.]

Adm: I have not seen the Queen in such a heat!

You have offended her some other way?
Cleob: Not that I know of, in this kind ever!
Adm: What Devil, made you talk thus to her now?
You knowing that she is so good her self,
She makes a doubt, that any of her Sex
Can do amisse! and 'tis great Nobleness!
Cleo: There is a kind of pixe Divel, dwells
In many Courts, that haunts our idle heads,
And prompts us, when we know not what to say;
To entertain great Princes with reports
Of others, so to please, and passe the time;
This foolish spirit, I think, entred me.
Adm: You gave *Cleandra* cause, for your reproof,
For how can Princes judge Malice from Mirth?
When cunningly thrown out, with specious shewes,
Of probabilities; when those aspers'd,
Are never call'd to answer for themselves,
The Queen did excellently well, to chide
You, whom she Loves; that none may ere presume
The like hereafter! for if Princes be
Born Credulous? Malicious persons may
Defame a Nation, if they please, this way.
Cleob: I know I was to blame, but from this day,
I'le hold my peace, 'till I know what to say. *Exeunt.*

{*Enter* Nearcus, *with* Mariana *and Servants at his House, in their way to* Coriola.}

Mari: Where are we now my Lord? this house stands well
Near: It is my poor habitation, Madam;
Here I must treat you, by the Queens command,
'Tis the mid-way unto *Coriola.*
Mar: 'Tis a Noble, and a most pleasant Seat;
Has it no Mistris, Sir? Are you single?
Nearcus. I am only that way, happy Madam!
Mariana. You have a Mistris then? or do you call
It happiness? that you as yet, have none?
Near: Will you please Madam, to view the garden?

{*The rest of the Traine stay looking on the Pictures, and see them not go out.*} {*Exit* Nearcus *with* Mariana.}

1. *Lady.* That piece methinks, does look as if it liv'd.
2 *Lady.* I do preferre that smiling Figure first;
Whose hand is it, my Lord?
Lord. I have not skill enough to know the hands,
Though I love Pictures: —pray observe the next;
Is not this sleeping *Venus* rarely done?
See how that *Cupid* in the Tree, stands off!
2 *Lady.* 'Tis rare indeed, that *Satyr*, and the rest
Of the whole piece, is excellently good!

1 *Lady.*

1 *Lady.* Let us look into the next Room, my Lord.
Lord. This way they went, and this way must return.
[*They go out and returne haſtily.*]
Lord: The Doors are lock'd, and we can paſſe no way.
1 *Lady.* Is this by accident? or on command?
Lord. Let us attend a while, and we ſhall ſee
From the next Chamber window, where they be. *Exeunt.*

[*Enter* Nearcus *with* Mariana *in the Garden.*]

Mar: I have no Argument for further talk,
And now am weary grown, with this long walk;
Where is the beauty? you ſo much admire!
Your praiſes have in me rais'd ſome deſire,
To ſee this wonder of our Sex! that I,
May judge your skill, and with your choice comply.
[Nearcus *locks the Doore, and kneels.*]
Near: She is here already, oh ſhe is here!
A brighter beauty, never can appear!
Mar: Why d'ye lock the Door, my Lord? why kneel
To me! you make my heart ſome tremblings feel
By this ſurpriſe; and I do doubtfull ſtand,
What of kind Treachery, you have in hand!
It looks! —yet, like a Lionneſs betray'd
Into the Toyles; I ſcorn to be afraid.
Near: I have no Argument for either now,
But a diſtracted heart; that knowes not how
T'excuſe, what I have done! —'tis love, has brought
Me to this Precipice, and too late taught,
That I from hence, ſhall head-long tumble down,
If you diſdain to ſave; oh do not frown!
Rather take this, and while you may, prevent [*Offers his Sword.*
Your own near ruine, and my raſh intent; ——
——That angry look, and thoſe enraged Eyes,
Pierce like quick Lightning, from the ſtormy skies;
They melt my heart, and make me trembling ſtand,
To beg what Love, and Nature may command.
Mariana. Love! do the *Cithereans* by ſuch Arts!
Such force! and treachery! winne Ladies hearts?
Fie, fie *Nearcus*, this does not agree
With Love! nor with *Cleandras* truſt to thee;
I ſhame to find ſuch ills! and bluſh to chide:
—Repent, and I thy infamy will hide.
Oh! 'tis the baſeſt of all crimes to be
Juſtly condemn'd, for infidelity;
And with a treachery, my truſt beguile,
Beyond the ſtory of the *Crocodile*.
Near: What dares not love attempt? when it goes high,
Like mine? your ſhips are ready, oh too nigh!

The

The wind is fair; and I, no time but this,
To woe; no other means to reach my bliss!
The Queens command, and my desires here meet,
To throw my life, and fortune, at your feet;
That by this desperate course, you now may see,
Your love, or scorn, I make my destinie.
Mar: *Nearcus*, how would you prevaile my *dreames*!
Instruct me not, to answer such extreams.
Near: I would have you Mistris of me, and mine,
Before we part, made so, by vowes Divine.
Mar: 'Tis a short warning, to a work so great!
Is this *Cleandras* Love? and this your Treat,
To strangers? do you think my lips, my heart
Does hold so loose? as at first sight, to part
With it to you? what do you find in me,
So slight? that looks like so much levitie.
Near: If you'l afford more time? I will proceed
With caution, and respect! and shall take heed
How I offend; if you'l resolve to stay,
Or to comply, my passion will obey.
—If not! I must this desperate course persue,
And trust my ruine or successe to you
—Who does in desperate attempts ingage,
Can seldome at first sight, th'event presage:
—Love led me on, and reason comes too late,
Now to retreat; this Fortune, is my Fate.
Mar: Your language, and your looks, do rather threat,
Then woe; which does in me such scorn beget,
As to an Enemy, that does invade,
—That Innocence, you have bereft of aid;
And boldly dare impose on a free heart,
What should be won by Love, not such base Art!
Near: Give me but time to woe! and I will fear,
And tremble in your sight; with zeal appear,
And the same duty, I approach the Gods,
When my offences, make me fear their Rods!
It is not I, (as your affairs do stand)
But high necessity, makes me command;
That all the remnant of my life, you may
Triumph! for my ambition's to obey.
Mar: Think you by force, that I shall ere think fit,
To yield my self to such a counterfeit?
I am not born unto so mean a Fate,
As to submit unto the man, I hate:
Nor will I be thus frighted, to comply
With so contemptable a destiny.
Near: I must confesse, I can by no disguise
Lessen, or hide the guilt, of this surprize;
But by some greater crime, more amply shew,
That a distracted passion may soon know,

To

To act such evills, as I fear to think;
But do not set me in dispair thus sink;
Speak so, as that I may some hope retain,
And you'l restore me to my self again.
Mar: Stand by vil'd man, and let me passe, who waits?
Near: None within call; that now can help! the fates
Themselves have not the power to set you free,
Nor can you hope for safety, but from me!
No storm at Sea, nor in it ships on Fire,
Creates more terrors then my wild desire
Brings me! here is a Tempest in this brest,
Above all them; since raging Love possest
My heart, I am become a walking storm,
Reason and Virtue, are both wrack'd, no form
Observ'd, while this confusion bears the sway,
None knowes to govern; but must all obey,
If we cannot resist; then to cry no,
Is madnesse, when we must to ruine go!
Mar: I have no power, but must my brothers will
Obey; I must his mind, not yours fullfill;
Lest his great pride, and anger may destroy,
What you'd preserve, and frustrate all your joy.
Near: If my high birth, and quality do prove
Lesse then your own, I will expect no love;
But hazzard all my hopes, on his consent,
Let his denial sign my punishment.
Mar: If your birth equal mine, and he consent
To joyn our hands! I have no argument
Against your hopes; but must be Mistris still,
Of my own heart; not part with my free-will;
Yet now *Nearcus*, I do promise you,
What truth and honour dictates, I will do.
Near: Unlesse you both do ere you go comply,—
You shall soon see, that I know how to dye.
Mar: Pray call my servants down, that I may see
Your truth, and find my self at Liberty. [*He calls at the Door.*]
Near: Now Madam, that my life's at your dispose,
Your self secure, I humbly do propose,
You will before the Gods, confirm by vow,
What you have freely promis'd to me now.
Mar: By all those powers, I'le keep my promise made,
And never fail to own, what I have said.
Near: It is enough, a kiss of your fair hand,
Must satisfie the Man, you may command;
Nearcus has no soul, cannot be blest,
Untill his love, with love you do invest.

[*Enter Servants, and all go off together.*]

The Third Act.

Enter the Embaſſador, *as at* Coriola, *with* Cleon, Erillos, *and Train.*

Embaſſ: THis *Piazza Cleon*, is Magnificent;
I have not ſeen any ſo Beautifull!
Cle: It ſhews the Princes Treaſure, and their minds,
Are alike great, who can ſo ſoon Erect,
So vaſt a City, which in every part,
Deſerves to be as much admir'd, as this!
Embaſſ: We may walk through it, ere my Siſter comes!
Erillos. You may, the River ſide is your beſt view.
Cleon: There is a Boat now coming to the ſhore.
Erillos. Thoſe who land, ſeem to be of Quality!
Embaſſ: I ſee no Woman yet with them appear!
They are very brave, and come towards us!
Do any of you know, who theſe may be?
Cleon: Young *Titus* landed firſt, but as I think
It is *Ormaſdes*, who now leads the Troop;
Embaſſ: If ſo! I muſt expect ſome angry words,
From the offended Queen.

Enter Ormaſdes, *and T.* Titus, *with Servants, who come up cloſe to the Embaſſador without any reſpect.*

Embaſſ: What means this kind of rudeneſſe Gentlemen?
Ormaſ: It ſpeaks my buſineſſe, who am hither come,
To ſcourge that pride, you ſo much glory in.
And with this hand, that inſolence chaſtiſe,
Which boldly durſt indeavour to defame,
By baſe ſurmiſes, great *Cleandras* Name.—
—*Titus*, I beg as you love my Honour, [*He turns to* Titus.
If I do fall! let none come in to help!
—Sir, you ſhall have fair play, that we may ſee, [*To the* Embaſſ.
How Inſolence, and Courage do agree! [Titus *makes roome.*
Emb: I ſhall ſoon ſatisfie the doubt you make; [*To his followers.*
—Stand off; he dyes that ſtirs to my relief,
Or by a word let fall, does make me known!
[*They fight*, Ormaſdes *hurts and diſarms him.*

[*Enter* Mariana, *and ſervants, who run in and part them.*]

Mar: Ormaſdes hold, it is a King you wound!
It is *Valerianus* you fight with.

Ormaſ: My ſelf a Prince of *Greece*, of the ſame blood
With our great Emperor, will juſtifie
What I have done; and to the World declare,
If any man do wrong me in diſguiſe;
I do his Titles, and himſelfe deſpiſe.

Exit Ormaſdes, Titus, *and Train.*

Mar: Oh Gods! my prophetick ſoul, did long ſince
Fore-ſee this Evil! oh let not——

King. Hold *Valeriana*; there are no Gods!
Nor ſhall one Altar in my Kingdome ſtand,
To honour thoſe we fooliſhly call Gods!
I will Erect new Temples unto Chance,
Which giddily, thus governs us below.

Valer: Take heed Sir, leſt you do provoke thoſe powers!
(You now deſpiſe!) to puniſh your contempt!

King. I will not own thoſe Gods, thoſe empty names,
Who cannot ſhelter us from publick ſhames?

Valer: The Gods be juſt, and you are much to blame,
'Twas not *Ormaſdes*, who the King ore-came:
It was his Virtue conquer'd your offence,
Your guilt gave Victory to Innoſence.

King. Will you become my Judge? will you condemne
My life, and Honour? A fit Sacrifice,
To your belov'd *Ormaſdes* fatall Sword;
Fool, from this hour, I do thy blood diſclaim,
And will forget I ever knew thy Name;
——*Erilles*, let my goods be ſent aboard,
I will not ſtay a minute longer here,
Then my neceſſity compells me to.

Valer: I have prevail'd with the much injur'd Queen,
To lay her anger by, and to forgive
Thoſe raſh words you ſpoke, and have her leave
To bring you to her ſight again, with hopes
She may her inclinations change, when known!
Your fury did proceed from Love alone.

King. My love is vaniſh'd, and my heart too full
Of my revenge, to think of my return;
Till I can pull *Cleandra* from her Throne!
I hope *Ormaſdes* will take care of you,
Who plead his cauſe, and are to love, ſo true!

Mem. Sir, though your wounds be ſlight, if you remove!
So ſoon? we cannot anſwer for your life.

King. I'le rather dye at Sea, then live on ſhore,
Make haſte good *Cleon*; lead me to my Boat.

Cleon: Will you leave the Princeſs, in a ſtrange land?
Thus unkindly caſt her off; for ever?
Becauſe her Love did argue for your good!

King. And thee, that dares ſo boldly her excuſe,
Who does my honour, and her own abuſe.

[*The Princeſs ſounds.*]

Cleon:

Cleon: Look Sir, she dyes! your unkindneſſe kills her.
King. She cannot do her ſelf and me more right,
Then to dye now! but ſhe cannot depart,
While great *Ormaſdes*, Triumphs in her heart! —
— See how his Name, her fainting ſoul revives! [*She recovers.*
Lead on, or I ſhall laugh to ſee her dye!
That can raiſe Trophies for my infamy. *Exit* King *and Train.*
Valer: What cruelty is this? to leave me here!
Who love him better, then he loves himſelf;
—You'l be all ruin'd, if you ſtay with me!
Cleon: What we have ſaid, has ruin'd us enough,
If his unruly rage, can reach ſo farre?
Mene. I think 'twere beſt that you return to Court,
And do *Cleandra's* proffer'd friendſhip try,
I have all your Brothers Jewels here,
Which will defray your charges while you ſtay.
Valeriana. 'Tis a plentifull proviſion for us;
But where is young *Nearcus*, all this while?
Cleon: He has not yet appear'd, ſince we Arriv'd.

Enter to them Ormaſdes, *Young* Titus, Nearcus, *and Servants.* Ormaſdes *ſtands off.*

Near: Madam, can you forgive, what I have done?
And own the Author of ſo great a crime?
Who ſaw not then a Princeſs in diſguiſe,
But was captiv'd by *Mariana's* Eyes!
Valer: My Lord, I do forgive, and ſhall forget,
So you repent! and I will ſerve you too,
With all my power, and intereſt in the Queen.
Near: If that be all, would I had guilty been,
Of greater crimes, then my good natur'd ſin.
T. Titus. Madam, we hear your Brother is unkind,
But by *Cleandra's* favours you may find,
Some means to reconcile you unto him.
Valer: I am moſt happy in *Cleandra's* love.
T. Titus. Will you permit *Ormaſdes* in your Boat?
Or ſhall he ſeek ſome other paſſage home?
Mar: I could have wiſh'd *Ormaſdes* leſſe concern'd,
Or that his courage had not been ſo great;
But cannot quarrel him on this account;
He was oblig'd to right *Cleandra's* wrongs;
And muſt in Juſtice be applauded for't.
Ormaſ: Madam, I thank the Gods for my ſucceſſe,
And now with the ſame breath, can humbly beg,
That you'l forgive, what they ſo late approv'd!
Val: Sir, it will not become me, his Siſter,
—Now to congratulate your Victory,
Who have juſt cauſe, to mourn my Brothers Fate,
From whence my own misfortunes, have their date.

Ormaſ: Madam, ſhall we attend you to your Boat?
Valer: Let *Titus* order all, as he thinks fit!
I am ready now for my remove. *Exeunt.*

[Titus *leads off* Valeriana, *the reſt follow.*

[*Enter* Cleobulus *and* Chyron.]

Chy: The Queen is troubled, and her Guards are ſent
With ſpeed, *Ormaſdes* Quarrel to prevent.
Cleob: She muſt ſecure th' Embaſſadors return,
Leſt all our Neighbour Nations do complain,
And ſay, we give occaſion for a Warre;
Which the *Treconians* claim cannot pretend,
Nor the rejected Marriage juſtifie.
Chyron: *Valerianus* has an antient claim
To *Zelnia*, which may beget a Warre!
If the *Treconians* do a quarrel ſeek?
There wants no title to a Prince provok'd.
Cleob: *Ormaſdes* will rejoyce, to ſee that day!
Chy: He is our Nations Darling, and deſerves,
Cleandras favour; but methinks he looks
As if his heart were higher then his head!
Cleo: I have been lately chid for jugling looks,
And dare not ſay, what I believe, I ſee.

[*Enter to them* Cleandra, *old* Titus, *and Ladies.*]

Queen. You tell ſuch wonders from *Coriola*,
That I want faith for them! how comes this Newes?
Adm: Madam, a Meſſenger but not Arriv'd,
Saw the Combate done, and heard *Nearcus* ſay,
They would attend *Valerianus* back,
Unto your Majeſty; (whereas the wonder?)
Princes have been in forreign Courts diſguis'd!
Qu: But have you ever ſuch ſtrange humours found?
A Prince, where Vice and Virtue is ſo mixt!
Adm: No, I have not, nor ſuch a preſident!
As now *Ormaſdes* gives us to correct
Such impudence, as near before was known.
Queen. If I were not concern'd, I ſhould approve,
What he has done, though now I muſt not own?
Adm: For publique thanks on his behalf, I move.—
—Why ſhould we thus, our honeſt thoughts diſguiſe?
When Virtuous Actions Virtue juſtifies.
Queen. Had not *Ormaſdes* ſtir'd! by Armes I might
Compel his Maſter to have done me right.
Adm: By Warre, thouſands of guiltleſſe perſons might
Have ſuffer'd, for one mans over-ſight.
Queen. You have reaſon *Titus*, and I ſhall Judge

Ormasdes Act, as he deserves from me;
Who with my Nation, am so much oblig'd,
I must approve, whatever he will own!
–Let the young Princess lodgings be prepar'd,
Fit for my Friend, and Sister to a King.

[*Enter to them*, Valeriana, *Y.* Titus, Nearcus, *and Servants.*]

Queen. You are welcome Madam, and I am glad
To have you on these termes; do not weep
To part with, what your virtue could not keep!
Val: I am happy, by my unhappinesse,
For by your favour Madam, I may find
Some remedy, for my afflicted mind.
Queen. Be sure, what *Citherea* can afford,
Is yours; and all *Cleandra* does command,
With me rejoyce, to see you safe return'd;
– But where is *Ormasdes*? I must chide him.
Near: He is retir'd Madam to avoid your sight.
Y. Titus. Ormasdes thinks it duty, and respect,
Not to appear at Court, till you direct!
Queen. Pray fetch him hither now; I hope you can [*Exit* Tit:
With me forgive so Excellent a man!
Whose passion never does his reason sway,
But followes on, when virtue leads the way.
Valer: I have no anger to *Ormasdes*, since
Young *Titus* did my Brothers crime relate,
I hope this letting blood, will do him good,
When this affront at home is understood!
Queen. Your Justice, and your Charity is great,
And I do see no reason but you may
Admit *Ormasdes* in my company;
I am inform'd, he has a slight hurt too!
Valeriana. My furious Brother will be glad indeed!
That brave *Ormasdes*, by his hand does bleed.
This accident, if you'l be pleas'd to call
My Brother back? may reconcile us all.
Queen. I never shall consent to his desires,
Though I my anger, and revenge remove,
In complement to you, whom I do love.

[*Enter to them* Ormasdes, *and Young* Titus.]

Ormas: Madam, if doing Justice, have displeas'd!
I do repent, and now your pardon beg.
Queen. Since his great insolence, and your revenge,
No Age can parallel! both must submit
To such a censure as the World thinks fit.
Ormas: Your pardon Madam, is not all my suite,
I beg your interest to obtain like grace

From

From this sad Lady! my wole Soul is vext,
To see such innocence, so much perplext.
Queen. I can now secure you there *Ormasdes*,
She does discreetly Judge, what you have done,
Was, what a man of honour could not shun.
–Is not this truth *Valeriana*? speak? [Valer: *stands surpris'd.*
Val: Yes Madam, I do think, I did say so! [*She sighes and weeps.*
Qu: What suddain change is this? can your soft heart,
Conceal a thought of ill? towards the man
You have excus'd? and seem'd to smile upon!
Near: She does love *Ormasdes*, and I am lost. [Valer: *weeps.*
Qu: Pray leave us, all with-draw! to the next Room:– [*Exeunt.*
– What have I said? that can disturb you thus?
Impart your griefs, and I will share in them.
Val: I dare not shew 'um with an open Face!
Qu: And why, you cannot have a guilt so great,
That I cannot forgive; speak it freely.
Valer: Has not my face, my guilty heart betray'd?
Queen. I understand you not!
Valer: – I am safe then, and may my sorrow hide. [*Aside.*
Queen. Madam, what means this talking to your self?
While I stand by neglected! is your trust
So great? that you can doubt I will be just?
Valer: I doubt my self great Queen, and fear not you; [*Aside.*
She's jealous of me, and my thoughts too true!
She loves *Ormasdes*, and most unhappy I,
Am forc'd to smile on my own Tragedy;
I know no way to hide my broken heart,
Unlesse I do immediately depart! –
–Madam, I beg your Pardon, and your Passe,
I must begon, lest I too late alass!
By my distempers here, deserve your blame,
And raise my memory, eternall shame.
Queen. You are not well sure, this distracted talk,
Requires Physitians to consult, I'le send, –
Vale: Oh no! there needs no more consult for this,
You only can restore me unto bliss!
Queen. And can you doubt, that I will not?
Valer: I fear so!
Queen: What I can do, be you assur'd, I will.
Valer: What I desire, may be more priz'd by you,
Then is the *Citherean* Diadem!
–Will you know now? and if not grant! forgive?
For I am desperate on the suddain grown,
And am resolv'd to make my weakness known.
Queen: Speak it aloud, or in my bosome breath. [*Imbraces her.*
The troubles of thy soul, let not a thought
Be hid, but freely shew, how much you trust
My love, and you shall find me kind, and just.
Valer: Do not you Madam, value *Ormasdes*
Person?

Perſon? and his ſervice above all mens?

Queen. Yes, I do.

Valer: You are Juſt, and Worthy, —and I am— [Valer: *faints.*

Queen. Help, help, ſome help there!

{*Enter* Ormaſdes, Titus, Nearcus, *and Ladies, who take up* Valeriana.}

Nearcus. 'Tis love, upon my life! [*Aſide.*

Queen. Leave us again, the dangers over now;

Ormaſ: I beg your permiſſion to retyre.

Queen. My beſt wiſhes ſtill attend *Ormaſdes.*

Exit Ormaſdes, *with the reſt.*

Valer: What can I ſay, t'excuſe what I have done?

Queen. Speak plainly your full thoughts, and I'm your friend;
But if you longer dally with my love!
You will my friendſhip, unto anger move.

Valer: I know you have diſcover'd by my words,
That your eſteem of him, you boldly own,
Becomes the ground of my diſtraction;

Queen. You love him then! that look declares it now!
And ſo do I, or I would nee'r conſent,
To give him unto you; if this cure grow
Within my reach! *Ormaſdes* ſhall be yours.

Valer: Is not your Majeſty ingag'd to him?

Queen. Indeed, I am not ſo in Love with him,
But I can ſecond your deſires; and will
With all my power endeavour to perſwade
Ormaſdes, that he meet with open Armes,
So great a bleſſing, by the Gods deſign'd;
Though I muſt part with what I value moſt,
Your paſſion never ſhall by me be croſt.

Valer: Madam, your kindneſſe to me flowes ſo faſt,
That I am now in danger to be loſt,
By my abundant joy for this ſucceſſe
You give, of unexpected happineſſe.

Queen. Remove theſe ſullen clouds, from thy fair Eyes;
And be thy ſelf again, for I will ſhew
Ormaſdes ſuddainly, how great a bliſs,
The Heav'ns prepare to Crown his Virtue with.

Valer: The Gods reward you with your higheſt wiſh!
That you may never want, what you deſire,
My ſpirits fail ſo faſt! I muſt retire. *Exit,*

{*Her Maids lead her off, leaning on them, and ſhewing much weakneſs.*}

Queen. Do ſo; what's this. I have ſo raſhly done!
Thrown off *Ormaſdes* I depended on!
Muſt I perſwade him quit that intereſt here,
VVhich for my ſake, he purchaſed ſo dear!
—How ill ſhall I repay his ſervice paſt?
If I adviſe, this baniſhment at laſt;

VVhat

What a rash promise, has my pitty made?
By thus proposing my improper Ay'd!
Though by the secret charms of Sympathy,
Her passion won my reason to comply;
I must on this imployment *Titus* use,
My Honour will my active part excuse.
—But if his Arguments should not prevail?
And by my nicety, the businesse fail?
——If she should perish so? and I repent
Too late, that ill! which I may yet prevent;
—I must about it then, and loose no time,
Lest my nice complements do prove a crime!
—My faith is past, and I will now proceed,
Though brave *Ormasdes* do condemn the Deed. *Exit with Train.*

Enter Nearcus, *with* Valeriana *in her Chamber, her Ladies stand off, but go not out.*

Near: Madam, my desperate State, and high transport,
You may complain of, though not blame me for't;
Your Eyes, like bright misguiding Fires, betray
My wandring soul, and make me loose my way.
'Tis now too late, to see that I am lost,
Led by those guides, to this obdurate coast,
Where neither Rocks appear, nor crossing Tides;
Yet this expected safety, ruine hides!
—But I must claim you by a solemn vow,
Made in the sight of Heav'n, and am come now,
To prove my Birth, which you will not deny,
Is with your own of equall Quality;
These are such Arguments, for your consent,
I cannot think, you dare your vowes repent.

Vale: It cannot well be thought, and much lesse said,
That I repent a promise, never made;
How could such hasty words, strict vowes appear?
Which my surprise, then made me speak in fear!
When you to seize me, stretch'd those Lions paws,
And threatn'd 'gainst all Hospitable Lawes!
Worse then Death to me; what might I not do?
To get from such a Monstrous Beast as you!

Near: Did my humility such danger threat?
Or my submission, with such horror treat?
Were it even so, as you your self have said!
I might my own conditions, then have made.

Vale: Did you not all my Servants first exclode?
And me into a loneneſse so delude,
As that no rescue could be had! to free
Me from your Trayterous Captivitie,

When

When you with humble looks, ſtrong fetters laid,
And words let fall, which made my ſoul afraid,
And caus'd me uſe ſome little Art, to gain
Your truſt, that I my freedome might obtain.

Near: 'Tis true indeed, and you reproach me well,
Or elſe you might another ſtory tell!
For I confeſſe, I did too much! to prove
The humble paſſion of a gentle Love;
And much too little, now to juſtifie
My high affections, or my fact denie.
Had I with vigour, my firſt ſtep perſu'd,
You might have wiſh'd my vows, with yours renew'd.

Valer: You talk, as now, I at your mercy were;
As if you ſtill might threat, and I muſt fear!
But I ſhall make you know your ſelf, and me,
If you proceed not with more modeſty!
And ſhall ſoon let *Cleandra* underſtand,
How well you treated me! on her command.

Near: Though I do ſhake, and tremble at your frown,
Cleandras anger, cannot bow me down.
For if my ſuffering no compaſſion move,
Nor your paſt vowes, make you regard my Love!
You ſhall then ſee, how little I eſteem
This Life, you will not with a ſmile redeem!

Valer: I am not thus ingratefull as you ſay,
So I may be ſecur'd another way;
—I did not threat, till you aſpers'd my Name,
By this falſe promiſe, you unjuſtly claim.
For though your Birth flow from a Noble Spring,
'Tis ſomething leſſe, then Daughter to a King.
And more, I muſt the ſecret now impart,
That brave *Ormaſdes* long ſince, had my heart.

Near: Madam, I have no Plea beyond my Love,
If that, do of too mean a value prove!
Think how your honour ſtands ingag'd by vow,
And that my All, depends upon it now!
Yet here I do before the Gods profeſſe,
To quit my Title, if my Birth be leſſe!

Val: From *Nearcus*, the Gods will me protect,
Who boldly muſt a ſubjects claim, reject.

Near: Which I am not; but a Prince Nobly born,
As is *Cleandra*! though you now do ſcorn
The Man, who lay'd his greatneſſe at your feet,
Without a thought, of Royalty to meet!
Your Virtue, and your Beauty did engage
My heart to Love, and did create that rage,
You now ſo much condemn; and make me ſhame
I did no more, who was ſo much to blame!

Val: You do amaze me! knows *Cleandra* this?

Near: She yet does not, but muſt do, when I plead!

My Title to *Valeriana's* Bed,
For Madam, you can onely now be mine,
Made so by humane Lawes, and by Divine.
Val: What ere you are! I do much scorn to think
Of being compell'd, and with strong poyson drink,
Rather then be by such a trick betray'd,
Or of your scandalous reports, afraid;
Your first attempt was base; and now as vain
Your hopes are; you are a Prince! I do disdain
To have a thought for him, who poorly can,
Demand, what's given to another man.
I must this Injury at last reveal,
And to the Queen, for Justice now appeal.
Near: I am content, then let *Cleandra* judge.
Val: I'le hear no more. [*Exit with Ladies.*
Near: What a strange heat I feel, that always burn,
Yet do not waste, cannot to Ashes turn!
But like a Fire-flaming Statue stand,
To warn the World, not to approach this Land;
Ye Gods! how cruel is your doom? that she
Melts not; but should an Icie Mountain be,
Of power to kindle such tormenting Fires,
Where her own frozen heart, has no desires. *Exit.*

THE FOURTH ACT.

{*Enter* Cleandra, *with* Ormasdes, *the Lords, and Ladies stand off.*}

Queen: I Shall allow your Argument for War,
If the *Treconian* do provoke so far!
But how shall I, *Valeriana* free?
From her fierce Brothers great barbaritie;
And how Estate her in her Mothers Land!
If her mad Brother, should that right withstand!
Though she do now desire but what's her own,
If he should dye; She must Ascend that Throne.
Ormas: I have heard so, and that, by my rash Act,
She suffers, which makes me repent the Fact!
Queen. Her virtues, do her beauty far excell,
And in my judgment, have no parallel;
What is your thought? will not the man be blest?
Whom Gods with such felicities invest!
Ormas: I doubt not Madam, her perfections may
In hearts of Men; above her Scepter sway.
Queen. She has wonne me, to a concern so high,
As if my own, were the same Destiny.

With

With hers; my thoughts do labour where to treat
A Marriage, with some Prince, worthy so great
A Queen; can you *Ormasdes* find not one
To recommend? will *Greece* afford us none?
Ormas: Madam, if *Citherea* can produce
None fit! for *Greece*, there will need no excuse;
Queen. I think so too, unlesse *Ormasdes* will
Himself, thus my prophetick soul fulfill
That does such glories, and such joyes foresee,
As may indure unto Eternitie.
Ormas: Me Madam! does your Majesty think me
A man, worthy of so great Felicitie?
Alas I am too old, now to begin
To Love! you may as soon learn me to spin;
——My Sword, and Armor, into Needles turn,
As teach my Age, in Youthfull flames to burn.
Queen. 'Tis you *Ormasdes*, 'tis the man so blest,
Her love to you, she has to me confest;
And me in honour has ingag'd to say,
If I can now perswade you to comply,
Ormas: Madam, I hope you do not thus abuse
Your servant, cause my manners does refuse,
Such correspondence with your Sex, as might
Ingage a braver Man. Oh do not fight
Against my weakness! that must now confesse,
I never unto Lady made addresse;
And onely chose this solitary place,
That I might here some quiet thoughts imbrace.
—Sure Madam, you mistake; how can it be?
That she should covet such Antipathy
—Can the good Gods to her be so unkind?
To let such excellence, become so blind?
Queen. Think you her self knowes? what her self defines?
Or that she has no sence, of those quick fires,
That do consume her! can you doubt such Love?
Which through dispair, did then so mortal prove!
That but to name *Ormasdes*, she did Dye,
'Till you appear'd, to change that destiny;
——And when you all retir'd, she did confesse,
Her life depended on her good successe;
Your Glorious Acts, had raised so loud a Fame,
That she was first in love with your great Name!
Which brought her hither, with a full intent,
To Judge, and Justifie, that Argument.
Ormas: Madam, I must believe what you avow,
And do so farre your Arguments allow,
That it has rais'd in me, a greater Warre,
Then I was ever in; and am so farre
From slighting this affair, that I detest,
My certain Ruine, by this Victory.

The Gods cannot afford leſſe punishment,
If I refuse to hear! and if consent!
I'm loſt to all my joyes on Earth, for Fate
Has not in ſtore, nor can the Gods create
An evill, I fear more, then to deny,
What you command; though a ſad Deſtiny,
—Can nothing leſſe then my deſtruction ſave
This Excellence? from an untimely Grave!

Queen. If I could ſee this danger you foretell?

Ormaſdes harmes ſhould make no other well!
Though *Valeriana* do my pitty move,
Ormaſdes friendſhip, is before her Love
In my eſteem; but if this match unite
Your hearts? it will our Children then invite,
To imitate our friendſhip, and ſo tye
Faſt knots, for everlaſting Amities.

Ormaſ: My mind can none my body any way,
But my hard heart, will not my will obey;
My utmoſt power, my ſoul to mourn ſhall teach,
'Cauſe my Affection, is beyond my reach.

Queen. If you oppoſe not, but your Ear will lend,
I doubt not, but the Gods your heart will bend
This way, and your good nature in ſhort time,
Will make you wiſh for, what you judge my crime.

Ormaſ: Although I cannot wiſh, and muſt not chuſe,
I would not Madam willingly refuſe,
What you adviſe; but boldly meet my Fate;
That no one thought, may a vain fear Create,
Leſt you ſhould judge my ſlat neſſe for neglect,
Becauſe I graſpe not, what I cann't affect.

Queen: Can you ſuch pleaſure take, in this diſguiſe?
Be thus retir'd? and all that's good deſpiſe,
When offer'd! do you fear? or ſcorn to meet
This Excellence now fallen at your feet!
—Is your great heart *Ormaſdes*, onely made
For dangerous attempts? ſhall it be ſaid?
This Parragon of all our Sex! now dyes,
Becauſe *Ormaſdes*, does her Love deſpiſe!

Ormaſ: No Madam, I do ſuffer more, then ſhe
Does for her ſelf! hers is my miſerie;
I dare not virtue, with vain hopes abuſe,
I cannot love; and therefore do refuſe
To dally with ſo bright a Saint, whoſe Shrine,
Compels all hearts to bow before't, but mine;
I am not capable of Love, not bleſt
That way! my heart's with other flames poſſeſt.

Queen. All flames you feel, would vaniſh, did you ſee
Valeriana in ſuch miſery;
As ſhe endures! now fetching her laſt breath,
Enquiring your health, neglecting her own death.

Thus my compassion has her sorrowes learn'd,
I weep her Tears, while you stand uncondern'd!
Ormas: Madam, your passion does my pitty move,
Though my dull heart cannot consent to Love,
My resolution is now fixt, I'le try
My self to vanquish, or her Martyr Dye!
—I swear, I did not hear that she was ill,
And now it does my soul with horror fill,
For her concern; no danger is so great,
But I will rather dye in't then, retreat.
Queen. 'Tis bravely said, but dare you try the effect,
Of one short visit? after such neglect!
Ormas: Thus provok'd! if your Majesty stands by!
I will not such a visit now deny.
Queen. You speak, and look, as if you meant to fright,
Much rather, then revive her by your sight!
Ormas: Madam, to Complement, I have no skill,
Nor can be pleas'd, if lov'd against my will!
Yet sensible, and civil, I can be,
Though it do prove unfortunate to me.
Queen. When shall I bring this comfort? to revive
Her fainting soul; if she be still alive.
Ormas: Is she really so weak; so soon grown
Thus ill? I have no skill, in this unknown
Mystery of love! but will boldly try,
What I can do, for her recovery.
Queen. High passions do weak bodies sooner bring
To the Graves mouth, then any other thing;
Her despairs, are of much longer date,
Though suddain sickness do break out thus late;
—When I your humour, did at first reherse,
And shew'd, how your whole life had been averse
To Love; she sigh'd, and presently grew pale,
Despair that minute, made her spirits fail;
And so transported by her fancy, fell,
As if my doubts, had rung her passing bell.
Orm: Though I cannot speak, nor do yet know how
To look; I'm ready to attend you now!
Queen. I fear so suddain, and so great a joy!
As your approach; may equally destroy!
Let me her heart prepare, that by degrees,
She may but hope retain, before she see
The comfort, that your visit brings; and then
Ormasdes may ere long, prove best of Men.
Ormas: Madam, I do my self to you submit,
Pray order me in all, as you think fit.
Queen. You shall then stand unseen, while I do tell
This welcome story, which will make her well:
And then by what you'l see, you may observe,
How my true friendship will from both deserve!

Who

Who have no wish beyond *Ormasdes* good,
When time shall make me rightly understood.
Ormas: Madam, I have now no more to say,
But that I will your Majesty obey.
Queen. You shall not stirre *Ormasdes* till I send.
[*Exit Queen and Train.*
[*Enter to him* Nearous.]
Ormas: Did you not meet *Cleandra* going out?
Near: Yes, but I have businesse of importance,
Pray let us withdraw, and be more private.
Ormas: Come this way then. [*They go in, and Return.*
Ormas: Why have you drawn me to this inner Room?
Is the secret, of so piercing quality?
That fewer Walls then these, cannot contain't.
Near: It is my Lord of a high nature growne,
I must impart it to your self alone;
—You and I must kill one another now.
Ormas: May not I live? though you are pleas'd to dye?
Near: No Sir, since 'tis decreed that I must die.
I am resolv'd to have you Company.
—There's a Sword, the same with mine, defend you.
Ormas: Hold a while;
—May not I know the cause of this hatred?
Near: I have no hatred, yet ere we must,
That we together may revert to dust.
Though you by chance have rob'd me of my right,
—I'de not out-live *Ormasdes*, if I might.
Ormas. From whence does this strange kindnesse to me grow?
Say, for I will not fight, untill I know.
Near: This then, will teach you to defend your self:
[*Runs at him, he puts his Sword by, and holds him.*
Ormas: I shall call my Servants, unlesse you now show
The cause of this distracted fury?
Near: I will: — [*Lets him go.*
—*Valeriana*'s my Quarrel:
She throwes neglects on me, and dotes on you.
Ormas: You are mistaken sure, and much abus'd!
It is not possible! —She dotes on me!
Who never courted Lady in my life!
Near: By all that's good, she told me so her self.
Ormas: This must be some design, beyond my reach!
But if true? from whence does my guilt arise?
Who never heard of your pretence, 'till now!
Nor have a serious thought for hers, to me;
If such a folly, do her heart possesse;
Am I to answer for her guiltinesse?
Near: I do accuse you, of no guilt at all;
But joy to think, if by my hand you fall.

It will Create in her such miserie,
As will adorn my death with Victorie.

Ormas: If such revenge, and malice you intend,
Where is the Love, that you so much pretend?

Near: Wee'l talk of that, as our two souls expire;
She flatter'd me with hopes, that blew my Fire,
She threw out vowes to marry me, and now,
In hope of you, disowns that holy vow.

Ormas: Made vowes to marry you! and yet love me!
Pray shew me how, this story does agree?
I swear, I never had a thought of Love
To Lady in my life; and will now quit
The interest you pretend, rather then fight—
For such imaginary Dreams, as this.

Near: You must Fight.

Nearcus offers at him: he rings a Bell.
Enter Servants.

Ormas: No, disarm him,—o, now leave us alone,— [*Exeunt*
—*Nearcus*, I have lov'd you, and shall still,
If you'l permit! what does this story mean?

Near: By Hea—*Valeriana* did ingage
To marry me; if my Birth equal'd hers!
But now repents, in hope to marry you.

Ormas: This story growes stranger, and stranger still,
Does your Birth equal hers? on which you ground
Your Title, and on which her vow was made.

Near: It does, *Ormasdes*, and did hers exceed,
When I first urg'd that sacred Vow she made;
She but a Subject, unto me appear'd.

Ormas: And are you other now?

Near: Yes, have you not heard that Prince *Orontes*,
Brother to our late King, had a young Son
Call'd *Leonatus*, who by sad mishap,
Fencing with the Prince, hurt him in the Eye,
Of which hurt he dyed; and the King inrag'd,
Made vowes to Sacrifice the Murtherer;
As if the mischief, purposely were done!
In order to his own Succession;—
—(After *Cleandra*;) who was then married,
To a young Prince in *Greece*, and setl'd there.

Orm: I'ave often heard the Queen, with sighs lament
Her Brothers losse, by that sad accident:
And say, she pittied *Leonatus* death,
As innocent! for that unhappy youth,
She heard, was drown'd, endeavouring to escape
Her Fathers Vengeance, he unjustly vow'd.

Near: She was mis-inform'd, my Lord, he yet lives;
'Twas by this fatall hand, her brother fell;
And I accurs'd, that have thus long surviv'd!
To fall a mis-becoming Sacrifice,
To Love; by a disdainfull Ladies Eyes.

After

After so long concealment, and so safe!
By Old *Nearcus*, put in this disguise,
Bred as his Son, but now, I life despise;
And call to have that Justice on me done,
Which I have us'd much industry to shun.

Ormas: You tell me wonders, of a different kind,
Of which I shall enquire, and if I find
Valeriana stands ingag'd to you?
And all this story of your self prove True!
I will my best endeavors soon employ,
This grosse mistake of me, to rectifie.

Near: If my addresse, do find no good successe!
The businesse of my life, shall be to dye,
And whether by your hand, or by command
From our great Queen? it is the same to me,
The Princess must my life, or death decree.

Ormas. I shall conceal your Name, untill I see,
I may reveal it with securitie,
And in few hours, if my desires succeed!
You shall from all your doubts, and fears be freed.

Near: You will oblige me ever, if you do! [*Exit* Near:

Ormas: My hour is come, to wait upon the Queen,
Unto *Valeriana*, where this Newes,
I hope will bring me off, from the first Rock: —
—By *Valeriana* to be thus lov'd!
And by *Cleandra*, for another woo'd!
And by *Nearcus* kill'd, I know not why!
To me is a new kind of Misterie. *Exit.*

{ *Enter* Valeriana, *brought in very weak, lying on a Couch, with Physitians, and Servants; She speaks very faintly.* }

Valer: Is not the Queen return'd to Court yet?
Lady. No, Madam.
Valer: I wish she were; my heart dissolves so fast!
That I do find, I shall few minutes last. [*She faints.*

Doctor. Your fancy does your weaknesse much increase,
This passion, is the worst of your disease.

{ *Enter* Queen, *and* Ormasdes, *she sets him to stand, unseen.* }

Doctor. Oh Madam! you are much wish'd for here.
Queen. Let all withdraw, I must be private now,
Onely do you *Ormasdes*, stand unseen; —
—How is it with my friend?
Val: I'm glad that you are come to close my Eyes,
My spirits waste so fast, that I must dye!
Queen: I hope not yet *Valeriana*. *Val*:

Val: Alaſſe Madam, I had not liv'd till now,
But for the joy my broken heart conceives,
In hopes to hear *Ormaſdes* is grown well,
Before I leave this World.
Queen. 'Twas the diſtemper of an Ague fit,
And he is now ſo farre from being ſick,
That he without, begs leave to viſit you.
Val: Me, did you ſay? to viſit me Madam!
Will *Ormaſdes* viſit me? is it ſo?
Queen. Yes, he's without, and does by me deſire
You will admit him; —Why are you ſilent?
Now my endeavours proſper to your wiſh!
Val: Does wiſe *Cleandra* think it will be fit?
That I in ſuch a paſſion leave this World!
As I ſhall do, if I ſee *Ormaſdes*! —
— I ſhame to think that he ſhould ſee me dye;
Yet cannot chuſe, but wiſh it hartily!
Queen. Shall I call him in then? why do you doubt?
Val: Oh Madam, I dare not ſee him; muſt not!
You have ſaid ſomething, to bring him hither!
Makes me fear to ſee him; it muſt not be!
Queen. Pray ſee him, and let this great crime, be mine;
His preſence, may your troubl'd heart revive.
Val: He cannot Madam, for 'tis now too late!
I do feel here, the heavy hand of Death,
Is cruſhing me to Ayre. [*She faints in the Queens Arms.*
Queen. *Ormaſdes* your help! ſhe dies, ſhe dies!
[*He drawes, and proffers to kill himſelf.*
Ormaſ: By all our Gods, I will dye with her then!
Queen. She lives again! *Ormaſdes* your help now; —
[*He flings away his Sword and helps.*
—So, let her head lye a little from us.
[*He kneels, and holds her hand.*
Ormaſ: For Heav'n ſake Madam, tell what I muſt ſay?
Or what now muſt do? is ſhe not dead ſtill?
Queen. Does not her hand inform you, that ſhe lives?
Is it not warme?
Ormaſ: Oh yes! 'tis warm, but I, who never dar'd
Thus boldly touch a Ladies hand till now,
Underſtand not how to uſe it, as I ought! [*He kiſſes her Hand.*
Queen: There needs no other kindneſſe, then you ſhew,
—How is it now *Valeriana*?
Val: Well Madam, too well, I fear, to laſt ſo:
I dare not look that way, becauſe I bluſh
To think how I have ſcandaliz'd my Sex!
And how *Ormaſdes* now is juſtified!
In his contempt of Women, for my ſake!
I have no power to take away my hand,
Yet dare not own, to leave it with him longer.

Ormaſ: Oh why? what has *Ormaſdes* ever done?
Juſtly to merrit this diſſertion?
Val: Pray Madam, ſay ſomething in my behalf;
Either to hide, or to excuſe my ſhame.
Queen. Turn this way then, and let your Eyes excuſe
That guilt, which will *Ormaſdes* diſabuſe. [*They turn her.*
Ormaſ: She looks deſperately ill!
Queen. 'Tis only weakneſſe, and no danger in't;
Pray call her Servants, and let us retire.
Ormaſ: Retire! you have engag'd me now ſo farre,
That I muſt ſee the Battle wonne, or loſt!
Before I can conſent, to a Retreat.
Queen. 'Tis late, and ſhe muſt ſleep.
Ormaſ: Why Madam, ſo ſhe may, though I be by!
I'le ſit as ſilent as the God of ſleep,
And here attend, while her tir'd ſervants reſt.
Queen. You will not watch all night *Ormaſdes?*
Ormaſ: Oh but I will Madam; watch night, by night,
Till ſhe recover! This is my fixt Poſt,
Appointed by the Gods; not your command,
Nor any force, has power to take me hence;
While this good Sword will hold for my defence: [*Takes up his ſword.*
Queen. Why ſo fierce, and violent *Ormaſdes?*
I am much joy'd, to ſee you thus concern'd!
And on this quarrel, am not like to fight
With ſuch a man at Arms, by Candle-light!
Ormaſ: For Heav'n ſake Madam, pardon my raſh words,
And diſreſpect unto your Majeſty;
For I do ſcarce know what I ſay, or do;
I am become a ſtranger to my ſelf,
So ſuddainly transform'd, that I would hide
Me from your ſight, if I durſt ſtir from hence!
Queen. I will forgive, ſo you'l let me direct
Your future actions, I'le your Love protect!
Ormaſ: If you'l command?—I gladly will obey.
Queen. You muſt ſubmit, to what ſhe does appoint.
Ormaſ: Moſt willingly. [*Valer: ſighs aloud, and weeps.*
Queen. Does our diſcourſe, theſe ſighs, and tears produce?
Val: You have ſaid nothing that will need excuſe.
Theſe Tears flow from joy, and gratitude,
To you great Queen, who by this act, include
More pious pitty, then paſt ſtories tell; —
To make *Ormaſdes* counterfeit ſo well!
—This thought rais'd thoſe unruly ſighs you heard,
And Madam, now it makes my ſoul afraid,
To ſee ſo great a courage thus ſubmit,
To flatter me, becauſe you think it fit;
—At your command, to put on this diſguiſe,
In kindneſſe unto one, he does deſpiſe.
Queen. Do you then think his kindneſſe counterfeit?

Can his great ſoul conſent, to ſuch deceit?
Valer: I can yet find no argument, for ground,
To change ſo great contempt, as I have found,
Into ſo high eſteem! as he does now.
By your advice, in charity allow;
That my laſt minutes, may ſome pleaſure have,
He yields, to ſend me ſmiling to my grave.
Queen. You cannot judge ſo ill, of him you love;
Nor can ſo brave a man, ſo worthleſs prove!
Val: I do confeſs, I ſhould be glad to find
All real that I ſee; and his great mind
The ſame brave Character he had, maintain
Through his whole life; and not that glory ſtain;
But if't be real, this comes now too late.
His kindneſſe cannot change the courſe of Fate!
Queen. Think not of Death, for if you will endure
The Tryall? I will undertake the Cure;
I ſee your ſufferings do compaſſion move,
Which in moſt generous hearts, does turne to Love.
Ormaſ: Madam, I know not what, you do call love,
Nor how in that fantaſtick Sphear to move!
I cannot talk the language Lovers uſe,
When they deſign fair Ladies to abuſe;
Nor can I yet, by this experience gueſſe,
If Love, or a diſtraction, does poſſeſſe,
My heart? give me but leave to watch this night,
That while you ſleep, I may my heart invite,
To tell me what it ails! if it be Love?
What all the World allows! I ſhall approve;
And then, I'le rather dye, then e're forſake
What I avow, or what I undertake.
Queen. Pray Madam, give him leave to watch this night
Some ſerious thoughts may ſet his fancy right.
He has lyen often on the frozen ground,
On leſſe occaſion, and more danger found.
Valer: I ſhall not reſt then, though you think it fit,
I ſhall condemn my ſelf, if I ſubmit.
Queen. 'Tis ſomewhat more then cuſtome does allow,
I muſt confeſs; but how to help it now,
Who knows? you ſee he is reſolv'd to beat
Us all, if we but mention his Retreat.
Ormaſ: Pray let not this my firſt ſute be deny'd,
But give me leave to ſit on yonder ſide,
As ſilent as ſleep ſelf; my body ſhall
Be fixt, as is that figure on the Wall.
Queen. Let him *Valeriana*, pray conſent,
'Twill prove his honour, or his puniſhment!
Ormaſ: Who can have more care? who ſo fit as I,
To watch? who am reſolv'd with her to Dye.
- Good reſt unto your Majeſty. [*He leads off the Queen:*

Queen. He'l turn me out, if I refuse to go!
—But why *Ormasdes* do you tremble so?
Ormas: This shaking fit may to a Feaver turn,
And I, e're day, in Loves bright flames may burn. [*Exeunt omnes.*

The Fifth Act.

{ Valeriana *is discover'd asleep on a Couch, with Doctors, and Ladies all asleep about her,* Ormasdes *rises from the ground, at the Couch side.* }

Ormas: ALl Eyes are shut, all hearts can rest, but mine,
I've something here, that will not let me sleep:
—'Tis Love, I am bewitch'd, or it is Love!
That thus disturbs my body, and distracts
My mind; no other passion works like this?
Well then, if it be Love! where's the wonder?
The wisest, bravest, and the greatest men,
Have been in Love as much, or more then I;
—But why then was I, thus long without it?
Why did not bright *Cleandra* Beauty burn?
Why was not this Fire kindl'd until now?
How comes *Valeriana* by this power?
To wound me deeper, then *Cleandra* did?
My Kind, loving heart, how comes this to passe?
[Valeriana *sighs, and groans aloud.*
Ormas: Ha! Her spirit by that sigh informs me,
That doubl'd groan, struck through my wavering soul,
Oh thou Divinest power! what ere thou art!
I do submit, *Valerianas* groans,
Are all sufficient Arguments for Love!
It seems, my stony heart, was proof against
All charms, but deep fetch'd sighs, and dying groans,
By which, 'tis now made supple, and so soft,
That it is ready to take any form;
That sick *Valeriana* shall direct.
—Great God of Love, forgive my past neglects,
And now restore this Lady to her health,
Then I with Insense will thy Altars load,
Thy Temple with those Trophies, now adorn,
Which my whole life prepar'd, for *Valer* and *Love*.
Since they allow me to submit to Love! [*Valer: wakes and calls.*
Valer: Drusilla.
Ormas: Madam, your Servants do all sleep, but I.
Valer: I would not have wak'd you, *Ormasdes.*

Ormas:

Ormaſ: You have not Madam, I have not ſlept yet,
Pray let your Servant know what 'tis you want!
Val: I want aſſurance of a thing I doubt.
Ormaſ: Can I give you that aſſurance?
Val: Yes.
Ormaſ: And will you not lay that command on me?
Val: Do they all ſleep?
Ormaſ: They do.
Val: *Ormaſdes* I would know, what I do fear,
You are pre-ingag'd never to tell me;
Ormaſ: By your fair ſelf, I ſwear, I'm not ingag'd
In any kind, but may, and will impart
What ever in my knowledge, you inquire.
Val: My firſt doubts does ſtill remain, that the Queen
Upon aſſurance of my ſuddain death,
Has won you, thus to flatter my laſt hours,
Like glittering Sun-ſhine upon dying Flowers.
Ormaſ: Madam, by all that's Holy, ſhe has not:
What ſhall I ſay? what do? to gain your Faith?
Val: You have done it now, I am ſatisfied.
And do believe all's truth, *Ormaſdes* ſpeaks,
But I do fear this truth appears too late.
Orm: Why Madam? have you made vowes againſt me?
Will no repentance? nor no penance ſerve,
To waſh away my Sins againſt your Sex;
Will you, that Univerſall quarrel wed?
And bring deſtruction on your ſervants head?
Val: Vowes *Ormaſdes*, and thoſe againſt you made!
Oh do not take away the Joy you gave,
By ſuch a thought; I never wiſh'd, nor pray'd,
For bleſſing upon Earth, beyond your Love,
Which you in charity, ſo amply ſhew,
That I do doubt I dream, what I injoy.
Ormaſ: Madam, you do now misjudge my paſſion,
To call that charity, which may be love
For ought I know; this ſo late acquaintance,
With my new heart, is ſhort, and my tranſports
So great, it muſt be madneſſe, if not love:
For, give me leave to ſwear, that I will know
No other Joyes then yours, nor thoughts admit,
But with deſign to ſerve, and honour you.
Val: I do now wiſh the Gods my life would ſpare,
And make me worthy of *Ormaſdes* care.
Ormaſ: Madam, you ſpeak a Language of reſpect
To me, who merrit nothing but neglect;
Your favours flow ſo faſt, they over-whelm
My heart with joyes, and raiſe my ſoul ſo high,
It turns amazement into extacy!
Val: I ſhould not talk thus, if I did not ſeem,
Tis harde for you now to hide, then ſhew't:

I do not fear your passion will go lesse,
But doubt by death to loose, what I possesse.
Ormas: You cannot dye Madam, I have no fear
To find so great a curse, from Heav'n sent,
I onely doubt I sleep! and fear to wake
Lest this abundant blisse should vanquish quite,
And so involve me in Eternal Night;
May I presume to beg a favour yet?
Which will my fancy fix, and so confirm
My doubtfull soul 'tis real, and no dream.
Val: You may.
Ormas: I beg that Ring you wear; but if of price
Too great for me? pardon my Avarice.
Val: 'Tis a trifle, ask something of more worth.
Ormas: Sure nothing can of greater value be
If you repent, what you now promis'd me.
Val: You ask, what is not in my power to give!
My dying Mother with this Ring, bequeath'd
Her curse, if ever I did part with it!
But to the man I meant to make my Lord.
Ormas. 'Tis a charm not to be dissolv'd, by me;
Who dare not touch it, on the termes you name;
I was ambitious to wear it Madam,
But onely as your servant, not your Lord.
Val: It never can be had, on easier termes;
Ormasdes you must have this, and me together,
Alive or dead, you must have both, or neither.
Ormas: All my Limbs do tremble, at what I hear,
I dare not understand the words you speak,
Lest my mistakes, do give you an offence,
Beyond a pardon, for such impudence.
Val: You do not mistake me, nor can you erre!
If you'l avow, this kindnesse that you shew:
Ormas: By all our Gods, I think my flame is Love,
I know no other name for what I feel,
But if you doubt? propose a way to try,
And as it proves, declare my destiny.
Val: I will consider on some way to try,
But must submit unto this drowsinesse,
For some minutes time, 'twill take me from you!
Pray Sir, command the Musick now to play.

[*He steps to the Door then.*] [*Musick playes a while.*]

Ormas: She has talk'd her self into a Repose,
Now I will try to get a little Rest.
That my tir'd fancy, may at last be fixt.

{ Valeriana *Counterfeits to sleep*, Ormasdes *lyes on the ground by her Couch, and while he sleeps, she puts the Ring on his finger, then the Musick ends.*

Val:

Val: So – when he calls to mind, what I have ſaid;
He can expect no more, then I now give;
– Great goddeſſe of pure hearts, protect my fame,
And this raſh act, forgive; which frights me now;
To ſuch repentance, with ſuch ſuddain pain,
I am reſolv'd to take it off again,
– [*She offers to take it off, and cannot.*
— His hand is ſo faſt clos'd, I cannot do't;
And to wake him in the attempt, is worſe;
Such boldneſſe may a double cenſure get;
I bluſh to think how raſhly I begun,
And now repent the folly I have done: —
—— His hand opens: —
And now 'tis mine again, } [*She takes off the Ring. Muſick playes; ſhe*
Oh bleſt accident! } *ſleeps in earneſt, while the Muſick is.*

[*Enter the* Queen, *and Train.*]

Queen. Wake them not; has *Ormaſdes* walk'd to night?
From that corner, hither, in his ſleep?
Did any of you hear them talk ith' night?
Doctor. Not I Madam.
Firſt Lady. Nor I.
Second Lady. I heard none ſtirre Madam.
[Ormaſdes *wakes, and upſtarts.*
Ormaſ: The Queen; is it ſo late?
Queen. You have had a hard Lodging my Lord.
Ormaſ: I have had the happieſt night Madam;
And am Richer far then both the *Indies*; –
} [Ormaſdes *ſtarts, and looks diſtractedly*
} *for ſomething loſt.*
–Ha! I am undone, undone for ever!
Queen. What look you for my Lord? what have you loſt?
Ormaſ: I had it now, juſt now, on this finger!
I look for Treaſure Madam, worth the World; [*He Searches.*
–'Twas no dream, it muſt be here abouts!
–I beg your pardon Madam, for this ſearch,
Which does concern my life, and honour too.
Queen. This is the ſtrangeſt paſſion, I ere ſaw,
Has your great loſſe, no name to know it by?
Ormaſ: Yes, I have loſt *Valerianas* Ring.
Queen. You did but dream, ſee, 'tis on her Finger:
Ormaſ: How! 'tis ſo indeed, do I not dream now?
Or do the Gods us men with ſhadowes mock?
When we do ſeek ſuch great felicities,
As they allow us not to have below!
–What a ſtrange height of bliſs? am I fall'n from?
Qu: Has this one night, ſuch mutual friendſhip gain'd?
That the prophetick Ring, could be obtain'd!
Ormaſ: I know not what to ſay, nor what to think!
I know not when I ſleep, or when I wake! Yet

Yet must believe that Ring, was mine this night;
And I have lost that Treasure Childishly:
Some kind friend strike me hard, that I may feel
I now am waking; your pardon Madam,
For my disaster makes me almost mad. [Valeriana wakes.

Queen. How have you slept *Valeriana?*

Val: Very well Madam, for one so weak!

Ormas: Did you not wake about mid-night Madam?

Val: Not that I remember.

Ormas: Was ever man so much abus'd in's sleep?

Val: *Ormasdes*, what means your disorder'd looks?

Queen. He finds his waking fancies, are much lesse
Delightfull, then his sleeping happinesse.

Orm: I dream't Madam, that Ring you prize so much,
Was this night, by you, put on my Finger;
When a thousand, thousand joyes fell on me,
Which now waking, I have no name for.

Val: My Ring *Ormasdes!* and on your Finger!
And by me put on! 'twas a dream indeed!
I hope, you do not waking, think it fit,
That I should waking do so bold an act.

Ormas: Madam, it does not become me to say
I wish, what you do not allow; nor dare
I tell so great a lye, as to deny,
The joy I dream'd of, when I thought I saw,
And did believe I felt, it once was mine.

Val: Tis farre from my serious thoughts *Ormasdes*,
After such high passion, as I have shew'd,
Now to raise any discontent in you,
But do not lessen your esteem of me,
By the acquisition of such favours,
As you your self, in others would condemn!
Have we not both, at first sight, done enough,
To justifie, what we professe; I fear
Too much on my part, did not *Cleandra*
Own, all that she has done, on my behalf.

Ormas: I submit, and will wish, and think, and do
What the wise Queen, and you advise me to.

Queen. Ormasdes has not lost his time I see,
Nor my design for your recovery,
Fall'n short! the Gods in their good time will bring
You to give, and him to accept the Ring.
May your new friendship never know decay,
But freely both command, and both obey:
I must now leave you for an hour, or two.

[Ormas: *leads the* Queen *to the Door, and returns.*

Ormas. Madam, is this a fit time to enquire
Nearcus Story? may I now desire
You, to unriddle the bold claim, he makes.

Val.

Val: You ſhall hereafter have it all at large,
Onely know now, he us'd a violence,
In ſhew, with ſuch unparallel'd deceits!
Such inſolent demands, ſo cunning couch'd!
His threats, with humble looks, ſo plain diſguis'd;
That at firſt ſight, I found, I was ſurpriz'd;
Then, to avoid his purpoſe, I was forc'd,
To uſe ſuch doubtfull words, to bring me off,
His madneſſe did interpret his own way;
While I was ſafe, by what I wiſely ſaid,
To farther my eſcape, when ſo afraid!
Thus was *Cleandras* truſt, and mine abus'd;
A baſer treachery, was never us'd.

Ormaſ: You have inform'd me fully of his fact.
I ſuddainly will find *Nearcus* out,
And hurle ſuch vengeance, on his curs'd head, [*Aſide*
That all the World ſhall ſay, 'tis well he's dead.
[*They carry off* Valeriana.] [*Exeunt omnes.*

[*Enter* Nearcus.]

Near: 'Tis ſtrange, I hear not of *Ormaſdes* yet!
If he oblige me really! I'm his,
If not! I ſhall reſume my firſt reſolves,
This his delay, begets more jealouſies,
Then my impatient burning heart, can bear. —

[*Enter* Ormaſdes.]

Near: —Now Sir, how have I proſper'd in your hands?
Ormaſ: As you deſerve.
Near: How is that?
Ormaſ. With much ſcorn rejected.
Near: Is that my merrit, in your opinion?
Ormaſ: In mine, as in *Cleandras*, and in all!
Who have heard the ground of your falſe claim,
Which the fair Princeſs, and her Servants tell,
—A Treachery ſo baſe, an act ſo foul!
That all do think, *Nearcus* has no ſoul.
Near: This you dare juſtifie?
Ormaſ: I had not dar'd to tell it elſe! me thinks
My looks might ſhew, my buſineſſe was to find
You out, and now to let you know, I muſt
Defend the Princeſs, in a cauſe ſo juſt.
—Before I knew *Valerianas* heart,
Or was at all acquainted with my own,
I judg'd your cauſe, againſt her innocence.
But now inform'd the right from all, I find
No argument, in Juſtice to compell,
Such a forc'd promiſe to *Nearcus* made,

Should now to *Leonatus* be perform'd.
Your jugling Arts, and your diſguiſed Name,
With your unworthy force, ore-throws your claim.
Near: You are become a ſubtle Orator,
Since you convers'd with Ladies, but I ſhall
Your great Eloquence, with this ſteel convince;
I am not to be frighted by big words,
We now muſt try the temper of our Swords.
Ormaſ: We muſt indeed, though I lament, my hand
Should harm a man, unto the Queen aly'd.
Near: Shall that ſcruple, and this good Sword once more,
Teach you to call for help? as heretofore!
Ormaſ: I may change your opinion, with my own.
Near: Come then.

{*They Fight*, Ormaſdes *runs him through*, *Diſarms him*.

Ormaſ: Get Surgeons for *Nearcus* preſently;
My hurt is ſlight. *Exit* Ormaſdes.

[*Enter Surgeons, or Servants, who carry off* Nearcus.

{*Enter the Queen, in* Valerianas *Chamber, with her, and attended by Old* Titus, *old* Nearcus, *Lords and Ladies, a full Train.*}

Queen. 'Tis by your good nature, *Valeriana*,
That this mans evil ſpirit threatens us,
Had you reveal'd *Nearcus* treachery!
His puniſhment had ſuted with his crime.
Val: Madam, I do confeſſe my lenity
May have imbolden'd him to higher ills,
Which my juſt complaint, might have prevented;
But then, how hard a cenſure ſhould I gain?
By ruining ſo Eminent a man!
Who from his principles of honour fell,
Through love to me, though I contemn'd his hopes,
His paſſion made me pitty his diſtreſſe,
So far, as his firſt error to forgive,
In hope he might in better order live.
Queen. You argue well, and ought to juſtifie
Your gentle diſpoſition, to forgive.
Mercy, does a young Princeſs, much adorn,
But I am bound to vindicate my ſelf,
My Nation ſuffers, if I be not juſt,
To puniſh crimes like this! I break my truſt;
He is the firſt, that ever dar'd aſperſe
The *Citherean* Name, by ſuch a fact,
As no paſt Chronicle, can parallel!
I ſhake to think, how great your danger was!

And

And how much greater might have been my ſhame,
To truſt a man, who values not his fame.

Val: Let not his faults your anger higher raiſe,
The puniſhment he feels, by ill ſucceſſe,
Is a juſt doom, for his unworthineſſe.

Queen. His ſentence muſt, to after times appear,
Leſt my ſtory be blemiſh'd with a thought,
That I did wink at ſuch a crime as this!
My people will exclaim, the Gods will frown,
If ſuch a wickedneſſe unpuniſht paſſe!
He muſt dye *Valeriana*, his houſe
Be burnt, the aſhes ſcatter'd in the Ayre,
With prayers t' appeaſe our *Citherian* Gods,
We cannot offer a leſſe Sacrifice.

Val: For my ſake, let his doom, be baniſhment.
If I have any favour in your Eyes?
Make not me guilty by that Sacrifice. [*She kneels.*

Queen. Riſe Madam, you ſhall govern as you pleaſe.

[*Enter to them* Ormaſdes, *and Young* Titus.]

Queen. Ormaſdes, are you hurt, by that vil'd man?

Ormaſ: It is too little, to be call'd a wound!
I come now, to beg *Nearcus* pardon;
'Twas I that did inforce him to this fight.

Val: And I, moſt wrong'd, who freely do forgive.

Queen. The wrong was done to me *Valeriana*,
I put you in his power, my truſt, he broke;
My honour, for your ſafety, was ingag'd!
Our Nation ſuffers, by his Villany;
The *Citherean* honour calls for Juſtice,
Againſt ſo barbarous a breach of Faith;
Nor was it you provok'd, but were compell'd
By him to fight, for innocence aſper's'd!

Ormaſ: Madam, though I ſhall never juſtifie
Nearcus actions; his misfortune may
Admit excuſe; Becauſe humane nature
Is ſubject to paſſions, which the beſt men
Can never mannage, as they ought: how then,
May *Valeriana*'s beauty guilty be?
That did excite *Nearcus* love; and led
Him into this diſtraction, paſt his power!
To mannage his own heart; (as we think beſt;)
If ſo! 'tis ſhe has turn'd him to a Beaſt;
But when your Majeſty ſhall call to mind,
The gallant ſervice by this Mad-man done;
You will then pitty his Diſtraction.

[*Enter to them* Nearcus, *brought in a Chair.*]

Queen. What means this boldneſſe?

Near: Madam, I come not to beg your pardon,
But to juſtifie my actions, and my ſelf,
Againſt *Ormaſdes*, who does now with-hold
Valeriana, my betroathed Wife,
Confirm'd by vows, in preſence of the Gods.

Queen. Now *Ormaſdes*! is he fit for pardon?

Ormaſ: Yes Madam, as a diſtracted perſon!

Near: Why do you wrong my perſon, and my cauſe?
To call my juſt Title, a diſtraction;
Do me Juſtice *Cleandra*, or give me Death!

Queen. You may have both your wiſhes in good time:
Cleobulus, guard him to the Caſtle.

Val: Pray Madam, let his doom be baniſhment,
Becauſe his Crime, went not beyond intent.

Queen. Madam, he muſt thank you, for his life then;
— *Cleobulus*, ſee him a cloſe priſoner,
Untill his wounds, permit his Baniſhment.

Near: I do your proffer'd mercies, all refuſe,
And either Death, or *Valeriana* chuſe.

Queen. Lead him to baniſhment: make him obey.

Near: Hold a little: —*Cleandra* look, this way,
Tis *Leonatus* calls; he who a ſpyes,
The young Prince your Brother flew;
And fled your Fathers rage, (until his death!)
Then ſhelter'd by this borrow'd Name, return'd,
And in *Nearcus* Family ſecur'd,
By this diſguiſe; liv'd as his only Son,
Who dyed, as I return'd; —is it death yet?

Queen. No, this inſolence, ſhall not change your doom,
Nor your confeſt diſguiſe, (long known to me,)
Force a puniſhment beyond the merrit
Of that ſad miſhap! which I believe
Was fatall accident! no purpos'd crime
Though my Father look'd on his onely Son,
By your hand ſlain, with ſuch revenging rage!
As might his loſſe become, and him ingage
To throw out vowes, that Juſtice ſhould purſue,
So great a Traytor, as he then thought you;
For your ſucceſſion after me, became
His fancies object, which encreas'd your blame.
—But I, who have exactly been informd,
Of my dead Brothers love, and yours, now muſt
For that ſad accident, to you be juſt.

Near: I'le rather quit my innocence, then own—
Your mercy, when you Juſtice do deny;
Give me the fair Princeſſe, or give me death.

Queen.

Queen. I cannot with Justice, give you either;
How can I, a free Princes will compell?
Or how *Ormasdes* true pretence deny?
Or how afford you death, for that offence,
Which your unlucky hand, did act by chance.

Near. Would I had dyed, the day of my return,
Since great *Cleandra* dares not do me Right;
But suffers false *Ormasdes* to possesse,
What is my due; I all your mercy scorn,
And will the worst of Tyranny endure.

Queen. I have imploy'd you as my Brothers friend,
Thus long, not at his Murtherer conniv'd!
And untill now, by force compell'd, my face
To frequent smiles, in favour of your worth,
While my heart ak'd, to think what you had done!
But you of late, unworthy our great Name,
Have scandaliz'd the *Citherean* Fame,
Boldly to own a Crime so great! as may insence,
The World to question your first innosence!
Which clearly shewes, you are for mischief built,
That dar'd to entertain so base a guilt!
–My mercy may prove sin, unlesse he rimes,
My Justice do prevent your farther crimes.

Near. Must I be held? and baited thus to death!
Be torn, and tortur'd by a Womens breath?

Queen. See my Command obey'd *Cleobulus*.
–I shall take order for an Equipage,
Fit for your great, and shall now confine
You to an Island near, from whence you may
Return, if you out-live me, and mine!
–Remove him hence.

Ner. Hold a while! –curse on, curse light on you all,
For this unjustice, which you mercy calls;
Tyrants, cruel Tyrants, your jugling Arts,
Lay by, and strike a Dagger through my heart,
–If *Ormasdes* any honour have in store,
He'l fight another bout upon the Shore,
As I take ship, and if I chance to Dye!
My soul shall then applaud thy Victory,
And sing thy praise to the infernal Ghosts;
That they may chuse thee Captain of their Hosts,
When thou com'st down! –Let not a Ladies word
Destroy, by piercing deeper then thy sword!
–Will you not answer? cruel, and unjust!
Ye Gods! why put you Scepters into Womens trust?
Who crushes me to raise a Cowards Name!
Whom I will in the *Elizium* fields Defame,
No honor'd Ghost of *Troy*, shall there own thee,
The *Grecian*, and the *Roman* Souls, with me

Will

Will trample on thy Cowards neck, with ſcorn,
–Poor ſhadow of a gallant man, only born
To live in Ladies laps, perfum'd, and curl'd!
–I'le Poſte thee Coward, in the other World.

They force him away, on the Queens back with her Hand.

Adm: Tis ſtrange, that none of us ſhould know him!
T. Tit: The general opinion he was drown'd,
Made us not ſee through his diſguiſe;
Admir: But his ſtrange paſſion does amaze me moſt.
Ormaſdes wedding, will his frenzy cure;
When love does ſee no poſſibility,
Deſires, and hopes, will vaniſh by degrees.
T. Tit: We ſee diſpairs, work often other wayes.
Queen. He has diſturb'd me, but I'le forget him;
–*Valeriana* come, let us conſult,
The Ceremony of your Wedding-day,
Ormaſdes joyes, and yours, will blow away
The farther thought, of *Leonatus* crimes.
Val: Our Wedding Madam! I ſee no reaſon
For ſo great a haſte! now we are ſecure.
Or: Madam, ſince you have rais'd my hopes ſo high!
It were a ſinne to doubt my deſtiny!
Yet ſay, when ſhall my thoughts ſo fixt remain?
That I may never think I dream again.
Val: Ormaſdes, not too faſt, we muſt proceed
With much diſcretion, to ſo great a deed?
The Eyes of all this Nation, do behold
Our actions, and may think my part too bold,
If I again ſhall do; what I repent!
It would deſerve a double puniſhment,
My over-haſty Love, was once my crime;
I muſt redeem that fault, by taking time
To finiſh, what ſo violent begun,
Leſt into greater errors, I do run,
–A year or two's delay, will adde much grace
To our young Love, which Time cannot deface.
Ormaſ: Why have you led me forth, with gentle gales?
Into this dangerous deep? why fill'd my Sails,
With ſuch propitious winds? as would convey
Me ſafe to my wiſh'd Port, the neareſt way.
Why do you now obſtruct this happy courſe?
As if you wiſh'd for ſtorms! or ſomething worſe!
Why thus forſake the Light? to ſail in dark,
As if you ſought hazzards, for this Bark,
In which, you are the onely freight, that I,
Can fear to looſe; by my mortality.
Oh! do not then my Joyes to time betray,
Leſt you do ruine all, by your delay.

Queen. How *Valeriana*! muſt this Scene of Love,
Fall from its height? and now no farther move!
Does your quick conqueſt of *Ormaſdes*? make
Him leſſe worthy? when we ſuch priſ'ners take,
As might our ſelves command! if they will ſerve!
We cannot give them more, then they deſerve;
Conſider well, leſt you, your ſelf deſtroy,
If thus, you do deferre *Ormaſdes* joy!

Val: Madam, you, and the World too well do know,
My love to him, can now no higher grow!
I onely thus ſtand off, leſt he deſpiſe,
A conqueſt gain'd, without an enterprize.
And that by injur'd Sex, hereafter may
Judge of my innocence, by this delay;
Honour forbids, that we in haſte ingage,
Raſh actions often, ill events preſage.
Though I, (like a tall Ship that ſpreads her ſails,
When ſhe is carried on, with proſperous gales;
To her wiſh'd Port!) do ſigh, to be delay'd,
And blame the Remora, by which I'm ſtaid.

Ormaſ: Honour, and fancy, at great diſtance ſtand;
You have no argument for this command,
But your own nice, unneceſſary thought,
By which your Virtue, may become a fault!
Tis true, that my neglects to Woman kind,
May urge, that I ſhould now no favour find;
Till my whole life be ſpent, to gain a bliſs,
To crown my lateſts hours with joyes, like this!
I do confeſſe ſuch judgment were my due,
From all the women in the World, but you;—
Who have no argument, nor a pretence,
Why you ſhould prove the Rod for my offence:

Val: *Ormaſdes* true, I only now would prove,
By ſome ſhort time, the temper of your Love;
And ſhew the World, that mine was not in haſt,
Though its firſt motion mov'd ſo fierce and faſt!
It makes me bluſh to think, that this great Queen,
And her whole Nation, have ſuch weakneſſe ſeen!
As all commanding Love, forc'd me to ſhow,
Oh! 'tis a bold attempt, when Women wooe!

Ormaſ: What ere the vulgar think, great Princes may,
The dictates of their greater ſouls obey;
'Tis a ſelf-doubting ſin, when you alone,
Dare not avow, what Gods, and men do own.

Queen. Theſe cautious wayes, are onely fit for ſuch
As have ſuſpected virtues; you are much
Above the reach of Cenſures; —'twas I,
That woo'd him firſt, mine be the infamy,
Who boaſt the active part, with the ſucceſſe,
And would not for the World, it had been leſſe!

It does become me, now to see your hands
United, as your hearts! —If my commands
Be slighted! and my self not understood
When I require what's for your mutuall good,
I shall repent the kindnesse, I have shown,
And wish, you never had *Ormasdes* known.

Val: Madam, when you command, I must submit;
—But will *Ormasdes* waking think it fit?
Now to accept this Ring? and safer keep
What he desires, then when h'last did sleep;
I had some pleasure, and no little pain;
To put it on, and steal it off again.
But now, since Gods and you, do all agree!
Receive this bond of my Captivity.

Ormas: I kiss the hand, that freely gives it now,
May thunder-strike me dead, when I do bow
To other Earthly Power, or wish a blisse,
That Heaven can give, the Gods allowing this!
Ormasdes heart, shall into incence turn,
And in bright flames, before this Altar burn;
So long as my fair Saint, does not despise,
To look upon so mean a Sacrifice——
——To you great Queen, I know not what to say;
How to expresse a gratitude, that may
Declare the glory of your life to be
A perfect pattern, for Posterities.

Qu. Brave Lord, your *Triumphs*, and your *Trophies* still
Increase our wonder! and our Nation fill,
With such Esteem, as all my people may,
With Honour, keep your Wedding, Holy-day:
And in our Story, after Ages show,
Friendship, and Virtue, did together grow.

FINIS.

PANDORA,

A

Comedy.

By

Sir WILLIAM KILLIGREW, Vice-Chamberlaine to Her *MAJESTY.*

OXFORD,

Printed by *Hen: Hall* Printer to the UNIVERSITY, for *Ric: Davis*, 1666.

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The Names of the Actors.

The Prince of *Syracusa.*
Theodocia his Daughter.
Pandora, a great Lady of the Prince his Family.
Lindamira, a Lady of Quality.
Lonzartes, Right Heire to the Principality.
Clearcus, a Lord of the Prince his Kindred.
Silvander, a young Lord of the Court.
Aristonicus, *Clothero*, *Ormuseus*, } Three Councellors.
Teretia, *Philora.* } Ladies attending the Princess.
Three more Attending Ladies. } For *Pandora.* And *Lindamira.*
Men-Dancers.
VVomen-Dancers.
Sanga, and *Geta.* } Lacquies.
An *Old-VVoman.*

The PROLOGVE.

Lovers to You I come, without a Bribe,
From one that boaſts himſelfe of your own Tribe,
And therefore hopes, that your good Natures may
On his behalf, above your Judgments ſway:
What you'le ſee here is naturall, all pretence
He diſavowes, to Wit, or Eloquence:
With Friendſhip he preſents you, and with love,
Such as are wont in his free breaſt to move;
Such paſſions as he feels, our Author writes,
And humours ſuch, as he obſerves, indites:
From Converſation bringing to the Stage,
What he does think, will pleaſe the preſents Age.
And if you do not grudge your time here ſpent,
He will accept it for a Complement.

PANDORA:

OR THE

CONVERTS.

The SCENE in *Syracutia*.

FIRST ACT.

Enter Lonzartes *and* Clearchus *in long Grey Cloaks over their Rich Cloaths, with* Sanga *and* Geta, *two Lacques carrying Lanthornes, the two Lords Enter a private Houſe, the two Servants ſtay.*

San. COme *Geta*, our Lords have no more uſe of us, we may go ſleep!

Geta. 'Tis a fair time indeed to ſleep, when day begins to break? —this is a lew'd life, that our Lords do lead.

San: Why man? the Night was made for labourers to reſt; and for great Lords to Revel in, come away.

Geta: My Lord, is not half ſo ill as thine.

Sanga. What's that to thee, or me, come away; wee'l go to Beggars Hall, and be as merry as our Lords.

Geta. No, no, I will no more ſully my Credit, in thy company; I converſe with our tall Dary-maid, who affords me Honours, thou canſt not gueſſe at *Sanga*! Oh the great Felicities! that do belong to chaſt imbraces? as I imagine!

San: I like Imbraces well.

Geta: I mean by Wedlock man:

San: A Cox-comb thou art, and a Cuckold thou wilt be; adiew Fool.

Geta. Adiew Rogue. *Exeunt* ſeverally.

A noiſe within, Re-enter Clearchus, *and* Lonzartes, *in the Darke.*

Clearcus. Botts on thy ſlippery heeles; we are undone!

Lon. Let us draw, and ſtand upon guard, I hear ſome call within!

Cle: What was that ſtrange noyſe, you made?

Lonza: At the bottom of the ſtaires I fell, which gave the Alarum to the Doggs, and they wak'd all the Family!

[*Enter* Old-Woman.]

Woman. Oh my Lord! what have you done? all the Houſe are up, pray ſtand cloſe a while, –are you alone?

Cle: Yes, yes. *Exit* Old-woman.

Lonz: Thou art a very Villain *Clearcus*, thus to betray a poore Wench, that loves thee; and to force me accept a Favour I abhorre to think on.

Cle: Be the blame mine, I have no joy in any thing, unleſſe my friend participate; –If I have any skill in Woman; you will thank me for this favour, and ſay, you never had the like of *Angelica*.

Lon: Suppoſe ſhe will not conſent? muſt I raviſh her? –you ſay ſhe knowes not of my coming.

Cle: I ſwear ſhe does not.

Lonz: Would I were out again, theſe Romances pleaſe not me; —pray how muſt I proceed?

Cle: Thus, ſhe is in Bed, the Room is dark, I'le entertaine her with diſcourſe, while you undreſſe; then I'le retire, and ſoon returne with Light, to let her ſee, my friend and I, muſt be as one man to her.

Lon: I wonder all Women do not hate thee, thou doeſt abuſe all them that truſt thee:

Cle: You are deceiv'd *Lonzartes*, ſuch ſilly Girles, do take it for a complement, to recommend them to a Noble Friend!

Lonz: Well, I muſt now be ſubject to thy will, and do ſubmit to do, what I deteſt! –me thinks this is a kind of Rape I undertake; –thou art too wild for my Converſe *Clearcus*.

Clearcus. Hold your peace.

[*Enter* Old-Woman.]

VWoman. Hiſt, hiſt, my Lord!

Cle: Here, here.

VWoman: Give me your hand, ſoftly, ſoftly, follow me.

Exeunt Woman, *leading them off, holding hands.*

Enter the Old Prince of Syracuſa, *with* Silvander, Ariſtonicus, Clothero, Ormuſeus, *and Traine.*

Prince. How does *Lonzartes* bear his Suppreſſion *Ariſtonicus*? now he is full-man grown.

Ariſt:

Ariſton: Like a wiſe man Sir, that will not ſeem to ſee, what he cannot remedy.

Prin: I have better thoughts for him, then he has for himſelfe; if *Clearcus* ſpoyle him not!

Ariſton: When more years have overcome ſome evils, incident to youth, I hope he will be worthy your higheſt favours Sir.

Prin: Some of you ſhould adviſe him to a little more ſobriety, then *Clearcus* will allow of; —I apprehend *Silvander*, that the *Corinthian* will quarrel, for my refuſing to treat his Marriage with *Theodoſia*, whom I deſign another way: —ſhe has averſion to him.

Sil: The Princeſs may be excus'd for her diſlike, unto ſo fierce a man, the *Corinthian* Prince, is all Fire, and fury, which does fright, not winne affection.

Prin: If *Theodoſia* will be adviſed by me, I ſhall provide better for her; —you know *Lonzartes* right *Silvander*! if he were reclaim'd, I would wiſh him to my Daughter.

Sil. I have ſome thoughts Sir, that *Lonzartes* does conſort with wild *Clearcus*, and complies in all his Vanities, onely to avoid your jealouſie, of his higher thoughts of intereſt in the State! he is no foole Sir.

Prin: I wiſh it prove not too much his Nature, to be ſo debauch'd, for he has not higher thoughts of State-intereſt, then I have for him; he has been wrong'd *Silvander*, and I will endeavour to do him right, if hee'l be worthy of it. *Exeunt omnes.*

[*Enter* Lonzartes *and* Clearcus *in a Garden.*]

Cle: Why this grave face to me *Lonzartes?*

Lonz: Thou art ſo wild, that I have loſt my credit by converſing with thee, which I muſt redeem, by keeping better company hereafter.

Cle: Wiſely reſolved, and in good time declared; —I have indeed obſerv'd, that you of late converſe with Ladies, and delight in rich lac'd Sattin, and in Silver Petticoates; as if you meant to turn Apoſtate; from the freedome we have had, and now ſeek your game in ſecret, my *Lonzartes.*

Lonz: If I ſhould, pray which is moſt Honourable? and moſt ſuitable to my Quality? The dayly terrour of getting ſuch diſeaſes as inhabit your dark houſes, has frighted me into better purpoſes.

Cle: Your Quality! I wiſh your Prince-ſhip had all the Ladies you deſire, ſo I might have like freedome with their Maids.

Lonz: I ſhall not ſpoyle your Market, but leave you thoſe cheap Cattel, at your own price.

Cle: See the difference now, between your Pride, and my Humility; you have ſtudied, learn'd diſcourſes too, ſuch as muſt juſtifie your converſion (as you call it) but have never weighed the difference of our crimes; —ſuch thoughts *Lonzartes*, do move my tender Conſcience, to take what I can find, for ready money; which I freely enjoy, without thoſe frights you daily feel.

Lonz:

Lon: Thou doſt miſtake me, and exclaimeſt againſt crimes, I never underſtood.

Cle. You can counterfeit I know, and may cozen all the World, but me! I will not give my freedome up, to ſuch follies as you ſerve, to be Maſter of all your wiſhes.

Lon: I ſhall not labour to convert you, but will take leave to diſpiſe your mean wayes, while you envy mine.

Cle: Envy! by *Violinus* Eyes, I do diſpiſe you, and your wayes, and will wager any thing you dare, that I enjoy this night a beauty more exact, then any cloath of Gold Dame you treat with, I envy you! no, I pitty you *Lonzartes*, that after ſuch experience, at your years, you ſhould be fool'd ſo; confeſſe now ſeriouſly, if you have ever met a better ſhape, a ſofter, or a whiter skin, or any more ſweet, or more bewitching faire, and lovely, then my *Angelina*.

Lonz: If I have not! what then?

Cle: Why? ſhe ſhall be Fine, and rich arraid, when I ſo pleaſe! I can call her *Sultaneſs* too! and by my fancy, raiſe her above thoſe, the World allowes of.

Lon: I do believe thee, and thy fancy, alike extravagant.

Cle: But why ſo ſerious on the ſuddain? and ſo dull? you ſhall have good Chear, and good Company to night, at the old place.

Lonz: I ſhall get an ill Conſcience by it!

Cle: That ſauce, agrees not with the Dainties we muſt feed on, pray lay by your Conſcience, untill morning.

Lonz: I wiſh I were well rid of thee, all thy *Rhetorich* ſhall never ingage me, to meet ſuch company again.

Cle: Why pray, how can you ſpend your time better?

Lonz: I do begin to hate my ſelf, and will love thee no longer.

Cle: Very good; - Are not you the moſt debauch'd man in *Syracuſa*? (except my ſelf!) how come you by this impudence? to bluſh for going to a merry meeting? Is not your own Lodging, beyond a Scandal? are not all the Wenches in that Street, your Pentioners? — not love me; I will ſtudy to ſcorne you, and your love for ever; I diſpiſe a man, that does forſake his Principles.

Lonz: I begin to hate thy over-much lewdneſſe, and to ſee my own Deformities.

Cle: Not love me!

Lon: Come, I do love thee, too well I love thee, ſhall we go home, and put off this meeting?

Cle: *Lonzartes*, though I do love your Friendſhip, I do hate this Humour in you, that thus would lay a blemiſh on me.

{ *Enter to them* Lindamira *and* Teretia, *not at* } { *firſt ſeen by them.* }

Ter: See *Lindamira*, the two wild Princes are in our way, how ſhall we get by 'um?

Linz: Put on a confidence beyond theirs, and 'twill amaze them!

Ter: Can that be?

Lin: I'le be your Forlorne Hope, do but ſecond me, and I'le ſecure your

your paſs this time; —You'l ſee them ſtart, ſhoot aſide, as from a *Baſaliske!* the honeſt Woman!

Ter: Barbarous! —I have heard indeed, they ſhun all virtuous Women!

Lin: They alwaies look over us, as if they ſaw us not; but where they have an intereſt, or hope to gain it, they can like ſubtil Serpents, humbly creep, to flatter, and betray.

[*He now ſees the Ladies.*]

Cle: A prize, a prize *Lonzartes*, each of us one; let us reconcile for this booty, and diſpute at leaſure; —yon cloſe walk invites; which will you aſſault?

Lin: Neither, they are both virtuous?

Cle: Who knowes that? have they done ſucking?

Lin: Doſt thou think there be none virtuous, beyond their infancy!

Cle: Yes, much too many, but I hope better of theſe; give me the Woman, and keep her virtue to your ſelfe: —I'le charge 'um both, there may be a Criticall minute for me; —fair Ladies. [*To them.*]

Lin: Hold my Lord, you are out at firſt, one of us is very brown I aſſure you.

Cle: You do not think your ſelf ſo, or if you do, you think brown the beſt Madam.

Lin: I do indeed, think my Beauty ſuch, as may prejudice your Lordſhip, if you dwell on it; which gave me boldneſſe, to interrupt your ſet Speech; leſt you engage paſt retreating; —our buſineſſe is to find the Princeſs.

Cle: And ours, to entertain thoſe, who have nothing elſe to do.

Lin: How would you entertain us my Lord?

Cle: As young Gallants, uſe to treat Fair Ladies; with love, and our beſt ſervice.

Lin: I have no imployment for ſo great a Servant as your Lordſhip, and for love, I underſtand it not.

Cle: That you may do, is my ambition.

Lin: Nay, if you be come to ambition already! I gueſſe your love will grow to ſuch a Monſter, in a moment, that I dread the thought on't.

Cle: You cut me off ſo ſhort, you cannot apprehend, what I would ſay.

Lin: Therefore I do it, becauſe I do not care to hear.

Cle: What have I done Madam, to merrit this neglect from you?

Lin: In the behalf of all our ſex, I am the choſen Champion, againſt all men, who do believe all Women do admire 'um.

Cle: When ſhall I have leave to ſpeak? that I may informe you better.

Lin: When I have done.

Cle: When will that be?

Lin: When I am gone.

Cle: How can you be inform'd in abſence?

Lin: As much as I deſire to know, I know already, —my good wiſhes ſhall attend your Lordſhip; —come *Teretia*; we may find the Princeſs in the other walks. *Exeunt.*

Lon: Now Sir, how do you like this Ladies mettle?

Cle: Why, well, I like her, and her humour very well.

Lon: You thought her a ſure prize.

Cle: I did but hope ſo at the firſt, now I am ſure of her, ſhe is my own, if ever we do meet alone; —by this ſeverity, ſhe has cozen'd *Teretia*, and you, and confirm'd me.

Lon: I muſt laugh, to think how thou art miſtaken, in this innocent freedome virtuous women uſe, and would give a good ſumme, to ſee thee but converſe a Moneth or two, with perſons of Honour, which I believe would reclaime thee, and fix thoſe virtues, now loſt in a *Chaos* of wild actions.

Cle: I marry, if you could ſhew me a Woman, that would not be wonne; I would fancy ſome delight, to paſſe away an hour or two, at idle times; but all that I do meet with are mine, before I wiſh it, ſo that I am alwaies forc'd to ſtand upon my guard amongſt 'um.

Lon: That's no wonder, amongſt thoſe women you converſe with; —ſhall I chuſe you a Miſtris? and if you get her! let the reproach be mine.

Cle: Shall ſhe be worth my pains? if ſo! I will think on't, when I have time to throw away; —come will you go with me yet?

Lon: I'le ſtay here a while.

Cle: I'le go before then, and make ready for you. *Exit.*

Lon: What pitty 'tis, ſuch parts ſhould be ſo drown'd! —

Though I reſolve to quit, I'me guilty ſtill,
If longer I do countenance his ill.

Enter to him, as in the Garden, the Princeſs Theodocia, Pandora, Lindamira, Teretia, *and Ladies, and* Silvander.

Theod: *Lonzartes*, I have been laughing at *Lindamiras* relation of *Clearcus* humour; ſhe ſayes, ſhe has abus'd him his own way, in the behalf of honeſt Women, whom he declares againſt.

Lon: The encounter indeed was pleaſant, but the ſucceſſe is beyond her gueſſe! for ſhe thinks, that her neglects, have daſh'd his hopes, by which he is grown confident, that her ſeeming ſcornes, were onely to dazle our Eyes, while he doubts not to gain an intereſt.

Lin: I wiſh him joy my Lord, of his quick Victory, the next encounter, will decide this difference of Opinions.

Pan: But how dare you *Lindamira*, enter the liſts of Wit, with young *Clearcus*, who has the ſharpeſt tongue in *Syracuſa*.

Lin: There is no conteſt ſo eaſie, his whole diſcourſe to Women, is ever of love, or ſomething like it! and does believe that all our ſouls, delight in nothing elſe, which makes me interrupt him ſtill as he begins, and never hear him out.

Sil: Is that civil, to a perſon, of his Quality?

Theo: Is he not angry, when you ſlight him ſo?

Lin: No Madam, I am his mirth, and he is mine.

Lon:

Lenx: If *Pandora* would permit! I do fancy his converſion might be wrought by her, and his Eclips'd virtues, made to ſhine brighter then his vices do.

Sil: 'Twill be a Noble undertaking Madam.

Lin: I wiſh he were within my cure.

Pan: Wee'l joyne our forces *Lindamira*, for I ſhall eaſily conſent unto ſo good a work, as may reclaim ſo great a perſon as *Clearcus*; a man ſo neer allied unto the Duke! but how muſt this Charitable work be done?

Lenx: If you Madam, will admit his viſits; for a Moneth or two, the cure of courſe will follow; for he who never yet convers'd with civill Woman, will ſurely be concern'd, when he ſhall ſee the harmleſſe mirth, that virtue does allow, to perſons of your Quality!

Pan: So, I be obliged no further then to civil viſits, his birth does require that for him, which I deny to no man.

Lin: Leave the reſt to me.

The: How happy are you Couſin, that may diſpoſe of your ſelf as you pleaſe! I muſt ſpeak, and look, and move, as my Father, and the State directs me.

Pan: Great Princes indeed, are bound to ſome ſtrict Rules, moſt ſubjects underſtand not?

Lin: Your Highneſſe complains without a cauſe, we hear the Duke will leave you to your own choiſe, only he will recommend.

The: When Parents recommend, 'tis ſo like command, it frights me to think whom it may be.

Pan: Now you are ſafe from the *Corinthian*, have no fear untill you ſee occaſion for it.

The: I wiſh my dear Couſin, you would marry too, I ſhould then like it better: I now dread to put on that yoak, by all the World ſo much deſired?

Pan: Will my being in the pound, get your Highneſſe out of it? why would you have me runne the hazzard, to looſe that happineſſe I now am ſure of? by a ſingle life. If men did ever appear in their own likeneſſe! we might chuſe ſome one, amongſt many, worth the having, but in our ſights, they are allwayes diſguis'd in ſuch ſhapes, and humours, as they believe we like beſt; and ſo cozen us, and themſelves too; for if they make us unhappy, it ſeldome failes, but we make them ſo.

Lin: No Oracle ever ſpoke truer; I am of your Sect Madam, (as to matters of Faith:) yet I would gladly have a Husband, though it be dangerous to put my heart into anothers keeping. (And as my learn'd Author ſayes,) to give my freedome up, unto I know not whom! (nor ever can do, till I have him) ——this were a ſad condition Madam, if we had not the ſame Arts to coſen them, that think to coſen us.

The: Would I could get a merry heart, like yours *Lindamira*.

Lin: I'le preſent your Highneſſe with a piece of mine, I have enough for both.

Enter Messenger.

Mess: Madam, the Prince calls for you.

The: I attend him, pray Cousin go with me to my Father.

Exeunt Ladies.

Lon: A few such excellent Women, would make this World a Paradice! ——how have I walk'd in the dark, till now? how strangly been misled, by my affection to *Clearcus*? that have approv'd, and acted in all his ills, begun upon designe, and led on, till custome has allmost chang'd my nature, but will no more now.

[*Enter* Clearcus *to him.*]

Cle: How now *Lonzartes*? walking alone? take heed the Devil find thee not at leasure.

Lon: A greater then thy self, can hardly find me.

Cle: Very gravely replyed, if I mistake not, you are whimpering after some great Lady, and now practizing to play the fool wisely, to spend your time, adoring you know not who, nor why!

Lon: Thou art still ith' wrong.

Cle: Let us meet then, at the old place to night.

Lon: That's a freedome, I shall never take more, you have converted me, beyond all the Homilies I ever read, you have made me ashamed of my self for being so long like you.

Cle: Oh Hypocrite! what new piece have you got? that I must not be trusted with; come tell me, and I'le cry up your Austere purpose, and rail at your conversion, as if I did believe it!

Lon: When you see me next in ill company, I am then that Hypocrite you mention.

Cle: Out upon these tender Consciences, they spoyl more mirth, then they are worth; let old folks hear Homilies, while we enjoy the time we have, and not whine away our youth, on dreams of virtue, which signifie we know not what.

Lon: Peace *Clearcus*, thou art not half so ill as thou appearest, but dost glory in talking worse, then thou canst be.

Cle: What should we talk of more, then what we most delight in?

Lon: Of nothing lesse, because we often do delight, in what we ought not own; ——Is't not enough to offend the Gods through frailty, which perverse nature does invite us to, (but we must provoke Heaven, beyond sence, and appetite, by our discourse, as if we studied to defie those Powers, we ought to tremble at.

Cle: I hate Hypocrisie. ——

Lon: And I abhorre to aggravate my crimes, by such unnecessary boastings, as thy wild brain delights in; when I offend, I am sorry for it, dost thou all honesty despise, all virtue slight?

Cle: How *Lonzartes*, will you confine honesty, and virtue, to the fruition of one Woman only? Fie, what a scandal is this to mankind? as if there were no honesty, nor virtue but in such chast breasts as yours? what an affront to this good company, pray speak Gentlemen, is any

here

here of his opinion? can you *Lonzartes* shew me one young man, that looks as he were guiltly? or any so old, who would be thought so weak? —Is this a fit design, to set up your Title to the Dukedome?

Lon: I see this is not the hour for your Conversion.

Cle: Nor shall ever live to see that hour, I hope.

Lon: Nor you I fear, ever live to tast, and relish the true felicity obtain'd, by such a conquest on thy self; but I will pray for thee, and thy conversion.

Cle: I had rather your Lordship were at *Jerusalem*, then see that day of my conversion; what have I done *Lonzartes?* to deserve such ill from you, do not provoke me to a revenge.

Lon: Revenge, for what?

Cle: Can you aske for what? suppose the Gods should hear your prayers, and turn my heart, how miserable a man were I, how should I spend my time, for forty years to come; Is it not enough to forsake your cause, but you must seduce me too? *Lonzartes*, if you pray for me, I shall curse you heartily; I dare stay no longer with him.

Exit Clearcus.

Lon: If this brave man this humour could expell,
His Virtues would his Vices far excell.

I have put on this Cloak of wantonness onely to avoid being thought a serious man, lest the Duke grow jealous of my pretentions to his Crown; —while the Duke is civil, and I am safe; —he shall be so too? —But if I finde designes against me; I have Friends, and force enough, to gain my right by this; —Oh but *Theodocia* does unman me quite; —when I look on her, all these high thoughts do vanish, and I become the humblest creature in the Court:

I have no Title, that I ere shall owne,
Unlesse she daine to raise me to the Throne.

THE SECOND ACT.

{*Enter* Lonzartes *alone*, Clearcus *hoarkning at the Doore.*}

Lon: OH *Cloris, Cloris!* what strange unwonted pains I feel? what fears? what new disease congeales my blood? —if it be love, 'twill not offend the Gods, because my soule does now rejoyce to find, Beauty and Virtue so divine, that both may be well worshipp'd at one Shrine.

[Clearcus *claps him hard on the Shoulder.*]

Cle:

Cle: Are you talking in your sleep *Lonzartes*? or is it some divine meditation, thus transports you?

Lon: You are too rude *Clearcus*.

Cle: I cry you mercy Sir, you can be angry then I see, I thought your conversion, had set you above such passions, as we wicked men are subject to.

Lon: I do confesse thou didst make me start, and speak hastily, but I am not angry, nor can be with thee: [*Imbraces him.*]

Cle: I'le try your temper presently, —Oh! Beauty, and Virtue so Divine! both may be worshipped in one shrine; Ha, ha, ha.

Lon: What of this, you heard me repeat an old Song.

Cle: An old Song, to a new Tune *Lonzartes*: dost thou pray for my Conversion this way? must I get a *Cloris* to figh after? —as thou dost; —I have heard all, and have observ'd thee too, I and do guesse who *Cloris* is, —come, tell me quickly, that way to oblige me to silence; for if by my own skill I do discover her, I'le lay thee open to the World, tell me who *Cloris* is, lest I tell thee; Adiew. *Exit.*

Lonzar. How can he discover that I love? when I know it not yet my self! —Yet I may admire her, and by my adoration of her Virtues—

—Be by them, from all meaner passions freed,
When this new virtue, shall my vice exceed. *Exit.*

Enter Geta.

Geta. What the Devil ailes my Lord? his wonted mirth is changed into *hey hoes*, and twenty times a day, he sends me on sleeveless Errands, that he may be alone; I think Lord *Clearcus* will prove the wisest man at last; —I have been five times this morning to enquire, if the Princess be in health! if she be stirring, or if near ready! if she go to the Temple! —And after Dinner I must enquire, if she have dyned! if she comes forth in publick! if she ride abroad; and thus twenty times a day, he tires me, with these silly Errands, when I might ask them all at once, and save much labour; I'le try if I can find some way to contract these Embassies; —'tis well for my Lord, that his man is wiser then himselfe. *Exit.*

[*Enter* Silvander *with* Lindamira *and her Maid.*]

Silvand: Do not my looks *Lindamira* enough expresse, what I would say?

Linda: Yes, to me, who do discern your passion thus suppressed, more cleare, then by those loud noyses, which some Lovers most delight in.

Sil: But how shall I be assured, this is not Rallery?

Lin: Cannot you judge by my looks, as well as I by yours? what kind of security do you require? I have no Citizens that will be bound for my good behaviour!

Sil:

Sil: A ſerious word or two, with a kind look confirm'd, will ſecure me againſt the World.

Lin: Will this look ſerve? and I am yours, ſuffice for words? with this hand given from my heart! ingage beyond your wiſh.

Sil: It does, may I be—

Lin: Nay, no ſtrong lines I beſeech you, make me not jealous by profeſſing more, then I expect.

Sil: I am confirmed, paſt ever doubting more.

[*He kiſſes her Hand.*]

Lin: I ſhall try your temper, if my merry humour hold!

Sil: 'Tis that free innocence, takes me!

Lin: And that I can afford enough of, at an eaſie rate.

[*Enter* Clearcus *to them,* Silvander *goes off.*]

Lin: Your Lordſhip was going another way, pray let not me divert you, my lodging is farre off.

Cle: Madam, I have long ſought an opportunity to kiſs your hands there.

Lin: You may do it here, and ſave the labour of going ſo farre for nothing.

Cle: Do you call that honour nothing, which I do prize above the World? and would give all my intereſt on Earth, to purchaſe one kiſs of your fair hands, by a free conſent.

Lin: The World is little beholding to your Lordſhip, for ſo low a value, that will give all your intereſt on Earth, for a kiſs of my Hand, and this, I muſt in civility, look, as if I did believe.

Cle: I'le ſweare it Madam,

Lin: That's as eaſy done, as ſaid, but I am hard of Faith.

Cle: How ſhall I obtain more credit?

Lin: I'le ſhew you a ſhort way, bring me a conveyance of half your Land, and you ſhall have two kiſſes of my hand, three if you pleaſe, and as you like your Market, you may have more, for the other half of your Eſtate! and this is much cheaper, then to give all the World at once for ſuch an honour!

Cle: Why do you mock me? who truly love, and honour you, above all women! by thoſe Fair Eyes I do.

Lin: How can I believe it? when I know you talk thus, to every woman that you meet.

Cle: May my hopes neer proſper, if you are not the onely object of my heart.

He offers to kiſs her Hand.]

Lin: No touching good my Lord, my affaires calls me away, I muſt be gone.

Cle: And I muſt wait on you home Madam.

Lin: Ile rather ſtay here this Twelve-month, then give your Lordſhip that trouble.

Cle:

Cle: Am I such a Monster, in the opinion of all women, as you make me?

Lin: I must take care you make not me one; —Oh happy deliverance!

[*Enter to them*, Theodocia, *and* Pandora, *and* Silvander.]

Cle: This is such a piece of nicety, as I neer met before; —these are no company for me. *Exit.*

The: Stay *Clearcus*, I would speak with you; —my Cousin *Pandora* tells me, you Court *Lindamira*, which her self does not much deny.

Cle: I am practising I must confesse, how to talk to Ladies, and have learnt some speeches to that purpose, whereof *Lindamira* has had her share.

Theod: You have mocked her then! and intend her only for your mirth! [*He makes a legg.*]

Lin: Methinks his silence, and that legg, shewes more love to me, then I know what to do with.

[*aside.*] *Sil*: Excellent Girle! how she playes with his wanton humour!

[*Enter to them* Lonzartes.]

Cle: Nay, if *Lonzartes* fall on me too? I shall be over-whelmed with wisdome.

Lon: Now there is some hope of him, his look is Civillized already.

Pan: Are you not pleased *Clearcus*? to see the whole Court concerned for you? to see your self so valued, methinks it should stirre up the Noble Blood of your great Ancestors, to set you on to such actions, as may out-shine their stories, and not loose one day more, in your wild wayes.

Cle: Madam, Your Language, and your looks, agree with your great Soul; I can be proud to be so taught, when the Princess *Theodocia*, and you direct, 'twere great stupidity to shew neglect; but in my Opinion Madam, one of a family is enough to be a Saint; —'twould take from great *Lonzartes* credit, and render his conversion no rarity, if I should become virtuous too, in the same year.

The: *Pandora*, and I, are much obliged to you, for your good opinion of us, I wish all our Sex were so too.

Cle. My opinion, and my practise, differ very much Madam; I do honour virtue in your Sex, as much as any man; but my Tallent lies the other way, *Lonzartes* does enough illustrate the *Platonick* Name, and Eminently maintaine, that high *Seraffick* flame, which is above my reach.

Lon: Tell me now *Clearcus*, is there not more relliſh in this Conversation? then with your *Getinas*, and your *Angelinas*! —that blush shewes well, there is some hopes of grace in that blush.

Cle: Hold your pratling, my conversion does not belong to you.

Lon: I hope I may direct you to a Lady, that will work that wonder.

Cle: Hold your peace then, till we be alone.

The

The: Wee'l be gone *Pandora*, and not hinder so good a work, — you shall neither of you go with us; — but if you please *Clearcus*, *Lindamira* may walk with you a little longer.

Cleo: No Madam, I have enough of her already, she out-wits me, we shall neer agree.

Lin: I have got credit enough for a young Souldier, by my honourable retreat, from so hot a charge.

Exeunt Silvander *and Ladies*.

Lon: Let us now persue our Argument, for thy Conversion.

Cle: It comes on a pace; — what a fine Gentleman are you grown, since the Spirit of Chastity has possest you? and you hope that I will live chast, that I may have the honour, and felicity to be in love! — to be a fool! to intangle my self in nets that I shall neer get out of! I'le none of it.

Lon: Let my old Friendship so farre prevaile, that on my request you will sometimes converse with *Pandora*, if thy visits do ingage her to undertake thy cure! and she do work that Miracle! she must value what her self has made worthy of her self, for so wilt thou be, if thy wandring fancy, were once fixt.

Cle: So then all this busse, is to make me in love, though you know, I have been a thousand times in love already.

Lon: I *Clearcus*, I know thy thousands, but I would have thee once in love.

Cle: I never will be mad, as you are, yet to give you, and the World satisfaction in this point, I will condemne my selfe to one Moneths penance, and make experiment to look, and talk as idlely with *Pandora*, as you do with your Divinest *Cloris*! — If I were sure *Pandora* were not to be won, I could fancy a pretty kind of pastime, by raising my desires to hopes of what I cannot have! but I could never meet a Woman yet, that was impregnable, and my nature is not capable of being converted, by any that I can conquer; — Pray Sup at my Chamber this night.

Lon. I will not fayle, if you will go with me unto *Pandora*? —

And visit her, while this good motion's warm,
'Gainst all your fears, I'le fit you with a charm.

Cle: I go. *Exeunt*.

{*Enter* Pandora *with* Lindamira *and Ladies in her*} {*Chamber, and* Silvander.}

Pand: *Lindamira*, you must be my second, they will be two to one else.

Lin: Gladly Madam, I cannot wish a gentler Enemy, then him that thinks he has me at his mercy.

Pan: But if you be over-sharp upon him, you may hinder the great work, we undertake! and make him hate all honest Women for our sakes.

Lin: I shall use him with more Art, and lead him on with hopes, that all our Sex do scramble for him; if I can fit his Fancy, and his Wit, I'le ingage him in a concerne for you, and then manage my young Gallant to my will, till I confute his common places, so often urged to the prejudice of Ladies, I cannot fancy better sport, then to see him mad in love with you Madam.

Pan: The Gods forbid, I would not cure him at that rate, for my own sake, and his; lest that prove a greater evil, then he now has; I shall be very careful, to give him no incouragement, for thoughts of that nature, my undertaking is not beyond a common civility, as to all others of his Rank.

Lin: That will do it, if I mistake not; —and catch you both I hope, —here he comes?

Enter Lonzartes, *and* Clearcus.

Lon: Madam, I have brought my Friend, to kiss your hand.

Cle: Thus farre Madam, in order to my ingagement, I have given you the trouble of the first visit, I ever made against my will.

Pan: Your Lordship, does me honour, came you now from Court?

Cle: Yes Madam, and left the Princess *Theodocia* in great complements with her kind Father, who has now declared against the proud *Corinthian*, and given *Theodocia*, her free choice where she please.

Pan: You tell me Newes, beyond my hopes, this will raise the Princes drooping Spirits again; I wonder she is not here by this time.

Lon: The Duke and she, are not yet parted Madam; —how now *Lindamira*, are you conquestyed? no welcome for my Friend, to encourage him to like of civil company; —You look as if you feared to loose your Gallant.

Cle: No, no, she knowes she has too fast hold of my heart, to part so easily.

Lin: 'Tis honour enough for me, to be in the number of your Martyrs Sir. [*She Sighes.*]

Pan: How long have you two been acquainted?

Lin: Ever since last night Madam. [*She Sighes*]

Pan: And dost thou sigh already?

Lin: 'Tis only to give you warning by my harmes.

Pan: I thank your care, but I am arm'd against the World.

Cle: That's good Newes *Lonzartes*, there is some hope, she has made firme resolves against Wedlock; that I may assault her with security. — [*Aside.*]

Lon: You may, you may.

Cle: Madam, You speak, as if you held mankind at a defiance.

Pan. By way of Marriage I do, but I can value all men that I see worthy.

Cle: He must be a bold man, who does designe beyond the favours you allow, but have you made vowes against marriage Madam?

Pan: No vowes, but such resolves, as are unchangeable.

Lon: You are severe to men.

Lin: If all Women were of your opinion Madam? how should the World be Peopled.

Cle: I marry Madam, that will well become me.

Pan. I thought *Lindamira* you would have been on my side.

Lin: So I am, when you are in the right, this is our common cause; Suppose you bring these two Lords, and they bring twenty more, to be of your judgment, and this Heresie should spread, what will become of us, who think of nothing else but Marriage?

Lon: She tells you true Madam, when her own concern is at stake, you may excuse her.

Pan: I do, and will make good my argument alone.

Cle: Never to marry Madam?

Pan: Never my Lord, is my full resolve.

Cle: You are the happiest, and the wisest Lady living! and I the joyfullest man, if you'l permit me to adore you at this distance, for I am of your own opinion Madam.

Lin: Two Fanaticks well met.

Pan: So long as your respects be free from love, my house is open to you,

Cle: You are all witnesses, that this Lady does adopt me her avow'd Gallant, on the conditions before mentioned: —you give me leave Madam to talk of love, and to carry up this jest, as high, as he who really does love.

Pan: I do, so it be ever in publick; all private visits, and all whisperings are excepted.

Cle: 'Tis enough Madam; —This is a pretty kind of Entertainment, I never thought of: *Lonzartes*, thou art in the right, this will be sport beyond my hope.

Lon. But how does *Lindamira* like, to see her new Gallant, thus taken from her?

Cle: 'Tis her own fault, she might, have fix'd me another way, if she had been wise!

Pan: Indeed *Lindamira*, I thought not of your concern, and did conclude too rashly, but I will use my interest on your behalf.

Lin: —'Twill not be needfull Madam, I know all his professions to you, are meant to me.

Cle: Very prettily contrived, —This is a new kind of wit, I never heard of; so then you are to love me, in spite of your Teeth, and I you, and I you, in spite of mine; what will this come to at last?

Lon: Mirth man, all the year a constant mirth: —Is not this better then spending your time in a smoaky house, with your old Acquaintance?

Cle: I cannot tell you that, till I have tryed this, as long as I have the other.

Lin: Pray my Lord, do not perswade your Friend, all this earnest is a jest, I allow you as much mirth as you please, so the conclusion be serious.

Pan: We must leave the successe unto the Fates; —*Clearcus* may in time have pitty on you *Lindamira*, he does not yet believe, you are in earnest.

Cle: Nor ever shall do Madam, till I see her heart break, and then 'twill be too late.

Lin: He dissembles well, for so young a Schollar Madam.

Lor: We have done all well methinks, and now tis time that we retire.

Cle: How soon may I make my next visit to you Madam?

Pan: As often as you please my Lord, at publique houres.

Exeunt Silvander, *and the two Lords.*

Lin: How did I perform my part Madam?

Pan: You fell too soon into your humour, he sees you mock him.

Lin: That's all I ayme at, he has too much wit to be abused, my onely business is to let him see, that he cannot cozen me, —I believe you will see this Sceen changed, at his next visit, if I have any skill, you will be troubled with him.

Pan: I am arm'd at all points, against all men, and him most.

[*Enter* Theodocia, *and Ladies.*]

The: Oh Cousin! I am freed from all my fears, and come to rejoyce with you.

Pan. I have rejoyced already Madam, and have begun a Sceen of mirth, will hold us long, —Had your Highnesse come a little sooner, you had found the late Convert *Lonzartes*, and his Friend *Clearcus* here, who is become my avowed Gallant, and looks as if he liked our company already.

The: Then you have hopes to cure him; —Pray order it so, as I may come to your next meeting, my heart is now so light, that I could play with any thing; —Can I have no part in your Comedy?

Lin: For two reasons, your Highness can onely be a looker on, 'tis petty Treason to make love to you, though in jest; and then your beauty is too dangerous to be dallied with; these be edge-tools, too sharp for us to play with.

The: Why may not Princes participate in such innocent mirth? we make stricter Rules then need; true virtue will shine through such thin clouds, without a prejudice, and be above the reach of vile Tongues.

Pan: I Madam, if you could shew a rule, to distinguish between Innocence, and Guilt; —But we often see that Angelical virtues are aspersed, by malicious tongues, and no quality exempt, from rude censures.

Lin: I differ in opinion, Princes may enjoy harmlesse mirth, as freely as we, to be too much reserved, does look like disguise.

The: I would be so merry *Lindandra*, as should defie all scandall, and with an open face, justifie it to the World; to wear alwayes a stiff-state look is intollerable.

Pan: Private persons may be bold that way, when few Eyes observe, —— But Princes are set on *Pirameds*, for all to see, and imitate.

The: You shall not fright me from your mirth, with this grave Lecture, are they not both, my near Relations, whom you endeavour to raclaime?

reclaime? why may not I share it so worthy a designe,—I fear *Lindamira* she doubts lest I may gain her Gallant from her.

Lin: She may well be jealous, if your Highnesse undertake him, I shall have small hopes, if you two quarrel for him.

The: Why *Lindamira*? is *Silvander* vanished?

Lin: No Madam, the more Trophies I can fairly get by Victories on others, will raise his Conquest higher, who gaines me from the rest.

The: Thou art safe, and mayest say any thing, *Silvander* is thy security, against all scandall, though you carry it thus unconcern'd, the secret spreads.

Lin: 'Tis time it should do so, now we do own
Our love, 'tis fit the secret should be known.
—— Your Highness may assist, while you look on,
Though onely wee, the active part do own.

The: Let us retire to council then. *Exeunt.*

[*Enter* Tereria, and *Geta*.]

Ter: What is thy businesse honest *Geta*? How does *Lonzarles* thy brave Lord?

Geta. My Lord is in good health of body Madam, his brains are onely out of order.

Ter: How meanest thou *Geta*, has he got a blow on his head?

Geta: Onely some fumes from his heart Madam, makes his head addle, 'tis call'd the Spleen of late, and much in fashion, his Lordship does desire to know the Princes mind this morning, what she means to do all day?

Ter: This will be a hard question, to the Princes fasting, why would he know all this now?

Geta. Because he has some great affairs for me to mannage, and cannot spare me to ask, so often as I use to do.

Ter: Of what nature, be thy particular queries *Geta*?

Geta. He would know how she slept last night? in what health now? by what hour she will be dress't? when to her devotions? and then, where she walks this morning? and if she dine in publique? then, how she intends to passe her time till night? else I must come twenty times, for what you may at once dispatch me.

Ter: And does *Lonzartes* send thee, to enquire all this at once?

Geta. These Women are so silly, they cannot reach a deep design; —No, but he does every day make me trouble my self, and every body that I meet, to ask these questions severally, which I would do at once, to shew him I am a man of quick dispatch. [*aside.*]

Ter: Oh! is that the matter? I can fit thee with one answer to all these; —Tell thy Lord, the Princes did take cold last night, and will keep her bed all day.

Geta. I like it well, and wish her Highnesse would do so this moneth.

Ter. Out Traytor, I'le make thy Lord braine thee for that wish.

Geta.

Geta: Why Madam? I meant no harm, 'twas but to save you the trouble, and me the same questions to morrow, and so on till Doomsday, I think!

Ter: Well Sirra, for this time, I'le not complain of you, this Jest shall excuse your knavery.

Geta. This will be a play-day for me, I like this dying a Bed well.

Exeunt.

THE THIRD ACT.

[*Enter* Lonzartes *and* Clearcus.]

Clear. TEll me then, who *Cloris* is!

Lon: Thou art so mad, I dare not trust thee!

Clear: I will know now, or break all friendship!

Lon: I have not interest enough, to make a visit yet, and thou wouldst have me own, that I do love, before I do!

Clear: Tell me but who she is! what your hopes are! and what you wish! that I may joyne, in your designe.

Lon: I have yet no designe, nor any hope, for what I wish!

Clear: But do you think any Woman may not be, what you can wish? if you approach her the right way!

Lon: Thou art so much Divell grown, thou canst not discerne the Angelicall nature that is in those, who are virtuous of that Sex; thou hast no tincture of goodnesse left, but art become a Monster of man-kind!

Clear: All this, will not fix your Heresy on me! I shall never learne to flatter a few grave Matrons, to be laugh'd at, by all that are worth wishing for! —come, shall I know *Cloris* yet? this is the last time of asking.

Lon: Ere long, you shall, if I do prosper in my pretence!

Clear: Oh! is it come to a pretence! then look to your self, lest I discover *Cloris* to the World! and make you wish, that you had trusted me.

{*Enter to them*, Theodocia, Pandora, Lindamira, Teretia, *and Ladies, and* Silvander.}

The: Where did you leave my Father *Lonzartes*?

Lon: I have not seen the Prince to day Madam.

The: I was told, that you were just now walking with him.

Cle: That may well be Madam, for his brains do crow of late, —do ye see how he stands; *Lonzartes*, the Princess speaks to ye.

Lon: To me, does your Highness command me any thing?

{Silvander *and* Lindamira *entertain themselves in whisper*.}

Cle:

Cle: Did not I tell you Madam, that his brains are turn'd, he neither hears, nor sees of late; —The *Idea* of his *Seraphick* love, takes him wholly up, from all converse with us mortals.

Lon: Hold your prating, or I shall be angry.

Pan: What has made you so grave of late *Lonzartes?* all your wonted mirth is gone.

Lon: No man is always in good humour Madam.

Cle: He's in Love Madam, on my knowledge, o're head and ears in love.

Pan: In Love, *Lonzartes*, I thought you had not been at leisure, to be in Love: —'Tis your fault *Clearcus*, that have not councell'd your friend better.

Cle: Thus am I chid for your follies, who reject all my Councels, and refuse all my approv'd Antidotes, which do preserve me against that Serpent (you call Love) while he convers'd with me, he was safe Madam.

Lonz: Thou hast fool'd enough *Clearcus*, the Princess, and all the company are weary of it: —If your Highnesse allow him this freedome, he will grow troublesome.

The: Is it Love *Lonzartes?* or is *Clearcus* onely merry with you?

Lon: Your Highnesse knowes him too well, to credit all he sayes this way, he is at this time, very angry, that I have chid him for his lewd life, and hath with-drawn my self from his ill company, which he imputes to my being in Love.

Cle: I say he is in Love, most seriously in Love; shall I unmask this grave Reformado, and shew you the Lady now?

The: If *Lonzartes* be content, I would gladly see her, whom he thinks worthy of his heart.

Cle: No matter for his consent Madam, so you like it: —And thus I begin my tryal; —By your good leave Lady—'Tis not here; —nor is it this; —nor is it you Lady? [*He holds them all to* Lonzartes, *one by one.*]

Lin: I lament the losse of such an honour.

Lon: Thou art become a pretty fool *Clearcus*, dost thou not observe how all the Court do laugh at thee?

Cle: Yes, and shall make them laugh at you, e're I have done; if *Pandora* will make the next tryal.

Pan: I am content to try, what this will come to.

Cle: Now Sir, have at you; —'Tis not your good fortune neither Madam.

The: How can you make *Lonzartes* an amends, for all this abuse?

Cle: I will give him present satisfaction, if your Highnesse will permit me to bring him to you?

The: To me! think you *Lonzartes* is in love with me?

Cle: 'Tis a *Cloris* in the Clouds, one much above his reach, which you onely are Madam.

The: With all my heart, I shall be proud to own his conversion, as a Trophie of my Honour.

Cle: See if his guilt do not make him avoid the tryal; —stop him there; *Lonzartes*, the Princess calls you. [*Lonzartes is going out.*]

Lon: Ile cut thy Throat.

Cle:

[*He holds* Lonzartes *to the* Princess.]

Cle: He threatens me, —guilty I'le warant, —now Madam, do you see no alteration in his face? —no change yet? speak all, —you are all assistants in this judgment.

[Lonzartes *throwes him off in anger.*]

Lon: It will disturb a Saint, to be thus subject to the fancies of a foole.

The: Be not disturb'd *Lonzartes*, you take this in earnest, which we look on as a jest, only to passe the time; *Clearcus* has more wit, then to be in earnest.

Lon: I hope your Highnesse will not preferre his follies, before my professions, who disclaim such a presumption.

The: If you can this jest to earnest *Lonzartes*, I shall believe *Clearcus*; —I take it now as Ralliery; —I wonder *Lindamira* you get not hold of some young Lovers heart;

Lin: I have twenty in store Madam, more then I know what to do with.

Pan: Then you allow as many Lovers, as you can get, and mean to chuse the best.

Lin: I think 'tis credit for Women to be admir'd and honour'd by worthy men; it shewes a value, to move so many, to a generall esteem, and must be the Womans fault if she deserve a censure.

The: You are in the right *Lindamira*; men may designe, but Women may destroy, faster then they can build; my thanks, unto *Clearcus* for our mirth.

Cle: Mirth ought to be our business Madam.—

—The angry Gods affords cross Fates, to give
Us griefes enough, and troubles while we live.

Exeunt Lonzartes *and* Clearcus *severally.*

{*Enter the* Prince *and* Lords, *who meet the Ladies going off.*}

Prince. We were now discoursing of your Gallant *Pandora*, have you hopes to work this miracle.

Pan: This Lady and I, have ventred our credits on his conversion Sir.

Prince. To reclaim him, were a good work; but suppose he fall in Love with either of you.

Pan: At his peril that, let *Lindamira* look to her self, I am safe.

Lin: I have a sure retreat Sir, 'tis but seeming to comply, and he'l give ore; for he can love none that he can conquer, and I am resolv'd rather to be vanquish'd, then not to be rid of him, when I see my time.

Sil: Could all her Beauty with my love expire,
Her flowing Wit, would still create new Fire. [*Aside.*

[*Enter to them* Clearcus *and* Lonzartes.]

Prince. You two I know, come now from exercising of your Troops.

Cle:

Cle: No Sir, we went hence just now; I wish my Troop here to guard me.

Prince. Have you an Enemy in view *Clearcus?*

Cle: I have many Sir, that have rob'd me of my peace, I cannot sleep of late, but have a thousand fancies, which do set my brains on fire.

Prince. Take heed it prove not love.

Cle: That is the danger Sir, for if *Pandora* do keep her resolve for single life, I may be in love, for I do feel strange alterations, that I know not what to make of!

Lin: Have you no affection left for me my Lord? can you so soon forget your last nights professions?

Cle: Now Sir, you see how I am assaulted, I shall be pull'd in pieces presently.

Prince. Silvander and I, will secure you from *Lindamira.*

Cle: If I were assured you could Sir, I should like her wit, and humour well, —— but I fear, —if I should be in earnest, she would be so too.

Lin: You see his inclination is for me Madam, so that what ever he shall say to you hereafter, is meant to me.

Cle: Nor so, nor so, sweet Lady, I do respect *Pandora*, above all her Sex; you throw out hooks, to catch young Gallans, she neglects those are laid for her, that's my danger.

Prince. What riddle is this *Clearcus?* dost thou desire that thy desires may not be answered?

Cle: Yes Sir, from some persons, for if my love be return'd, all ends in the fruition, (as most Examples shew,) But if *Pandora* keep her resolve for single life, then I can raise my fancy while I live, to Adoration of her Beauty, and that Virtue, with a continual delight, which will last while I last, so she do never yeild!

The: You are then my Lord, the happiest lover living, for you will find my Cousin, just as you wish.

Pan: Pray Madam, answer not too fast for me, for if I find *Clearcus* a person of such Noble Nature, beyond what I did ever hope to meet in man; I may change my Opinion of men, for his sake, and therefore 'tis best to find some other sport, lest we destroy each other.

[*He starts.*]

Cle: Look you now? I am Treypand!

The: Start not *Clearcus*, she but mocks you, you are both ingaged for this Moneth, to entertain us, and your selves, no going off now.

Pan: I shall not break Covenants.

Cle: Nor I Madam, though I do sometimes reminde you, of your resolve against Marriage, whereon depends my blisse, secure me but of that, and I am ever yours.

Pan: I shall endeavour what I can, to give you that satisfaction.

Cle: I kiss your fair hand on that word, which has given new life to my doubtfull heart, and now I do defie *Lonzartes* gravity, to put his heart in a more loving dress, then mine shall be hereafter.

Prince. If *Lonzartes* can love too, my wonder ceases!

The: He is my servant Sir, and has a chief part in the Comedy.

Prince. I like your pastime well, but methinks *Lonzartes* looks as if

he were compell'd unto his part, and will do it ſcurvily.

Lin: That's the ſport Sir, and will afford the more variety.

Lon: I ſhall be glad Sir, if I might be excus'd.

The: By no means Servant, what an affront is this, that I muſt beg your favour, in the face of the whole Court to own me?

Prince. You muſt not be ſo grave *Lonzartes*, all is for our mirth.

Cle: Now Sir, have not I done your work for you?

Lon: Would thou wert hang'd, hold thy peace.

Cle: Give me better words, or I'le talk aloud.

Lon: Was ever man thus hamper'd between jeſt and earneſt?

Lin: They are comparing Notes in private; there's Trechery in their Faces; I'le play no more.

Prince. When begins the love *Clearcus*? this is only talking of it.

Cle: It is begun already Sir; if I had not valued this excellent Lady above the World; I had not taine this care to ſecure my intereſt to a perpetuity.

Lin: Madam, you are not to believe a word of this, for he has with the ſame grave Face, ſworn the ſame to me but yeſterday.

Cle: That was in jeſt Madam, but now every action of my life, ſhall juſtifie each ſyllable I utter unto you.

Pan: I ſhall endeavour to believe it my Lord, and yet allow you the ſame Chriſtian liberty with *Lindamira*, and the reſt, as you had before.

Cle: Madam, you ſpeak, as though you did not value my reſpects, now my whole ſoul is ſet to ſerve, and honour you alone.

Pan: I muſt confeſs, I cannot change my faith, ſo faſt as you do your diſcourſe; —And then, as I remember, my leſſon is to keep my diſtance, leſt I looſe my lover.

Cle: True Madam, as to comply, but you are to ſee, and credit my ambitious love, and to admit it with the ſame eſteem, I ſerve you.

Pan: How can I do that, and not return you love for love? and then you will diſpiſe me; pray my Lord, at your next viſit, bring my part in Writing, that I may not erre in it.

Prince. She is in the right *Clearcus*, you now ſeem to ſeek ſuch contradictions, as all the Court will laugh at; conſult with *Lonzartes*, againſt your next viſit.

Exit Prince *and Train*.

Lon: If he will follow my adviſe, he may do well Sir; —now we are alone, tell me what crotchets next? prethee make me underſtand what thou wouldeſt have *Pandora* do?

Cle: I think you were beſt releaſe me the reſidue of my Month, that I may go ſeek my wits, where I laſt left them; —muſt I ſee none of my old friends, untill this Month be over?

Lon: If you conſider your promiſe, not ſee one of them.

Cle: Then ſhall I be loſt, if thoſe preſervatives be all forbid me; I do find already love will be Predominant.

Lonz: The better for you if it be; —let us now talke ſeriouſly; —ſuppoſe *Pandora* may be won, can you fancy a happineſs on Earth, beyond having her?

Cle: Yes, I do fancy that having twenty, is better then any one in Christendome!

Lon: Thou dost not love then, else, that one belov'd, has more variety then a thousand.

Cle: Make but that good, I'le marry her to morrow.

Lon: You think then she is already at your dispose.

Cle: When she once sees that I am in earnest, she will be, who will have her, and the truth is *Lonzartes*, I do like her best of all I ever talk'd with, and have great fear that I shall be like other men, who never value what they have, which makes me covet what I cannot get.

Lon: Suppose some other do obtaine her, while you are thus long resolving?

Cle: Nay, I am resolv'd no other shall ever have her.

Lon: And you resolve for her too.

Cle: Yes, she cannot in honour ingage to any, while I pretend.

Lon: Art thou turn'd fool, to think thus? be more serious, or thou wilt be dispis'd.

Cle: Why do you not allow me some reliefe then? to live a whole Moneth honest, will put my blood into a flame, I have tempted all I meet, and all within these Walls prove honest.

Lon: By your own experience then, you will find that Courts are Nurseries of virtue, and are onely scandaliz'd by such vild persons, as would have the cleerest innocence aspers'd, that their own guilts might be no wonder; —you find few virtuous persons, amongst Censurers.

Cle: That's true, but take heed *Lonzartes*, you do not lead me into snares that will destroy me, for I allready find some inclination towards *Pandora*, which I am asham'd to own, lest I be laugh'd at.

Lon. You have reason, for there can none of us believe thee.

Cle: You have made me a fine Gentleman in a few dayes:—if *Pandora* be of your mind, adiew to your Philosophicall Love.

Lon: I hope thou art too fast to free thy self. —

Thou playest with flames, which undiscover'd burn,
Untill they do thy heart to Ashes turn. *Exit* Lon,

Cle: Did ever man betray himself as I have done? by putting Fetters on in jest, which already are become so fixt, I cannot shake 'um off, but must humbly beg, to be allow'd to worship that Divine Nature, I so much dispis'd in virtuous Women, and must now confess: —

If I do neither Faith, nor Favour find,
The God of Love is just, though he be blind. *Exit.*

Note, that all the Play through, when Silvander *and* Lindamira *speaks not, they are to whisper in private discourse.*

[*Enter* Theodocia *and Lindamira.*]

Lin: If your Highness do consider *Lonzartes*'s Worth, and his great

Birth, as it deserves, whose Ancestor was not many Ages since, by yours, but by this Dukedome, on a nice point, (as I have heard,) so that to me *Lonzartes*'s love, looks like a Divine direction, to his Restauration.

The: I am of *Pandora*'s mind for single life, and have as small a value for that idle passion you call love, as she.

Lin: Your Highnesse may as well judge what they do in *China*, as guesse at our Felicities that Love? —I can kiss the ground that my *Silvander* treads on, with more relish, then all other joyes can bring me.

The: You have high fancies that lead you on to hopes, which you may never find.

Lin: Those hopes are more delightfull! then an Age of dull life without them; if your Highness did converse as much with me, as with *Pandora*, I should convert you.

The: Why do you not then change her severity, against men?

Lin: I had not the honour to be known to her, before her heart was set another way; but yet I'le try what I can do.

The: I wish *Silvander* may answer your expectation *Lindamira*; but if such honour, and such bliss accompany your loves, why thus long carried on ith' dark? and why not yet avow'd.

Lin. 'Tis now avow'd unto the Duke, though I took time to know my Gallant, before I did admit his Love, and on long tryal found his silent looks, did speak more truth, then such loud noyses, as most passions make; we whisper our hearts to one another, with a sincerity beyond the reach of lowd professions.

The: You praise *Silvander* as if you meant to sell him.

Lin: He is no Prince Madam, and is therefore safe from you.

The: The lesse safe, if I so pleas'd, —do you believe his virtue, and his love so great, that I could not win him from you, for a Friend of mine?

Lin: I do, and shall not think him a losse, who can be won from me, by the greatest Princess in the World?

The: If I could once see such a man, I might change my opinion.

Lin: Why don't you try *Lonzartes*?

The: He is too much concern'd to be play'd with; —you dare not venture your fine man then?

Lin: I dare, and do desire it withall my heart, and do voluntarily ingage, not to work against your Highnesse.

The: And I am resolv'd to try his faith to you, it may cure *Lonzartes* to see himself neglected, when anothers chosen, though but in jest, for I can pitty, though I do not love him.

Lin: And 'tis my desire to have *Silvanders* faithfull love, made Eminent by this temptation.

[*Enter* Lonzartes, *and* Silvander *to them.*]

The: In what humour left you *Clearcus* my Lords?

Lon: In such as does become his greatnesse Madam.

The: Most brave men are often puffed up with vain glory, that does Eclipse those virtues, which themselves do over-value.

Lin: Your Highnesse is severe to men, but all are not so vain.

The: Moſt are, when we do value them too much; ——yet I confeſs I am well pleaſed, when I find men worthy my eſteem.

Lin: How does that appear? when your Highneſſe does diſpiſe mankind by your reſolves againſt them.

The: To ſhew how much you are miſtaken; help me to unpin this Jewel; —wear this *Silvander* for my ſake; I'le own it to the World, that I do value men of Worth.

Sil: Madam, I underſtand not what this kind of favour means; I hope your Highneſs does not chuſe me for mirth.

The: Do you *Silvander* raiſe mirth from my Favour? —come with me *Lindamira*; —I do command you to ſtand near us, within hearing; —I will not runne the hazzard of any Cenſure, by this tryal to ſatisfie my curioſity, concerning Lovers, ſuch high *Romantick* Lovers! who ſoar above the reach of all temptations. [*to* Lin: *aſide.*

Lin. I ſhall obey you Madam, though I deſire it not.

Exeunt Ladies.

[*The Men ſtand amazed.*]

Sil. Can you gueſs *Lonzartes*, what this tends to?

Lon. Tis a Riddle farre beyond my underſtanding. *Exit* Lonz:

[Lindamira *Re-enters to* Silvander.]

Lin. Wake, wake *Silvander*, the Sun ſhines bright upon thee; *Theodocia* dotes on thy Virtues, and will advance thy youth, much faſter then thy own wiſhes can propoſe.

Sil: How *Lindamira*! have you ſo mean thoughts of me?

Lin: So high thoughts, why may not the Princeſs neglect the *Corinthian*, for you? ſuch things have been in ſtory.

Sil: You ſpeak, as if you wiſh'd it.

Lin: Can I wiſh you well, and not applaud it?

Sil: You cannot fancy me a greater curſe, unleſſe your own heart be turn'd againſt me.

Lin: The Princeſs deſires your company in the next Room; I can ſtay no longer. *Exit* Lindamira.

Sil: I have ſo much to think on, that I know not what to ſay; —the Princeſs unexpected favours, with *Lindamira*'s no concern, begets ſuch wonder, as does amaze me! —I will not go, —and yet I muſt, or make my ſelf Ridiculous, by judging what I cannot gueſſe at. *Exit*.

[*Enter* Lonzartes.]

Lon: Have I thus long ador'd the Princeſs? and ſtill approach'd her with the ſame trembling, I draw near the Alter, for this ſcorn at laſt! —before my Face, to Court a man, ſhe knowes ingaged unto another, a man of ſo much lower quality then I; this I confeſſe does make my Faith ſtagger; —*Silvander* was as much ſurpriz'd as I, —*Lindamira* too, was out of tune; —If *Theodocia* can go leſs, this change will be more my admiration, then her virtue was.

Enter

[*Enter* Lindamira, *paſſing in by him.*]

Lon: Now Madam, whither ſo faſt?

Lin: To ſee which way the winde blows; —pray my Lord, where is your heart now?

Lon: In the Princeſs lodgings, with yours; —or can you tell me better where your own is?

Lin: I change my mind ſo often, that I know not where I left it laſt.

Lon: Are you no more concerned? Suppoſe *Silvander* change his opinion? Princeſs have mighty power to overcome mens hearts.

Lin: Why then his opinion will be chang'd? —I cannot value him, that leaves to value me; —methinks my Lord, the Princeſs favour to *Silvander*, ſhould abate your paſſion for her.

Lonzar: My deſires go no higher, then to look, and wonder at her perfections! my Eſteem cannot be call'd love, beyond what Duty, and Obedience does allow; —but how does *Silvander* receive this great Honour?

Lin: They are now in private, you may judge by his exalted looks when you ſee him next; — I am glad your Lordſhip is no more concern'd.

Lon: This is a forc'd diſcourſe *Lindamira*, pray do not mock me, who have a true value of your worth.

Lin: The truth is, the Princeſs often angred at my confidence in *Silvanders* love; onely now tryes if ſhe can ſhake his faith, by higher propoſitions; —and my hope is, that his Virtue may beget in her, ſome better thoughts for men, which will do your buſineſſe, and confirm mine, for *Silvander* is above temptation; and I think *Lonzartes* does deſerve what he deſires.

Lon: You oblige me to ſay, your confidence does merrit the greateſt faith from man; but is *Silvander* of your Plot?

Lindam: No, 'twould then be none, nor I no tryal have of his ſincerity.

Lon: Theſe are dangerous ſports, and we too late may find them ſo; the Princeſs and you are both too bold, and do too much rely on your own beauties.

Lin: If *Silvander* can be won, I can ſmile at ſuch a loſſe:

Lon: 'Tis eaſie to ſay ſo, when you fear it not; but I have ſeen ſtout hearts fall to pieces by ſuch a blow; —you have ſetled my heart again, and I adviſe you from theſe dangerous ſports, leſt they blow up your joyes, when you are moſt ſecure: we know our preſent minds, but cannot foreſee what we ſhall like to morrow: —

Our Nature with ſuch frailty is indow'd,
'Tis well it preſent moments be allow'd.

Exeunt ſeverally.

Enter

Enter Theodocia, *and* Silvander, *two Ladies at a distance*; Lindamira *is seen near observing them.*

The: Is your heart my Lord so fixt on *Lindamira*, that no Person, nor any Argument, can e're prevail with you to change?

Sil: Our Souls Madam, are so united, that I hope death can only make that separation.

The: Can no Fortune, nor any Quality invite you to Honours, and Happiness, beyond what you can ever hope from *Lindamira*? Nor a greater Beauty disingage your heart from her?

Sil: None can ever move me to a thought of change Madam.

The: What if she have chosen higher, and gives way for your preferment also.

Sil: I can smile at all this, when your Highness is so merry; —*Lindamira* and I Madam, do understand a happiness, can never be dissolv'd; we are above temptation.

The: Suppose my Father be her choice, will you pretend to love, and hinder her advancement, by your claim? —Suppose my dear Cousin *Pandora*, have like affection unto you, and puts on this severity to others, in design onely to gaine you? will you let such a Beauty, of so high virtue and extraction dye for you?

Sil: Your Highness sure does fancy what is impossible? —but if all this were so, I could dye in gratitude to serve *Pandora*, but do preferre *Lindamira*'s love, and virtue, above the brightest beauty, or greatest Empire this World has.

The: Can there be such worth in men? how have I been mis-informed? —Princes who do not converse, know not the World they live in, but take all on trust from others; —You believe that I am now in jest *Silvander*, and do not deal so freely, as I expect. [*Aside.*]

Sil: By all thats ——— I am fixt, past altering; —if your Highness knew the joyes, which do accompany united hearts, you would sooner undertake to pull down Stars from Heaven, then hope a separation, where true love Triumphs.

The: I am fully satisfyed, that *Lindamira* has what she deserves, a worthy Lover; —appear now *Lindamira*, and call in *Lonzartes*, with the rest: —I am converted.

[*Enter* Lindamira *with* Lonzartes *and Ladies.*]

The: Here Madam, you are coupled by the Gods, *Silvander* does deserve your confidence; —Now wear that Jewel, I before gave you in jest Sir, as a mark of my Favour, for your approv'd virtue.

Lindam: Has your Highness any better thoughts for Marriage, then you had?

The: I have found an honest worthy man, beyond my expectation; —*Lonzartes* you look sad.

Lon: My heart is not so full of Feathers as it was, but is of late become a lump of Lead.

The:

The: We have indeed been all too ſerious of late; come *Lindamira*, let us find ſome entertainment to refreſh us on the Sea this Evening; *Lonzartes*, you, and *Clearcus* may go with us, if you pleaſe?

Exeunt all but Lonzartes:

Lon: Your Highneſſe does honour us; —what theſe various fancies tend to, is above my underſtanding; —As Nature has fram'd Women of a more refined matter, then us men, ſo ſhe has given to ſome, Soules ſo much above ours Excellent, that their Intrincique purity, dazles our Judgments, more then their brighteſt Beauty does our Eyes; —*Theodocia* is certainly without blemiſh; —yet may have ſome notions of my love, which ſhe thinks not fit to cheriſh, becauſe ſhe likes not me: —And yet may have a virtuous concern for my Birth, and ſufferings, ſuch as her good Nature is unwilling to deſtroy; —'Tis *Theodocia*'s Excellencies makes me thus humbly ſeek my Right, as her Gift, elſe my Sword ſhould make my way to aſcend this Throne, which is my own; —but no more of that yet: ——

——For if I can be rightly underſtood,
My Love may ſave the expence of ſo much blood. *Exit.*

The Fourth Act.

{Pandora *with* Lindamira *are ſeen ſitting on a Couch;* *Enter* Clearcus *to them, they riſe.*}

Cle. MAdam, 'Tis a felicity to love you though neglected; by what Name then ſhall I call my Joy? Now you allow my Love, to what height raiſe my thoughts? —Shall I dare to enter upon ſuch a ſtate of bliſs? —To be thus ſnatch'd into ſo much Light, from the long *Chaos* I have liv'd in, may prove more ruinous to me, then that Hell I came from.

Pan: My Lord, you ſpeak a new Language I underſtand not.

Cle: Alas Madam, I have this night ſeen Viſions! and do find my paſſion, growing much above my own command; —For when I look on your Eyes, I forget that there are Gods, and ſhall do ſuch Idolatry to you, as will provoke them, to make me more miſerable, then you can with me happy; —But when I conſider how vaſt a *Chaſme*, your reſolves have made between us; I ſink into ſuch an abyſs of miſery, that I can nee'r get out of.

Pan: I underſtand you leſſe, and leſſe; ——The more you ſay, the more you do confound my judgment.

Lin: All this Madam, is onely to let us ſee, how he could talk; if any Woman were worthy of his real love; —pray my Lord proceed, —I ſhall take Notes and edifie. [*Pulls out a Table-Book.*]

Cle:

Cle: Your mirth Madam, is now out of season, when every word I utter, flowes from my wounded heart.

Lin: Why do you not speak to me then? who can change my mind as often as your self? I was made for you; this Lady is impregnable.

Cle: I yield *Lindamira*, let not your wit destroy a man, that does submit to mercy; I beg quarter.

Lin: Oh! do you so?

Pan: 'Tis enough *Lindamira*, that he does confesse himself o're come, let it be Registred amongst our Victories; —And now my Lord, what is your next desire?

Cle: My next Madam! I have scarce begun with this, you do mistake all I say for mirth; Does not my looks and Language shew an Alteration? —All those *Chymeras*, that did possess my idle head, are vanished, and I become a serious man: —Your Miracle is already wrought, and I now see the onely way to my Felicitie, is to gain what I so much contemn'd.

Lin: Excellently well Acted, this might cozen twenty, that did not know him.

Pan: You shall do well my Lord to pursue this new path, untill you do obtain a general opinion of your virtue, But I hope you would not have us credit it at first sight!

Cle: Though my love cannot yet gain credit in your esteem, do not deny me the joy to think, that you see how much I love, and honour you.

Pan: This is too serious for our Comedy my Lord.

Cle: Nothing can be too serious Madam, to expresse my love, by which the Gods are pleas'd to bring me to them; thus by forbidding what might intice me to slight Paradice, by having had you here: —'Tis fit then that I submit, and raise a joy from what I am now too apt to repine at, for 'tis a blessing to be so fixt, as Antidates my *Elizium* here on Earth; this Souls joy will endure like its own nature, unto Eternity.

Pan: What think you of this *Lindamira*?

Lind: I think he is in love, he talkes such nonsence!

Pan: You are cured then *Clearcus*, and will unto the Prince confess your conversion, if we call you to it?

Cle: Propose a way for my acknowledgment, and try.

Lin: Let us take time Madam to consider of it, lest we loose half the Entertainment by our haste, and so spoil the jest.

Cle: Madam, let not this Ladies mirth prevaile with your good nature, to afflict a man, who can live only by your smiles.

Pan: I must confesse I have some pain, to hold in my smiles thus long, for this serious way of fooling, I expected not from you my Lord.

Cle: Why Madam, do you take all this for jest still?

Pan: Yes indeed do I.

Cle: By all the powers above, I do Adore you, next to them I Worship.

Lin: That's no Oath Madam, for he Worships none.

Pan: I have the same thoughts *Lindamira*, and am safe.

Cle: What a Monster am I grown, give me credit Madam, or give me death? —If I do not love you, let *Jove* strike me with suddain thunder, or I will gladly seal what I have said with my best blood, if nothing less will satisfie.

Pan: Hold *Clearcus.* [*He drawes.*]

Lin: Oh! let him alone, hee'l not hurt himself, he only hopes to fright us.

Pan: My Lord you fright me now, and since you think fit to turne our Commick Scene into a Tragedy; I shall quit my part in it; and from this time, admit no farther visits from you: —Let us retire *Lindamira*, his converse growes dangerous. *Exeunt* Ladies.

Cle: This had been my fate, had I ingaged a little farther, and this the fruit of chast, virtuous love; What a folly 'tis, to give our freedomes up, unto the will of Women, so humbly to obey, those we are Created to command: —But I am safe yet, and will now play with 'um, at their own game; and through a seeming sorrow for my rejection, laugh at them, who think to laugh at me.

[*Enter* Lonzartes.]

Lon: A good day unto my Friend.

Cle: You speak too late *Lonzartes*, this is a fatal day, and I am studying how I may make it more Eminent by Death, then by my sufferings.

Lon: Why what's the matter man? have you visited the Ladies before they are dresst? and made 'um froward.

Cle: Thy love *Lonzartes* has ruin'd me; —yet I thank thee for my conversion, I shall now dye a sober man.

Lon: Thy looks speak some disaster, tell me the worst, that I may joyn to find a Remedy.

Cle: In a word then, I do love *Pandora*, as she deserves, and did so to the life expresse my love; that in spight of *Lindamiras* mirth, she did believe it, and has forbid my farther visits.

Lon: 'Tis not possible that she can be so fool'd, she forbad thee in jest, come let us go to her now.

Cle: I'le swear she did forbid me, and in great anger turn'd from me, I dare not go.

Lon: This is pretty, wouldst thou have me believe thou lovest?

Cle: Lonzartes, I am not in humour to be play'd with.

Lon: Nor I in humour to be fool'd, what wouldst thou have me say, when thou talk'st thus to me? thou in love! Ha, ha.

Cle: What shall I say? what do, to beget faith in thee? —*Pandora's* resolution against Marriage, which I so much rejoyc'd at, is fatally become my scourge, and I must dye, or have her.

Lon: That's the onely way to obtain belief; do but hang thy self, and then a Printed Ballad (*The Dary-Maids greatest Faith,*) will make them swear thou dyedst for love.

Cle: Do my looks agree with so much jest? does not my Face declare, my heart does love?

Lon: No, nor ever can do to me, wouldst thou have me belye my self, that thou mayest laugh at me? these shallow Plots are lost on me.

Exit Lonzartes.

Cle:

Cle: This is right, had I been fool'd into the *Platonick* pound; I might have knock'd my head againſt the Walls, and never been believed; —Thus I blow away thoſe bubbles, thoſe ayrie Lectures of chaſt love! which lead ſilly mortals into ſlavery; —Ha *Sanga.*

[*Enter* Sanga.]

Sanga. Your pleaſure Sir.

Cle: Go preſently, and ſummon all that merry Crew, (who danc'd the other day,) to ſup with me this Night; and bid the Muſick come.

Exit Sanga.

Sanga: I go Sir.

Cle: I will retreat while I am ſafe, and be Arm'd againſt my Wife, Virtuous, Chaſt Friends, with their Cobweb Netts, ſo ſubtilly laid to catch me; —Thus I throw all their Inchantments off; —And now like the Grand Seignor, after ſome great Victory atcheiv'd; —I will retire to my *Seraglio.*

Exit.

{*Enter the* Duke, *with* Theodocia, Pandora, Lindamira, Teretia, *and Train:* —*and* Silvander.}

Duke. You tell me a ſtory beyond belief *Theodocia*, *Clearcus* playes with you all this while, he love?

The: If *Pandora* be miſtaken, he will triumph over Women-kind for ever.

Pan: I wiſh it were no worſe Sir, 'tis I who now am to be pittied, who for the common ſport, and for his good, have brought an evill on my ſelf, I cannot bear.

Duke. Why *Pandora*, he is deſcended of our own Blood, and his Eſtate proportionable to his Birth? ſo that if you can raiſe his Virtues above his vices, you'l have no cauſe to murmur at his love.

Pan: True Sir, if I were nor ingag'd to a ſingle life, much might be ſaid, to ſet *Clearcus*'s merrits above mine.

Lin: Is there no diſpenſation for ſuch reſolves Madam? when it may be diſputed, whether the gods approve them? —They give us Lawes enough, we need none of our own making.

Pan: My heart will nee'r conſent to alter my reſolves.

Lin: We ſhall have enough to do then.

The. Let us all agree to laugh him out of it.

Lin: You will find little cauſe for mirth, when you ſee *Clearcus* next Madam.

The: Can ſo few hours, alter a man of his temper, ſo much?

Lin: He is aſham'd of his firſt Principles, and is angry at that ſhame; He hates himſelf for loving, and loves ſo much, he dares not wiſh it leſs; This mixture of paſſions, does beget ſuch a confuſion of thoughts, that makes him look as if he had fed on nought but ſighes, and tears this twelve Mounth; and I fear we ſhall have cauſe to turn our laughter into ſorrow for him.

Duke. I'le give him Commands that ſhall divert him; —come with me *Theodocia*.

Exeunt Duke *and* Theodocia.

Lin: 'Tis great pitty ſo brave a man ſhould be ſo loſt.

Pan: 'Tis ſo *Lindamira*, but how can it be help'd? muſt I become mad, becauſe he is ſo; —'Twas not a raſh word, by chance let fall, but on debate and mature judgment, becauſe I ſaw none ſo happy after Marriage as before; —Why may not I then live and dye, as free as I was borne?

Lin: You ſee why, becauſe the Gods do not allow ſo great felicity on Earth, as might keep us from ever wiſhing to be with them; pray who ever heard of a pair of true Lovers, that deſir'd to be in Heaven, if they might ſtay here till Doomſday? 'Tis therefore for our good, that ſuch united hearts are ſo rarely to be found on Earth; take heed *Pandora*, that you bring not more evils on your head, then you fore-ſee.

Pan: I muſt now bear my Fortune as I may.

Lin: Though you have not met with many happy Marriages, I have heard of ſome, who all their lives have had a conſtant Spring of Love; their paſſions ſo high, and joyes ſo great, each ſtriving to raiſe the others happineſſe above their own; this I believe, and hope for; —Methinks till I am married, I am a thing laid by, as if forgotten by the Gods.

Pan: 'Tis not high paſſions, nor great joyes, I doubt to find, but their continuance; —ſuppoſe the Gallant Lovers, to the Warres be ſent, what terrours will poſſeſs their frighted Ladies, 'till their return? and if miſcarry? what will their whole lives have to joy at after?

Lin: Thoſe who ſtay at home, may have equall dangers, theſe are anticipated dreams of evils, that may never happen; then you conceive not the joy thoſe dangers bring, when they are over; this World affords us nothing to reliſh our delights by, but ſuch accidents, as love, which ſome fears, and dangers bring; 'Tis ſharps, make ſweet, the ſweeter!

Pan: But if I am ſatisfied with leſs joyes, without thoſe pains you find ſo uſefull, why muſt I try to gaine more happineſs? then I do wiſh for, when I have joyes enough allready.

Lin: Joyes enough Madam! there is no ſuch thing in Nature, as enough of what we love.

Pan: I am weary of this idle talk.

Lin: And I know no better Entertainment.

[*Enter to them* Lonzartes, *and* Silvander.]

Pan: How think you *Silvander*, is *Clearcus* what he ſeems?

Sil: *Lonzartes* knows him beſt Madam.

Lon: I do believe he loves, though I ſeem not to credit him, and am now reſolv'd to play with his paſſion, as he has done with mine; 'twill entertain the Princeſs rarely, to ſee how I ſhall anger him.

Sil: Is he enough fix't? to be ſo abus'd, for if neither Men, nor Women

Women have any faith in his budding love, he may fly off for ever.

Lon: I am now going to see what humour he is in.

Sil: I'le wait on you.

Pan: Pray do, and let me know how I must behave my self, that would not hurt him.

Lin: I can direct you best, if you'l trust your self to me!

Pan: I shall trust you as farre as any, in this affaire; let us consult within. *Exeunt.*

{*Enter* Clearcus *and* Sanga, *with Men, and Women Dancers.*}

Cle: Welcome my dear Friends, I will be no more seduc'd by grave *Lonzartes* fooleries; this night shall re-unite us, while we live: —Is the Musique come?

San: Not yet Sir.

Cle: I have broke through their Nets, and now the day, and night are ours to Revel in; we will be so merry, that our hearts shall seem much lighter then our heels.

[*Enter* Sanga.]

Sanga. *Lonzartes*, and *Silvander* are without.

Cle: They are come as I could wish, I'le entertain 'um, as they deserve; they are my kind, chast, virtuous, well-wishing spies; —pray retire all into that Gallery, while I dispatch my Court-Friends: —*Sanga*, shut the windowes close, then call 'um in, and say, that I am grown sad of late, monstrous sad! —Now for a grave face to suit with my disguise; I have some fear my sides will burst, with holding in my laughter. [*He sits in a sad posture.*]

[*Exeunt* Dancers.]

[*Exit* Sanga.]

[*Enter* Sanga *with* Lonzartes, *and* Silvander.]

Sanga. Softly pray; —for a strange Melancholy has seiz'd him on the suddain; —He is now talking to *Pandora*.

Sil: She is not here!

San: He entertains her *Idea* in her absence, with the same passion, he would her; —the only sure way for a lovers happinesse; —hark.

Cle: Blessed Angel, turn not away; —these tears must be my daily Incence, offer'd at your feet, if you refuse this Tribute? from my captiv'd heart, you'l turn the *Elizium* I enjoy, to *Hell:* Oh stay! and take my Soul with thee; —that gentle look! that: —

Lon: Why so sad fond lover? let not one repulse dismay so great a Conqueror; thy next charge may prove more prosperous; —we come to councel thee *Clearcus*, and to raise thy drooping Spirits by new hopes!

[Lon: *interrupts him.*]

Cle: Or to laugh at my affliction! whose Soul is sunk so low by my dispair, that all my Spirits are vanished; I must submit to my Cativity *Lonzartes*. [*He sighes.*]

Lon:

Lon: That ſigh had almoſt blown me over, yet I am glad to ſee this, and am now full ſatisfied thou art in love, in love *Clearcus*; –let me imbrace my fellow-Priſoner, we will now ſhake our ſhackles, to the ſame ſad tune together.

Cle: I know you come to mock me, but I muſt bear it.

Lon: Oh no! who can have ſo hard a heart? we pitty you, and have ſome fears *Pandoras* heart will break, when we relate your mighty ſufferings; –but if I ſhould ſit thus in the dark? would it create the like *Angelical Idea* in my brain, *Clearcus*?

Cle: This is barbarous, to catch a Lyon in your Toyles, and bait him like an Aſſe; –thus to render my paſſion Ridiculous, will beget *Pandoras* ſcorn, and may prove my deſtruction!

Lon: If ſhe diſcern not your paſſion, how can ſhe proportion her favours, to your merrit?

Cle: Do I deſerve this mirth from you? thus to heighten my affliction.

Lon: Do you not? –all that I can do this Twelve-month, will not bring me on equal termes, for thy abuſes: –remember how you held me to the Ladies, and made me your mirth, by which ſcandal, you deſtroy'd my credit with the Princeſs, this is my revenge, ha, ha.

Cle: 'Twas a great ſcandal indeed! to procure you the Princeſs leave to love her; by my means you have obtain'd a happineſſe, beyond your hopes, which all your whining Poetry, or your Eternall ſighes, could never reach; ——for which ſpecial ſervice; ——prethee good ſweet *Lonzartes* ſpare me: –by our old Friendſhip I do beg: –by thy own virtue, and unparalel'd chaſt heart, I do conjure thee, not to raiſea publique mirth, out of my Souls ſorrow, which you have brought me to.

[*Hangs on him.*]

Lon: Well then, if I find you do continue thus humbly penitent, and truly thus afflicted, I will ſhew more mercy, then I found from you: –come chear up, we will ſigh, and condole together, and if poſſible? ſo order our ſad hearts, that both may the ſame moment break, and infect the World with ſuch a ſorrow! as may fright the Female Sex, from like rigour unto men: ſo ſhall we become a Noble Sacrifice to love, for the good of a whole Nation. –or if you pleaſe, wee'l ſend for ſome of our old Gang, to dance, and drink theſe Melancholly vapours from our hearts, to let the Ladies ſee, their Beauties are not ſo deſtructive, as we make them believe.

[*Embraces* Clearcus:]

[Clearcus *Imbraces* Lonzartes *with great joy.*]

Cle: I marry *Lonzartes*; now, thou talkeſt like a Phyloſopher, now, thou preſcribeſt the onely remedy for our diſeaſe! –*Sanga*, –bid the Muſick ſtrike a chearful Ayre, and then call in thoſe Friends in the next Room: –Nay, if you allow this way of cure? I ſhall ſoon expel loves venome from my heart, into my heeles.

[*Embracts* Lon:]

Lon: What is all this *Clearcus*? art thou mad ſtill?

Lonzartes *ſtarts back.*]

Cle:

Cle: I am wise, and do not mean to quit my cool, pleasant, flowry paths, for your consuming flames of restless love, who walke on tops of Steeples, and at that height, plead, that your chast desires, are pleasing to the Gods; —But I, who know the end of such fair flashes, as at first appear, with such folded Armes, and down cast looks, are but steps, to approach the Ladies fingers ends; —

—Then by degrees grown bolder, you aspire,
Till nought but ruine, quench the subtle fire.

[*Enter* Dancers.]

Lon: what doest thou mean by this misterious language? and this Rabble here?

Cle: I mean to follow thy advise, —to sigh only when I make love to Ladies, (their backs turn'd) I mean to dance, and sing as often as I can, that their neglects may pierce no deeper then their Eyes discern; —here *Lonzartes*, this Girle will cure the bite of a *Tarantula*, and drive the poyson from thy heart.

Lon: Out Hypocrite, —is this thy love unto *Pandora*? was all thy passions counterfeit, the other day?

Cle: No, 'twas fairly growing up to equal thine in all sincerity of Noble thoughts; But the nice Lady, would not permit it to take so deep root as yours, before she blasted all my hopes, and in a moment let me see, that love is like a bitter potion, which many taste, and flying away, rather chusing their disease, then so ill a relished remedy; This made me return to my old *Antidotes Lonzartes*; —what think you of a heat or two, before you go? —call in the Musique.

Sil: *Pandora* was to blame, to throw him off so rashly.

Lon: Let us retyre *Silvander*, this Ayre is infected.

Exeunt Lonzartes *and* Silvander.

Cle: Go whine fond Lover, go whine I say, go whine,
While we chear our hearts with Wenches, and Wine,
I say go whine.

Exeunt omnes.

HERE THEY DANCE.

[*Enter* Lonzartes, Lindamira, *and Ladies*.]

Lin: I do not wonder that he is fallen off, 'twas what I feared, when his passion went so high; I saw *Pandora* was concern'd, but we will bring it on again.

Lon: You are mistaken Madam, all he said then was jest, for he is now as mad as ever; —I left him Incirculed with six wild men, and as many wanton Girles, prepar'd to Dance, and Revel all the Night.

Lin: There is no harm in Dancing my Lord, unlesse they do catch cold; you judge *Clearcus* by what is past; but when I see him with *Pandora* next, I'le give my opinion of his concern.

Lon:

Lon: By what means may their meeting be procured?

Lin: Wee'l think on't.

[*Enter* Theodocia, *and Ladies to them.*]

The: I am sorry *Lonzartes*, that *Pandora* has cast off *Clearcus*, which has occasioned his relapse, when a little patience, would have setled him in the way of virtue.

Lon: 'Tis every way, what I expected not; his love was as strange, as his rejection, and his relapse in the old humour, beyond all the rest; —I know not what to think of him.

Lin: Let us bring them once more together, and I'le undertake to guesse at both their hearts; it may be govern'um.

Lon: I Madam, but how shall they be brought together? when both, would rather see a *Basaliske*, then one another.

Lin: You may be mistaken my Lord, who judge by what you see; when 'tis our businesse, and our virtue, not to shew our hearts, 'till a full tryal, that men are worthy of them; —then you forget, that *Clearcus* conversion, must be by one, he cannot conquer.

The: But if he will neither conquer, nor be subdued, how can his conversion follow?

Lin: If your Highnesse can contrive an interview, I have a fancy in my head, that may reconcile them, and effect what we all wish.

The: I will send presently for *Pandora*, and intreat my Father, to pretend some businesse, to call *Clearcus* hither.

Lon: He will suspect.

Lin: Let him come, no matter what he suspects.

The: Do you *Lonzartes*, once more see what humour he is in.—

—We must endeavour, and not fear to try,
But trust the Event, unto their destiny.

Exeunt severally.

[*Enter* Duke *with* Silvander *and Lords.*]

Duke. I ever thought *Clearcus* did but mock, and laugh at their designes; his Brain is not yet ripe for serious Love: —But how does *Theodocia* look on *Lonzartes*?

Sil: With much neglect Sir.

Duke. That is not well, have you *Silvander* instructed *Lindamira*, that she may inform *Theodocia* of *Lonzartes* Title to this Dukedome? and how much better then a Forraine Prince, her Marrying him, will be applauded by our people, who are not ignorant of his pretence.

Sil: I have Sir, and the Princess gives a serious ear to it, though she yet makes no reply; a little of your Councel, and Authority, I believe may incline her to a better value of him.

Duke. That shall not be wanting, *Lonzartes* is all that I can wish in a Successor; —and his love looks so without design, that I will cherish it, and try to win my Daughter to comply.

Sil:

Sil: Your Highneſs will gain a double intereſt in all your Subjects hearts, by this honour to *Lonzartes*, who has merrits proportionable to your favour, and his birth, all which his love gives Luſtre to.

Duke. I ſee it *Silvander*, and will recompence his Faith, and his Humility, with my advice to *Theodocia*, who yet knowes not his ſtory.

Sil: The Princeſs muſt needs hear, what every body talks, and all do wiſh!

Duke. I ſhall now inform her fully of *Lonzartes* Right, too long held from him: bid him meet me at my Daughters Chamber; I will no longer hide my purpoſe for him: —

– His Birth and Virtue, with his conſtant Love,
Declares he never can unworthy prove. *Exeunt.*

THE FIFTH ACT.

[*Enter* Lonzartes *and* Clearcus.]

Cle: NO, I'le never ſee her more.

Lon: Do you not love at all?

Cle: Nor ever will, methinks Love is like a ſmooth Water, that invites men to Bath, and tumble in it with delight, untill they be deſtroyed by Serpents, which in the bottom undiſcover'd lie.

Lon: What means this ſimilie?

Cle: This Serpents bite, has Metamorphized you into a whining lover, into the ſhaddow of a man, of late become a ſhape without a Soul; why muſt I buſie my head with ſuch *Chymera's*, when I can pleaſe my ſelf, to my hearts wiſh, my own way? – Prethee ſweet ſuppreſs'd Prince, do not forſake me thus, for ſpecious ſhewes of happineſſe, or vaner hopes of better dayes, then you will ever find in Court; – You are now ſafe, but when you grow wiſe, and ſerious, it will in the Dukes head great jealouſies create; to let him ſee your Virtue may be dangerous; and your pretence appear worthy of his fear.

Lon: That hazzard is better, then what I now ſuffer, in the opinion of my beſt Friends, who believe this wildneſſe, is my Nature, or ſuch as may beget a habit in me, which I can nee'r put off; and thus my ſecurity in this diſguiſe, may become my ruine; – I wiſh I could perſwad you *Clearcus*, to ſhew forth that Virtue, all the World would wonder at.

Cle: To what end I pray? if the good Duke would give me imployment fit for his Kinſman? and worthy of my Sword, I could ſoon be my ſelf: But now I have nothing elſe to do, and therefore play away my time in folly; and 'tis a hard queſtion which is beſt? for we know that too much wiſdome, does undoe more men, then it advances, or elſe begets Eternal ſlavery, to State Affairs, where the wiſeſt,

ever walk on needles points; —I have weighed theſe things, and do believe 'tis better to maintain the peace, and the ſecurity I now live in, unregarded, then to be advanc'd according to my birth.

Lon: But you will looſe the Dukes favour, and become contemptable to the whole Court, if you continue thus extravagant, what deſigne can I have, by my deſire, to ſee you great and glorious?

Cle. Have I not tryed, and been miſled: yielded to your wiſe Maximes, againſt my own better judgment, and been rejected in the height of my endeavours, to be (as you call it) great, and glorious, is not this true? does not *Pandora* with the whole Court, ſcorne me but for ſeeming wiſe.

Lon: Yes, in part, 'cauſe they believe it not.

Cle: I will no more of your advice, 'till you can cure your ſelf.

Lon: I have an Honourable Argument for my love.

Cle: Who has not? untill he be diſpis'd!

Lon: Was it not your own deſire to be neglected? did you not declare againſt all Women, that you could conquer? you left *Pandora* no way for Victory, but by rejecting you; ſo that I can conclude a good ſucceſs, from what you raiſe diſpair.

Cle: Ha! think you *Pandora* did reject me, in compliance with my humour only?

Lonzar: What elſe? can ſhe be angry with you, for loving her too much?

Cle: You do ſurprize me with a diſcourſe I look'd not for; —but I will be no more abus'd; —I will not ſee her.

Lonzar: How can you be reconcil'd then? ſhall ſhe make love to you?

Cle: No, I abhorre that thought, beyond her anger, a woman Wooe, that were prepoſterous!

Lon: Will you treat by Embaſſadours? and Wed by Proxie?

Clear: Nor ſo, that's only fit for Princes, who cannot meet to treat.

Lon: Will you have her? if ſhe declares ſhe would have you?

Cle: I ſhall never like her change of mind.

Lon: Can'you tell whether you would have her, or not?

Cle: That's a harder queſtion, then the other.

Lon: Will you have her by compulſion?

Cle. That were a Tyranny, would make her hate me ever.

Lon: Shall the Duke by his Prerogative power, in ſpight of both your teeth, compel you both to compliance?

Cle: Let me think on this a little, at firſt ſight this looks likely to agree us: —if two impoſſibilities can make one poſſible? this might do our buſineſſe.

Lon: Well, what do you reſolve?

Cle: Nothing, why do you tempt me to farther evils? —I know not what to reſolve, nor what to ſay; —but will no more of love, my heart ſhakes at the thought of my laſt tryal; —I bluſh to think how much leſſe then man I was, and how much more then Woman, I created her, in thoſe few houres I lov'd; —

Enter

[*Enter a* Messenger.]

Messen: The Duke calls for *Lonzartes*.

Lon: I'le attend his Highnesse presently.

Cle: I take you for my Friend *Lonzartes*, —do not discourse me into a Ruine, you will share in.

Lon: I have no Rule for friendship above my desire to see you happy.

Cle: I believe it Sir, and beg your pardon for my distracted language; —I must attend the Duke too.

Lon: And I. *Exeunt.*

Enter Pandora *and* Lindamira.

Pan: You tire me *Lindamira*, and chide me for a fault, I cannot own; I had no other way to free my self.

Lin: You might have check'd his approaches with somewhat lesse severity, your rigour may beget despair in him.

Pan: Dispair of what? my undertaking was only on the Dukes command, to afford him civil visits, which I have done, in hope of his conversion.

Lin: You did give o're, before the work was perfected.

Pan: You speak as if the design to set him free, were to inslave me, to the humour of a mad man.

Lin: The wildest young men, do often prove the sobereſt at the last; and the truth is Madam, we do all desire to see you, and *Clearcus*; convert one another; so to beget that unity of hearts, which the World seeks most.

Pan: Do you believe that I, who have a prejudice against the best of men, can e're esteem the worst?

Lin: If *Clearcus* were under that notion! I should have other thoughts; but when I consider such men reclaim'd, do often make good Husbands I have hopes of him.

Pan: If his wildnesse were his only fault, time, and experience might reclaim him.

Lin: If these be your only Exceptions Madam, I wish you would trust me to mannage this affair.

Pan: You must not talk me into an *Intreque*, which I avoid, —I do not love him.

Lin: You will do, when you have him, I know many have done so after Marriage, who did not before.

Pan: That is too bold a venture for me, who have no faith in men; and those Examples you mention so rarely to be found, my courage dares not undertake it; pray no more of this.

Lin: The Princess desires your company at Court this Evening.

Pan: I did intend to wait on her.

[*Enter* Duke, Theodocia, *and* Lonzartes.]

Duke. I have given you Arguments enough on his behalf, which his dejected looks you see declare; —Your favours *Theodocia* should not be restrain'd, because his adoration is so great, he dares not beg 'um; come near *Lonzartes*.

The: *Lonzartes*'s Worth is understood, beyond the weak Rhetorick of flattering words; he cannot wish to be more valued, then he is by me.

Lon: Nor will I ever sue for favours, beyond these you now afford me Madam; —may I confirm my hopes, by understanding what you say, my own way?

The: You may, for since my Father does so much advise for Marriage, I may alter my opinion, when I find just cause to value men, above my resolves against them.

Lon: For Heavens sake Madam say no more, my breast cannot contain these spreading joyes you give me, my hopes increase too fast, for my dispairing heart, to comprehend these honours you allow, without an Extacy!

Duke. Theodocia, I shall ne'r revoke the freedome I have given, to make your own choice, though I direct you to *Lonzartes*, to whom our Ancestors have done wrong.

The: This your indulgence Sir, makes me more cautious, how I proceed; —Marriage is a concern so great, I dare not at once resolve it, and the same day chuse the man: —I can yet only say, that I have alter'd my opinion, in favour of *Lonzartes*.

Lon: My Amazement, and my concern are too great, to answer Madam, my felicity is above the reach of a reply.

Duke. Theodocia, I have given you my best Councel, and my full consent to please your self.

The: I thank you Sir, and I will endeavour to regulate my heart to your advise, and to *Lonzartes* wish; —give me but time to examine, and approve, what I am willing to submit to.

[*Enter* Pandora, *and* Lindamira *to them, with* Silvander.

Duke. How is it Madam, that you quit the field? before your undertaking be perform'd.

Pan: I have done my part Sir, which was on your command, to allow him civil visits; and to entertain the Princess, I complyed with *Lindamira*, to try how our *Raleary* would work on him, which did produce so unlook'd for an effect, that I was forc'd to quit my part, to save my self:

Duke. Were you in danger to be lost then? —I did not think *Clearcus* had prevail'd so farre; but if he be reclaim'd, he will be worthy your esteem.

Pan: Your Highness did mistake me, I was in no danger to be lost through love, nor at all concern'd; for a man who does declare against all worth in Women, where he can get an interest: pray Sir, make me understand what you would have me do?

Duke:

Duke. We would have you marry *Clearcus.*

Pan: Whether he will or no; if I consent, can you prevail with him?

Duke. Do you comply, wee'l try what we can do?

Pan: I would not be Treypand into a Marriage, I am so much averse to; in confidence of his old humour, think my self secure, and be so lost!

Lin: You may venture safely Madam, you see he is so great a Coward, that he only dares pursue them that fly him, do but charge, and he will runne away.

Pan: If I were sure of that! I would seem any thing, to be freed from farther trouble.

Lon: Trust me Madam, he is now worse then ever.

Duke. Lonzartes, pray use your interest to bring him to us now.

Exit Lonzartes.

The: Do you think Cousin, we have a design to harm you?

Pan: No, but your Highnesse dispares me into a condition, your self does not approve; pray shew me the way to this felicity, that I may credit what you say, by what you do.

The: Will you then ingage to marry *Clearcus?* the same day I marry?

Pan: Shall I chuse your man? as you would mine?

The: Suppose I have already chosen.

Pan: I thought your Highnesse had been of my opinion; But if provided, I give you joy.

The: Now you runne too fast the other way, I am only towards marriage.

Pan: That journey seldome proves long Madam, when we look towards it.

Lin: That was said like a sage *Sibell*, the quintessence of truth, in few words, 'tis but a willing mind, and then—

Pan: Prethee *Lindamira* help me to be rid of this uncertain man.

Lin: I know no better councel, then to be in love with him, or to seem so, for if he should take you at your word, and marry, that may do your work; for I once knew a Lady, who chose to marry an importunate Sutor, that she might be rid of him, and was so; for soon after marriage, they parted, and never met more.

Pan: You are allwayes in jest, I would have serious councell now.

Lin: You have had my story twice over, to no purpose.

Duke. By all my observations, I cannot judge, whether *Clearcus*, or you *Pandora*, be most extravagant.

Lin: Your Highnesse may do well, to put them into the Colledge of half mad Folks, where they will either cure one another, or become quite mad together; when their disease is known, some remedy may be found; 'tis now past judgment, what either of them ayle!

The: *Lindamira* saies well, 'tis very strange you will not declare so farre, as to let us see how we may serve you.

Pan: Do but leave me to my self, and I am well Madam.

The: Many sick people are of that opinion, when in most danger, and must therefore by their friends be govern'd.

Pan:

Pan: As many healthy people, think themselves sick, when they are not, and by seeking Remedies for nothing, do create evils, they never can finde cure for; such high passions as *Lindamira*'s, do never let us rest in peace, but do create perpetuall storms.

Lin: You argue well Madam, if a dull calme, were the onely happinesse, appointed us on Earth, then one degree from being a sleep, would prove our greatest bliss; —sure no age did e're produce, two such Icy-hearted Ladies, as the Princess, and you.

[*Enter to them* Lonzartes *and* Clearcus.]

Lin: Here comes a Homely, and a Jigg hand in hand; —now for the second part to the same time, *Of love me, and love me not.*

Duke. *Clearcus*, it troubles me to see you delight in a retired darkness, or else to walk in such clouds, as we cannot see through; I would perswade you to regain *Pandora*'s good opinion.

Cle: Is the mistery of love, to be discuss'd in publique Sir?

Duke. With us, who are so near alli'd unto you both, I think it may, because we all know what you both profess in private, and now desire to hear, what you will face to face avow; and we intreat you *Pandora*, first to shew, why you threw off *Clearcus*.

Pan: You do amaze me Sir, to examine me as a Criminal!

Duke. You have no cause for this displeasure *Pandora*, but mis-judge our love and our respects, we know your worth, and would to the World Illustrate that virtue, you design to smother by a single life; I allow your purpose, did become your younger dayes, and did expresse an Angelicall innocence, but I question whether now, on mature judgment, you may not do better for your self, and us, to reclaim *Clearcus*.

Pan: You demand impossibilities from me, for if I should change my mind, he will change his too; Pray shew me a rule to reclaim him by, before you do condemn me.

Duke. We onely desire you will afford him the same civility, as did first induce him to adore that Virtue he dispised before.

Pan: I have done this.

The: You did begin, but you gave o're too soon.

Lin: And all her kindness but in jest too Madam, which he discern'd.

Duke. How do you answer this? *Lindamira* was of your Councel.

Pan: I undertook him but in jest, and was by him injoyn'd to such severity, as I perform'd, and 'twas then thought, the onely way to vindicate our Sex, and to work his conversion, which he at first did counterfeit so well, as to deceive, and fright me from his farther visits.

Lin: Was his love so terrible?

Pan: To me it was, who thought him uncapable of ever having noble thoughts, for any of our Sex.

Duke. But when you found him growing worthy, why did you not cherish that virtue? as your own Creation.

Lin: Because she fear'd, her Virgin-vow might be defil'd, by owning such a Man-child of her own begetting; for he began to aske her blessing, 'till she laugh'd him into so great anger, that one day he proffer'd

proffer'd to kill himself, which gave end unto our Comedy.

Pan: If his cure had lain within the reach of *Raleary*, I had gloried in my part, but never shall consent to inslave my self unto the humours of a man, who cannot be a minute in one mind; his imaginations are beyond the Moon, and would have, he knowes not what.

Duke. *Clearcus*, you have heard your charge; —Guilty or not Guilty?

Lin: Guilty Sir.

Cle: I shall never want your good word Madam; —*Lindamira* tells you true Sir, I am guilty.

Duke. Of what?

Cle: Of all the crimes, that offended Lady does object; pray Sir pronounce my doom, and put me out of pain.

Duke. Will you submit then, and obey it?

Cle: If it can put me out of pain, I will?

Duke. I doubt it not; —my sentence is, that you revive that love you shew'd unto *Pandora* lately.

Cle: Oh Sir, the very name of Love, puts me into a shaking fit; for Heavens sake, give me Halters, Poysons, Daggers, any means to let out life, rather then renew those torments, which I felt that hour I lov'd.

Lin: Pray Sir, give me leave, to put him some *Interrogateries*.

Duke. Do so.

Lin: Your Lordship has confest, that you have lov'd one hour, and must have some reason why you lov'd no longer; shew us that reason, or for ever hold your peace, and submit to judgment.

The: How *Clearcus*, nonplust by a Judge in Petticoates?

[Clearcus *stands mute.*]

Lin: Why Madam? many of our Sex have puzled the wisest men; —give him leave to think a little; but if what I have said, has struck your Lordship dumb, hold up your Finger, —'tis enough; —He has nothing to say for himself, but submits unto the mercy of the Court; I understand him Sir; —and have now found a remedy for both their evils; —If you will trust me with your hand my Lord, I will not harm it: —and if I have credit enough Madam! to be trusted with your hand too, pray lay it without fear on mine, that I may try a charm I have, to conjure out the evil Spirits, that possesse you both; —you may at your own pleasure, take back your hands; —only let me hold 'um, while I pronounce my charm within. [Pandora *turns away.*]

[*He hold it up.*]

[Clearcus *gives his hand.*]

Duk. *Pandora* I intreat you to try *Lindamira*'s charm, give her your hand, she deals not with the Divel. [Pandora *gives her hand.*]

Lin: The Divel I work by Sir, is truth, dresst in her rich Robe of Innocence; —if truth do not convince both these Delinquents, my charm will have no power on them; —My Lord you have in this great Assembly, often said, that you could never value any Woman you could win; —if now you have found this Lady, as impregnable, as you can wish, she is your fate; —hold Sir, remember you are dumb, 'till I have done; —Now Madam, I must speak serious sence to you, who stand here the expectation, and the wish of all the Court; —yet I know, you must not consent to give your hand to him, nor in a look, or word comply, with what I say; for if you yield, *Clearcus* will forsake the Field:

[*He proffers to speak.*]

Field: ——I ſhall therefore only put your hands together, no marriage, nor no contract make, onely deſire that you will thus hand in hand, retire a while with me in private, to apply my charm, who now do pray, that all the evils which ever did befall the moſt unhappy lovers, may light on him, or you, that ſhall their hand remove, before my charme does work; now come with me. *Exeunt hand in hand.*

Duke. What the iſſue of this will be, I cannot gueſſe; —Now *Theodocia*, I muſt remind you of *Lonzartes*, who dares not approach you, on his own behalf, who is, what you can wiſh, to make you happy; and I do again invite you to Crown his unparalell'd Humility, with a bliſs, he preſumes not once to mention, leſt it offend you; I have alſo a State Argument you underſtand not *Theodocia*, your two intereſts in this Dukedome, thus united, will make it flouriſh; —*Lonzartes* has been wrong'd.

The: I know his wrong Sir, and have obſerv'd his ſufferings, or I had never dallied with his love; *Lonzartes* clear Soul is adorn'd with more glories, then this Crown will bring him.

Duke. If then your hearts agree, give me your hands; —here *Lonzartes* is the beſt reward I have, to incourage modeſty, and worth; when they do in one heart combine, as now in thine.

Lon: Great Sir, I am ſo much ſurprized, ſo over-loaden with my joyes, that I have nought but bluſhes to expreſſe my gratitude; —nor know I how to welcome this unlook'd for honour from the Princeſs, who dains to raiſe her humbleſt Servant from her feet, to ſet me on a Throne, incirculed with more joyes, then that you now reſtore me to.

[*He kiſſes her hand.*]

The: Keep ſtill your Character *Lonzartes*, as I will mine, high tranſports in love, are not long liv'd, I fear.

Lon: I ſhall be Madam, whatever you direct, though this unlook'd for happineſſe, do raiſe my heart above my own command, for ſuch an exceſs of joy, is hard to mannage.

[*Kiſſes her hand.*]

[*Enter* Lindamira *to them.*]

Lin: I may now wiſh your Highneſs Joy I hope, now your Fannatick love, conformes to the Law of Nations; —Now you may talk your pleaſure againſt high paſſions Madam; —and methinks you Sir, do look as if you lik'd this better then that wiſe Sect of ayrie Lovers, whoſe Phyloſophy doth teach, not to deſire, what they can never reach.

Lon: You are Madam the beſt Phyloſopher I ever met, and do deſerve to have a Golden ſtatue in Loves-Temple ſet.

Duke. But how have you diſpoſed of your Fantaſtick couple? 'tis that great work, muſt Crown all your undertakings *Lindamira*.

Lin: That goes on excellently well Sir, I have left them ſitting on a Couch, with their hands ſtill fixt, eagerly gazing on each others Eyes, as if through them, they could diſcern the inſide of each others Hearts; by their no motion, and their ſtedy looks, I can foreſee they vvill be of one mind ſuddainly.

The: Why could not vve ſee this Experiment?

Lin:

Lin: Oh Madam, my charm will not work in company, Lovers will seemingly dispise, what they like most, only to deceive observing Eyes; I believe they held off thus long, for shame to own what they had so publickly declar'd against; and to themselves will hardly dare to let their hearts appeare these two dayes; they must look themselves into an Agreement, for no words can ever reconcile their first Principles.

If their hands, do not their hearts discover;
I'le no more pretend to charm a Lover.

The: May we not peep at the hanging, and stand unseen.

Duke. Let us not turn this serious work into a jest, unless *Lindamira* do approve it, none shall stir that way.

Lin. I can place you so, as you may see and hear too.

The: Pray Sir be pleas'd to look on them, our Testimony may be of use.

Duke. Come then.

Lindam: Your Highness must stand silent, or you'l hinder my Projection.

The: We will, we will. *Exeunt.*

They all Re-enter behind the Couch, and stand on each side of the Stage; then is discover'd Pandora, *and* Clearcus *holding hands, and sitting on a Couch, a while silent, looking on each other; then* Clearcus *proffers to kiss that hand he holds, she puts him back with her other hand, and turns her face from him, — He sighes: —*

Cle: Turn not away those beautious lights, have guided me to Heaven, nor look as if you were in pain, to see my heart thus chang'd, from a rude destraction, to an extasie of Bliss, from a deformed Satyr, with a confus'd *Chaos* of dark thoughts, and blacker actions, by your glorious Beauties, and brighter Virtues, new form'd into the Figure of a man, Emulating those Excellencies I admire in you: — Oh turn this way, and own what is your own Creation, by your perfections rais'd from what was worse then nothing, to something now, too worthy to be cast away; I should this happy hour believe my self were in *Elizium*; did not this fair, soft Hand, and those bright Eyes assure me I yet live; from whence some divine instinct, teaches my rude nature to adore, what I never understood before.

Pan: I do not like to be thus long left alone, to be expos'd unto your passion, and the Worlds censure; *Lindamira* has deceiv'd my trust; — I now see your plot, and her design discover, but will no longer suffer the abuse. [*offers to rise.*]

Cle: Be not so cruel unto your self and me, think on the curse hangs over us, if we remove our hands 'till she return.

Pan: 'Tis too much foolery, to give faith to't.

Cle: Remember we complied, to what she said, by which her words are Registr'd in Heaven, and have ingaged the Gods by our consent.

Pan: 'Twas rashly done, and I repent; — when will this subtle

Sorceresses return? my innocense will justifie my blind consent, to which I was misled by my fidelity and trust, and will no longer fear to take away my hand. [*Offers to rise.*]

Cle: Oh take not your hand away, untill the holy Charm have rectified your heart, and therein created so much Charity, as in a moment may remove your scorns, and teach you love; for I, who so long slighted your neglects, and fled all civil favours from your Sex, do now tremble at the thought of parting hands, untill our hearts like them, become united.

Pan: Do you believe *Lindamira* Mistris of such Magick? that her words have power to reconcile dissenting hearts, like ours:

Cle: Yes, I find them work on me, and hope the same effect on you, else why sit we here obeying those commands she left? why fear we to offend those powers she did invoke? —when you consider this, I hope you dare not stirre a finger towards such impiety!

Pan: Though *Lindamira*'s virtue be approv'd, I was surprized by her inticing words, and by the Duke compell'd to do, I know not what; —and therefore will no longer now obey.

[*Offers to rise; he holds her.*]

Cle: Stay, oh stay, and let the fatal curse strike me alone; my guilts have merrited whate're can fall on me; —Do but command me to remove my hand, and I'le obey; that you may see how much your power prevails, above my fear of *Lindamira*'s threats: If so, I may divert your harms: I will against my Nature, and my Faith, destroy all hopes of future bliss, to pull this ruine on my self, which else may light on you: —Say, must it be?

[Pandora *sits silent a while.*]

Pan: If I command your hands remove, and her curse should after follow you, my unblemish'd innocense may suffer more, then all your crimes can merrit: —I have no faith in charmes, nor cause to apprehend her curses can reach me, and yet—

—My doubts and fears, my reason does dismay,
I know not what to do, nor what to say;
The Wonder is so great, I am afraid, [*Aside.*
Some god this Serpent, has an Angel made,
And now indow'd him with Cœlestial Art,
To force obedience from my stubborn heart.

Cle: 'Tis worthy your consult, before you do destroy a body and soule: here, a ready Sacrifice to set you free, for now I find that *Lindamira*'s charm does higher work!

And now again, that dazling light display,
Which did my heart inflame the other day:
Ye Gods, I do implore your power to move, [*Aside.*
The bright *Pandora*, to allow my love;
'Twill be the same, if now *Clearcus* dies,
By Thunder struck, or by *Pandora*'s Eyes!

Pan:

Pan: *Lindamira*'s virtue, and her wit, are much more powerfull, then her charms; —(which I contemn,) but you my Lord, have now by chance thrown out such words, I shake to think on; —Your body and your Soul, are now at stake, you say; —and by your looks I read, you think our Fortunes, and our Fates, depend on my reply; —and so do I; —this is then too great a work, for so few minutes to dispatch, we must look up *Clearcus*, and from above seek ayde! —

'Tis piety, when we our hearts submit,
To undergo, what e're the Gods think fit.

Cle: 'Tis so, let us hasten to the Temple then, there Celebrate: —

[*They rise up.*]

This happy issue of so strange contest,
Wrought by the gods, must by the gods be blest.

[*He kisses her hand, three or four times in joy.*

Cle: Where is this powerfull *Sibell* gone? whose Sacred Charms do dis-inchant fantastick hearts.

Lin: I am here Sir, with witnesse enough, to hold *Pandora* to her word.

Cle: Let me adore thy Divine virtue *Lindamira*? who hath shew'd such skill, to raise dead folks to life; for we were dead in follies, and are now become true converts Sir.

Duke. This is great Newes, you are both well come to your Wits again, which does declare *Lindamira* a great Artist.

The: What sayes *Pandora* for her self?

Pan: I have both waies done too much, either to excuse, or justifie my selfe; silence becomes me Madam.

Lin: Let the Clock strike twice, before we credit what they say, or else make all sure, by I *Clearcus* take thee *Pandora*, *&c*.

Duke. *Lindamira* is my Oracle; —give me your hand *Pandora*, and yours *Clearcus*.

May they most wretched live, and cursed dye,
Who shall this knot endeavour to untye.

The: My prayers concur with yours Sir, and now dear Cousin, what I wish'd is come to passe, that you and I might on the same day be Married:

Thus for our good we see the Gods fulfill
What they designe, though much against our will.

Pan: Your great example Madam, is sufficiennt to lead me from all my own resolves to follow you, and if now *Clearcus* be reclaim'd, we must own all our happinesse to *Lindamira*'s wit, who has conquer'd both, when neither of us could subdue the other; And now *Clearcus* I hope will seek occasions to shew the World by his own actions, the Noble stock he is descended from.

Cle: By your permission Madam, I shall set my heart towards my Prince his, and my Countries Service; —I beg imployment Sir, on the next Gallies you send out, lest idlenesse corrupt my busie brain.

Lin: Mark that Sir, he is allready wavering; Madam take heed, how you take the spirit of uncertainty, (in the habit of a man.)

Par: You speak too late, the uncertain man is now my certain fate.

Cle: Some diversions are necessary Madam, to look on the same objects ever, dulls, and tyres the best Eyes; but *Lindamira* can say nothing, I dare contradict.

Duke. You shall command in Chief *Clearcus*, to shew the World, the vigour you have too long hid.

Lon: Joyes on joyes, light on *Clearcus* head. [*They embrace.*

Cle: May those joyes be Multiplied on you Sir, my Redeemer, and now become my Prince.

Duke. We must conclude this happy day *Lindamira*, by joyning *Silvanders* hand with yours, if your mirth will give us leave to be so serious.

Lin: That is a serious jest Sir, I have long look'd for.

Duk. Come near *Silvander*, —which of you two is most pleas'd now?

Both. I Sir.

Duke. Who spoke first?

Both. I Sir.

Duke. This is a good Omen to a joyfull life; may you be both as happy, as ever love made any.

Sil: We are happy to our wish Sir.

Lin: He speaks for himself Sir, on hopes of more then he may find.

Duke. Wee'l Celebrate these Weddings suddainly, and see that *Lindamira*'s praise be in loud *Hymeneals* Sung through all the City, to incourage the like Vertuous, and Noble undertakings.

Lin: I thank your Highnesse for your good opinion, but shall love you for this gift of my *Silvander*, above all your other favours. Now *Silvander*,

Let us dwell Arme in Arme, and dayly show
Our loves increase, that all the World may know
Our hearts; Now the Fair Princess does confesse,
That Wedlock may afford true Happinesse.

EPILOGUE.

LADIES, Our Author has so great Respect
To your Fair Sex, he fears some grosse Defect
In his best Characters, may prove so short,
Of your perfections, he needs pardon for't.
If such sad fate, do now attend his Play,
In's Cloak, thus muffl'd, he will sneak away;
But if you like't, he will on tip toe go,
That all the World, may the proud Author know.

FINIS.

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